JUNE, 1901.

THE BOOKMAN

A Magazine of Literature and Life

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT

Manuscripts submitted to THE BOOKMAN *should be addressed to "The Editors of* THE BOOKMAN." *Manuscripts sent to either of the Editors personally are liable to be mislaid or lost.*

Our esteemed contemporary, "The Lounger," begins the May *Critic* with the philosophical remark that "coincidences are curious things," and that "we often accuse authors of imitation, when coincidence is at the bottom of it all."

Read Mr. B. E. Stevenson's *At War With the Regent,* and you at once think of *The Helmet of Navarre.* The scene is the same, *the historical personages are nearly all the same, and the plot is only unlike (!) in the working out.*

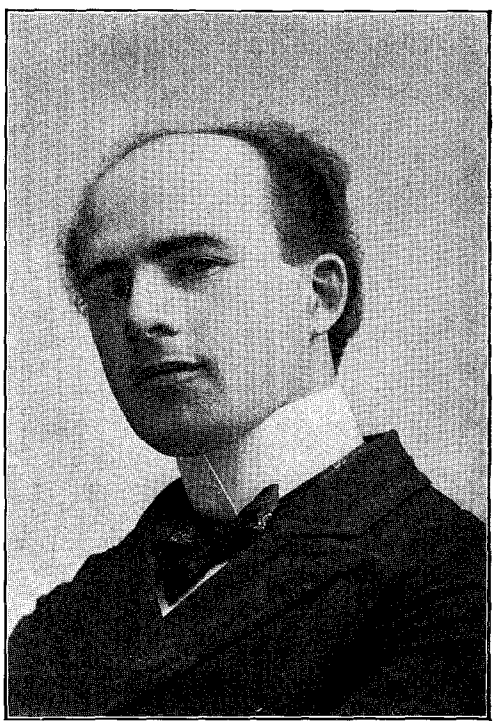
"The Lounger" certainly stirs us to a high point of delight and astonishment.

The Helmet of Navarre is laid in 1593
At Odds With the Regent is laid in 1718
Difference in time 125 years.

The historical personages seem to have been long-lived.

Mr. Percival Pollard.

A figure of no minor importance in the literary life of New York is Mr. Percival Pollard, who, in the pages of one of the best known of society weeklies, writes of the books and the authors of the day with a dash of vigour and a fearlessness that are as rare as they are entertaining. This department, which is conducted anonymously, is not just like anything else that we have in the way of literary criticism. In it Mr. Pollard aims not to furnish a systematic guide to the new books which are appearing day by day, nor to exploit partially or impartially the wares of the different publishers, but to furnish amusement and sarcasm for the readers of his column. In this way he is led to study not only the book that he reviews, but the opportunity which it offers in the way of copy. A reviewer can say much about a very good book; there are times when a very bad book is more profitable still. And it is very often when writing with mock gravity of some crank "poetess" or some



PERCIVAL POLLARD.

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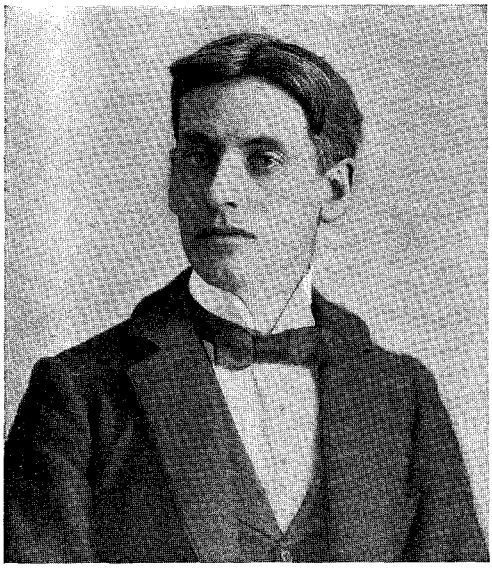

WILL PAYNE.

utterly inane romancer that Mr. Pollard is at his wittiest and best.

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Mr. Pollard was born in 1869 in Greifswald, Pomerania, of English parents. He studied at Eastbourne College, Sussex, but instead of going to Oxford, as he has been expected, he "took to Texas and horses." He was then sixteen years of age, and the following two years of his life were devoted to ranching and farming. He has written of these early days in a volume of Texas yarns, and he declares frankly that he would rather ride where there are no fences "any day in the week, than write all the 'best six' of the year." His writing career really began in St. Joseph, Missouri, where for a year or two he wrote the literary and humorous columns of the *News*. Later he went to Chicago, where he edited various short-lived Chicago weeklies, *Light, Figaro, Vanity Fair,* and the *Echo*. About four years ago he took up his residence in New York. In book form he has published *Figaro Fiction, Dreams of to-day, Posters in Miniature,* and *The Cape of Storms*.

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We present a portrait of Mr. Will Payne, whose novel, *The Story of Eva,* was reviewed in the May BOOKMAN.

From Clubland.

Professor Brander Matthews is receiving congratulations upon his recent admission to membership in the Athenæum Club of London—properly, however, "the Athenæum" *tout court*. To be enrolled in this club is a distinction of which any one might be proud, and few American men of letters have received the particular sort of recognition which it implies. The members represent unusual achievement, especially in literature, in the arts, in diplomacy, and in the Church; and membership in the club comes to no one except after years of waiting, so that in the case of young men of distinguished family who have a sort of hereditary claim, it is the custom to propose their names as soon as they are old enough to be placed upon the waiting-list, with the hope that in the course of twenty years or so they may accomplish something to secure a favourable consideration. Professor Matthews was nominated just eighteen years ago by Matthew Arnold; and this year, when he came up for election, the place of Arnold was taken by Mr. Austin Dobson.

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The Athenæum is, so far as we know, the only club in the world that forbids smoking in any part of its house; and this is only one of its many curious traditions. The prohibition of smoking has borne very hard upon some of the younger members; but as no true Briton ever wishes to overthrow a well-established custom, the rule has never yet been changed. Nevertheless, the smoking members finally effected an arrangement by which they have been able at once to smoke and yet to keep the laws of the club inviolate. The garden in the rear is leased from the Crown, and these gentlemen secured permission to make an excavation there. Then they had two rather small rooms tunnelled out underground, and these they now use, one for billiards, and the other as a *fumoir*. Another noticeable rule of the club is that which limits the number of guests that may be admitted at any one time to twelve, and these have to be proposed and seconded with the same formality as is shown in nominating gentlemen for full membership. Besides these twelve, however, all the foreign ambassadors and

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ministers to the Court of St. James's are guests of the club *ex-officio* for so long a time as they retain their diplomatic *status* in Great Britain.

The installation last month of Miss Laura D. Gill, as Dean of Barnard College, in this city, deserves notice, because Barnard, which a few years ago was a mere educational embryo without a permanent home, is now taking its place among the best-known and most successful of American colleges for women. The ceremony of installation was a very simple one, and its chief interest for those who were present lay in the personality of Miss Gill, who, because of her long absence from this country in Cuba, was known to very few of her new associates. Her address was admirable in its brevity, simplicity, and directness, and made a most pleasing impression upon all who heard it—an impression that was much enhanced by the very evident sincerity, tact, and womanliness of Miss Gill herself, who showed also that she possesses humour, a lack of which is often the fatal defect in heads of colleges. About the best thing she said was contained in the remark that the purely intellectual side of college training is in the end the least important. How true this is, only those who have spent their lives in college work can ever know. Less happy was her inconsistency in declaring that the purpose of an undergraduate course is to give each student a liberal education, and that in consequence an unlimited extension of the elective system is desirable. Now, experience is showing, we think, that the elective system gives the average man or woman a most illiberal training or rather no training at all, but turns out scatterbrains and dilettanti instead of graduates with disciplined minds and breadth of vision. Miss Gill, however, will discover this for herself in time, just as many others are fast discovering and deploring it.

Famous Stolen Pictures.

The strange story of the return of the famous Gainsborough has aroused interest in similar cases of the past. A writer in the *London Illustrated News* finds an analogy between the germ of the plot of the stolen "Duchess of Devonshire" and another theft which took place in Spain about eighteen months before. Of all its treasures, says this writer, Seville prizes most Murillo's painting of the "Appearance of the Christ Child to St. Anthony of Padua" in the Baptistry Chapel of its Cathedral.

This painting is the largest of the master's canvases, and had the additional value of being painted in the inimitable "vaporoso" manner. The Duke of Wellington wanted to buy it for as much gold as would cover its surface, about £43,000. The picture was protected by curtains, and when on the morning of November 5, 1874, the sacristan went to draw them, he found that the figure of St. Anthony had been cut from the frame. The government made a great effort, at once sending photographs and descriptions of the missing fragment to its representatives the world over; but at the height of the sensation the thief coolly walked on board a steamer at Cadiz with his plunder on his shoulder. On January 2 of the following year, a prominent art-dealer of New York was visited by a Spaniard calling himself Fernando Garcia, who told of a family heirloom, a genuine Murillo, that, under pressure of adversity, he wished to sell. The dealer recognised the widely sought St. Anthony, and negotiations for the purchase of the picture for $250 were completed, and Garcia and the painting turned over to the Spanish Consul. The miscreant was taken to Havana, examined, and afterward, for some reason, set at liberty. The fragment was carefully restored by the painter Cubells, and October 30, 1875, was observed *en fête* by the Sevillians in honour of the recovery of their treasure.

The Duke of Alcudia and General Dessoles were among those who enriched themselves during the Peninsular War at the vast Spanish storehouse of artistic wealth; but their acts were mere peccadillos compared with those of Marshal Soult. It may truly be said of him that he kept one eye on beautiful paintings and the other on the Duke of Wellington. The Marshal was not only a great connoisseur, but a keen man of business, and when in 1813 the French government compelled the restoration to rightful owners of much of this stolen property, he was able to prove a clear title to his plunder. From the Sacristy of the Hospital de los Venerabiles Sacerdotes in Seville, the Marshal stole the great "Immaculate Conception" of the Louvre, the best known of all Murillo's works.

In a Sevillian convent hung a "Birth of the

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Virgin," one of the most graceful and beautiful of Murillo's compositions; it went with the rest to grace the Soult collection.

The great full-length Velasquez portrait of Philip IV. was a theft by General Dessoles from the Palace at Madrid. It is now in the National Gallery.

In 1788 there disappeared from the Zwinger,

THE RECOVERED GAINSBOROUGH.

Copy of Gainsborough's Famous Painting of Georgina, Duchess of Devonshire.

Bought by Messrs. Agnew for ten thousand guineas at the Wynn-Ellis sale in 1876, stolen from their Bond Street Galleries in May of that year, recently recovered in Chicago by Mr. C. Morland Agnew, and brought back to London for exhibition.

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MURILLO'S "IMMACULATE CONCEPTION."

Abstracted by Soult from the Hospital de los Venerabiles Sacerdotes in Seville.

MURILLO'S "BIRTH OF THE VIRGIN."

Abstracted by Soult from a Convent in Seville.

in Dresden, Correggio's "Penitent Magdalen," Van der Werff's "Judgment of Paris," and a portrait by Seybold. The whole city assisted in the search. At the end of four days a box was found near the gallery containing the Seybold and Van der Werff, and this led to the recovery of the Correggio, concealed in the attic of a house in the poor quarter of the town. The paintings had been stolen simply for the jewels set in their frames.

VELASQUEZ' "PHILIP IV."

Abstracted by General Dessoles from the Palace at Madrid.

Mr. Charles Felton Pidgin, whose *Quincy Adams Sawyer* has been very

MURILLO'S "CHRIST CHILD APPEARING TO ST. ANTHONY."

Stolen from the Baptistery of Seville Cathedral, November 5, 1874; recovered, October 30, 1875.

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CORREGGIO'S "PENITENT MAGDALEN."
Stolen from the Dresden Gallery in 1788; recovered in four days.

widely advertised, was born in Roxbury, Mass., fifty-six years ago. In 1873 he was appointed Secretary of the Massachusetts Bureau of Statistics, and three years later he became Chief Clerk of the Bureau, a position which he holds to-day. The census of 1875 was tabulated on self-counting tally sheets devised by him; in 1882 his adding machine was introduced in census work, and the next year the Bureau began to use his machine, which both multiplies and adds. He is also the inventor of a chip system, as it is called, by means of which 144 columns of figures may be added simultaneously. His literary work has been varied. In addition to technical books he has written poems and short stories, and the librettos of a cantata, two comic operas and several musical comedies. *Quincy Adams Sawyer* is his first and only novel.

The Passing of the New England School.

There has just appeared a volume of Emersoniana entitled *Reminiscences of Emerson*, by John Albee, a friend of Emerson, Alcott, and the rest of the Concord School. It is interesting as showing the depth of impression made by Emerson's living presence upon men of his own generation. Throughout the work we see the author trembling at what might be termed the "idea" of Emerson; whereas, to the new generation, the young men of to-day, it is, after all, as a name that he is worshipped. Few people realise the lessening influence and the lessening "sales" of Emerson and the whole great New England school. One of our contributors was recently at pains to step into the shop of the largest book "jobber" in the country, and inquire of him concerning the comparative sales of Emerson, Holmes and Lowell to-day, and the sales of the same authors twenty years ago. The inquiry brought forth the fact that where one of Emerson's books is sold by him to-day, ten were sold twenty years ago. Hawthorne even has diminished. *The Scarlet Letter* remains his only really popular monument. With the exception of this book, two men alone of the whole New England group have, popularly speaking, survived—Whittier and Longfellow. Their poems unabatedly go on being published and being sold, but of Emerson the younger generation is learning little. Nothing can make us better realise the difference between the old feeling toward Emerson and the new than reading Mr. Albee's reminiscences. They are full of charm, much good sense, and not a little pathos.

Mr. R. K. Munkittrick.

In the chapters of *The Literary Shop* which deal with the triumphs and failures of the poets of the Bonnerian school of letters, Mr. Ford makes frequent allusion to one of the Bohemians, who, through his care-

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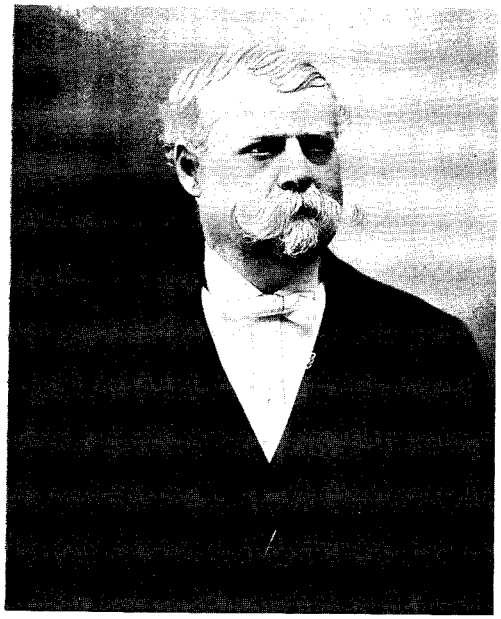
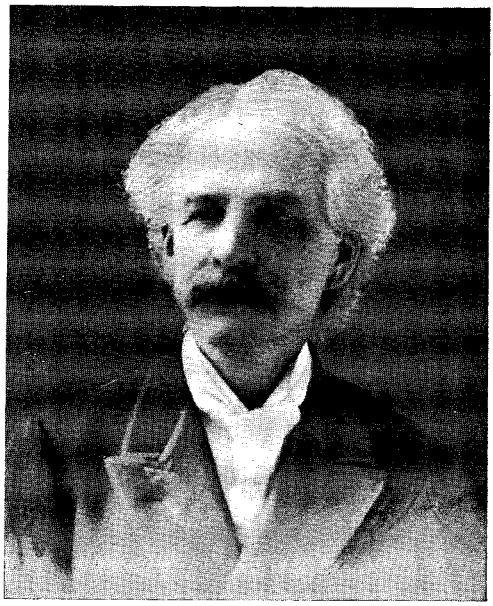


CHARLES FELTON PIDGIN.



JOHN ALBEE.

ful study of the little likes and dislikes of the great editor, was able to "laud" his verse and prose with a regularity that aroused the envy and wondering admiration of his fellows. It was this poet, for instance, who first discovered Mr. Bonner's antipathy to sisters-in-law and stepmothers; a discovery which he very gener-

R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

CHARLES MARRIOTT.

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ously imparted to his brother strugglers. He also it was who first pointed out that it was advisable to name the horse of a *Ledger* poem "Dobbin," and to keep him down to a sedate and dignified jog; and again it was he who laid down the formula by which a single idea might wisely and economically be divided into eight or even sixteen parts, each of which could be converted into an accepted poem.

The original of the ingenious poet in question was, of course, Mr. R. K. Munkittrick, with whom every reader of the magazines and comic weeklies will lay claim to more than a mere acquaintance. Mr. Munkittrick was recently described in Mr. Albert Bigelow Paine's *The Bread Line*, where as Capers, the poet, his buoyancy and his sense of humour added much to the brightness of that truthful but rather lugubrious story. Mr. Munkittrick has other distinctions besides that of being one of the cleverest of our humorous poets. He was the patentee of the poem that will fit either Christmas or the Fourth of July by substituting "fire-crackers" for "snowflakes," and *vice-versa*. He has also been called the "Press Agent of Nature" because he has found out the expediency of writing about flowers and the seasons three months ahead of time. Again he has been dubbed the "champion all-round poet" because once he sold a poem each to the *Atlantic Monthly* and the *New York Ledger* on the same day.

There is no better way of conveying to the reader an idea of Mr. Munkittrick's humour than by quoting one of his typical poems:

MY LORD THE FISHBALL.

My Lord the Fishball is a bird
  Of frail and fragile song;
Each note is as a mystic word
  My raptures to prolong.
I hear his carol, plaintive coy
  In morning's pink repose,
When in the castle of my joy
  He wakes the moon-kissed rose.

  Yea, like a melody supreme,
    That with the blest abides,
  Athwart the changes of my dream
    My Lord the Fishball glides.

My Lord the Fishball is a knight
  That through my vision veers,
And guides me in his frenzied flight
  Across the tide of years.
His fame is sowed in golden deeds,
  He wanders where he wists,
And for his lovelorn lady speeds
  Adown the clamouring lists.

  Yea, by the sword he loves to wield
    In distant lotos lands,
To screen me with his lilied shield
    My Lord the Fishball stands.

DUFFIELD OSBORNE.

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My Lord the Fishball is a bard
Of stateliness sublime,
Who cleaves the azure brightly starred
And rides the seas of time;
The holy region of romance,
Eftsoons he holds in fee,
Fame's sunshine glimmers on his lance,
His laurel's blowing free.
His happy star will never down,
And high o'er all my cares
I glory in the deathless crown
My Lord the Fishball wears.

The Author of "The Column."

Mr. Charles Marriott, whose novel *The Column* is reviewed elsewhere in this number of THE BOOKMAN, was born in Bristol in 1869, but his earliest recollections are of Moor End, where his father removed from Bristol when the future author was about two years old. From an early age he showed considerable talent for drawing, and for a time he studied at South Kensington. He found, however, that he did not possess the essential qualities of a painter, and when the question of making a living had to be considered, photography seemed a field where his artistic training might be of use, so he was apprenticed to a photographer in Bedford. His health breaking down, he was compelled to go home, and for eighteen months or so did little or no work. It was at this time, when he was nearly nineteen years old, that he first began to write. His early attempt was particularly ambitious, nothing more nor less than a prose translation of Dante's *Commedia*. He had enough Italian to make a fairly accurate rendering, and, as he himself says, "I may claim at least perseverance, since I completed the *Inferno* and *Purgatorio*. The work was never offered to a publisher, and was of no value owing to my ignorance of the historical, political, and other associations of the poem." At this time he kept an illustrated and most elaborate diary, in which he made minute analyses of his acquaintances. On becoming stronger, he again took up photography and worked at Clifton and Truro. "I lived," writes Mr. Marriott, "for six months in Cornwall, and have been the slave of the place ever since."

It was at Rainhill that Mr. Marriott first tried his hand at short stories. His earliest attempt was a weird performance, in which the narrator died half way through, but continued his tale after death. With great confidence he sent this to *Blackwood*. It was not accepted. In 1894 two short stories from Mr. Marriott's pen were published in the *National Observer*, but although he continued writing steadily, very little was offered for publication during the next two years. In 1897 a story called "Roast Apples" appeared in the *New Review*, and it was this that encouraged Mr. Marriott to think of a novel. He began *The Column* nearly three years ago. His occupation at the Asylum only leaves his evenings free, so that he is compelled to work very slowly. His method, too, is naturally slow, and he revises a great deal. Mr. Marriott is at work on a new novel, and has two or three short stories in hand, which will see the light in the near future.

Mr. Duffield Osborne.

Mr. Duffield Osborne, whose novel *The Lion's Brood* is reviewed in this number of THE BOOKMAN, had the good fortune to have a bit of purely imaginative fiction written by him vindicated, an achievement which was known and discussed wherever newspapers are read. A year ago last winter Mr. Osborne wrote a story for *Harper's Weekly*, in which he described the capture, through strategy, of Aguinaldo by an American officer. In this story the hero followed almost exactly the same course by which General Funston ultimately did bring about the capture of the Filipino leader. It was only in the details that the fact differed from the fiction. We are curious to know whether General Funston has ever read Mr. Osborne's story. Another curious coincidence concerns the title of Mr. Osborne's latest book. A forthcoming novel by Mrs. Amelia E. Barr is to be called *The Lion's Whelp*. The original title of Mr. Osborne's story was *The Lion's Whelps*, and the change to *The Lion's Brood* was made at the very last moment. The "Whelp" of Mrs. Barr's book is Richard Cromwell, the son of the great Protector; and the "whelps" of Mr. Osborne's story are the sons of Hamilcar.

Duffield Osborne was born in Brook-

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lyn, N. Y., June 20, 1858. He was graduated from the Brooklyn Polytechnic Institute in 1875; from Columbia College with honours in 1879, receiving the degree A.B.; from the Columbia Law School in 1881 with the degree LL.B., and was admitted to the bar the same year. In 1882 he received the degree of A.M. from Columbia College after a special course. He practised law in the city of New York until 1892, when he became assistant secretary, and later acting secretary, of the Brooklyn Department of City Works, which position he held until 1894; going abroad soon after, and spending nearly a year in Great Britain, France, Belgium, Italy and Spain.

He is equally well known as a novelist, a poet, and a classical scholar. His literary work ranges from 1882 to the present time, and includes a number of poems, short stories, and essays written for leading magazines and periodicals. His novels are *The Spell of Ashtaroth* and *The Robe of Nessus*, both historical romances—a field which Mr. Osborne, as a student of antiquity, is peculiarly qualified to fill; and *The Secret of the Crater*, a purely imaginative tale. As a classicist Mr. Osborne was chosen to edit the edition of Livy published in 1898 in Appleton's series of The World's Greatest Books, and the annotated edition of Macaulay's *Lays of Ancient Rome*, published in 1901.

Professor Barrett Wendell, whose *Literary History of America* contains some of the best criticisms that our country has yet inspired or produced, has received an unusual compliment in having been made the subject of an attack and a studied depreciation by Mr. William Dean Howells. Mr. Howells, in reviewing Professor Wendell's book, has allowed himself to write in a manner that must go far to discredit him as a person whose critical judgments are worthy of consideration. He had already, to be sure, nearly reached the depths of fatuity by his perennial gush over the most ephemeral and insignificant of recent authors and by his preposterous attempt to belittle Scott and patronise Charles Dickens; but this verdict of his upon the wholly admirable work of Professor Wendell has shown that, like Habakkuk, he is *capable de tout*. An editorial writer in the *Commercial Advertiser* of this city has scored Mr. Howells so neatly and so justly that we cannot refrain from quoting the conclusion of a judgment which we envy him for having written:

> There is not in Professor Wendell's volume a single critical estimate so absurdly finical and inadequate as Mr. Howells's estimate of him. Why one of the best of our novelists should so persistently essay criticism has always been a puzzle to his readers. In criticism it is his nature to cling. His critical work is without standards and without even a consistent prejudice. It is nervous, unsteady, womanish work, and it has inspired any number of inadmissible young people to do their worst. Hardly a young man has come out of the West or South these many years without winning him. His censure is for books like *Vanity Fair* or *Ivanhoe;* his praise is for every man who takes a successful picture of a potato patch. He is a perennial kingfisher in announcing promise, and a rainbow to all the aspiring unfit, and there is not a man who reads in the whole country who, thanks to Mr. Howells, has not read the wrong thing; for all along the pathway of his praises are strewn the blasted hopes of those who read. He has called Mark Twain the greatest humourist that ever lived, and the other day discovered he was even greater as a philosopher. This is not so bad, because Mark Twain is certainly a humourist, and we have heard of him; but Mr. Howells each day draws from oblivion for a little while some one whom it is a crime not to leave there. No man has been more clearly stamped for other work than criticism. His emotions are extremely well expressed, but why the emotions? So of his remarks on Professor Barrett Wendell; if there really were such a man, that is the way he ought to be described, but there is not. It is the habit of fiction carried into criticism, where the illusion cannot possibly outlast a chance encounter with the original.

The New Dreyfus Book.

Alfred Dreyfus's own story of his arrest, conviction and imprisonment, which has recently been published under the title of *Five Years of My Life*, is a widely exploited and very disappointing and unsatisfactory book. Everybody is weary of the

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Dreyfus affair; the old scandal is dead and buried, and any attempt to revive it now is ill-timed. An interesting volume might be pardoned, but this one is hopelessly dull. Two-thirds of the book is given up to a tiresome rehash of such facts as are perfectly familiar to everyone who has read the newspapers, and the other third consists of the letters which passed between Dreyfus and his wife. As there is in these letters absolutely nothing new, their publication seems in rather poor taste. Alfred Dreyfus, living in retirement with his family, with the means and liberty to carry on the work of clearing his name from stain, is no longer the colossus who convulsed France and threatened the stability of Europe. There may come an epilogue, but the curtain has been rung down on the fifth act.

Dreyfus probably might have written a book worth serious attention; but this is not it. He himself perhaps felt that the time for such a work was not yet come. The general amnesty did not at first satisfy everybody, but it caused the greatest case of the century to dwindle to very small proportions. The eyes of Europe are turned toward South Africa or the East, and all the passion of the years when Dreyfus was in the Ile du Diable has long since died away. The verdict of Rennes—even presuming that the prisoner was utterly guiltless—does not now seem anything like so monstrous as it once appeared. After all, the impartial mind must hesitate before thinking the judges of Dreyfus infamous because they thought of paramount importance the peace and happiness of *la patrie*.

It was a wretched affair and it is well over. And the sooner all the hatred and prejudice which it engendered are forgotten the more quickly may Dreyfus go about securing the proofs which his adherents hope will be the final vindication of his innocence. We can see more clearly now than we could two years ago. Undoubtedly we wished to see justice done, but perhaps also we were a little blinded by the spectacular side, and we wanted to see the great drama end logically. After the storm which had shaken France for three years, after the gradual accumulation of damning evidence against Du Paty de Clam, Henry, Esterhazy and their supporters, the efforts of Demange and Labori and Picquart, the terrible *j' accuse* letter of Zola, the verdict of the Cour de Cassation, and the return of Dreyfus, the second conviction was certainly not Art.

It is significant that of the many books about the case which have appeared since the first doubts were thrown on the legality or justice of Captain Dreyfus's condemnation, degradation and exile, very few have been more than ephemeral; and *Five Years of My Life* is certainly not going to prove an exception to the rule. It is refreshing after groping through this latest book to turn back and read again the volume in which the late George Warrington Steevens told of *l'affaire* as he knew it and as it impressed him during the days of the Rennes trial. What power that man had! What humour! What insight! He alone among all who have written of the case felt and made us feel the secret of its real greatness. Others showed us Dreyfus as the victim of a judicial error and dwelt upon the judicial error, or as a moral of the decadence of the French army. But Steevens showed us the Dreyfus affair as an epic, and Dreyfus, who five years before had been the obscure captain of artillery, as "the most famous man in the world."

The Police Department Versus Flynt.

During the month of April there was a great deal in the newspapers about Josiah Flynt, the author of *Tramping With Tramps* and *Powers That Prey* (with Francis Walton). Mr. Flynt had written a series of articles under the general title of *The World of Graft*, in which he said some very pointed and impolite things about the New York Police Department; and the consequent wrath of certain of the police authorities added considerable to the zest of life in the reporters' offices on the other side of Mulberry Street. With the offensive allegations contained in the articles in question we have, of course, nothing to do. There may be high in the service a man whose picture is to be seen in the Rogue's Gallery at Chicago, and Mr. Flynt may be able to

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prove it. Again he may not. That is neither here nor there. But to us the most significant feature of the whole matter is the sheer impudence and callous effrontery which have characterised the attitude of the Police Department authorities throughout the whole matter.

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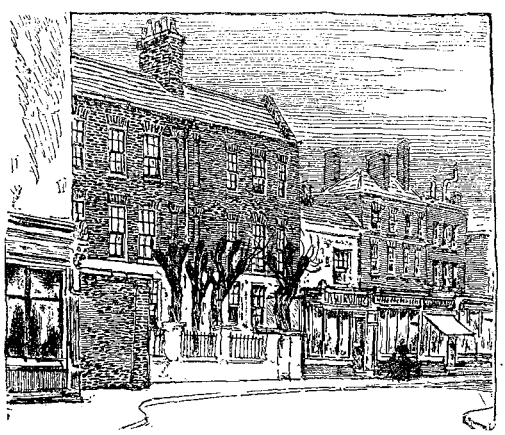
According to the newspaper accounts, Captain Titus greeted one of the distasteful articles with the ominous threat that he would change the spelling and "make Flynt one of the Powers that Pray," and again that he would "find that man Flynt, get him here and put him through the third degree." Now, everybody has an idea about the third degree, however vague that idea may be. We believe that it was introduced here by former Superintendent Byrnes; that it was, one might say, "an adaptation from the French," an ordeal occasionally resorted to in very revolting cases, when the police are obliged to go outside of the strict procedure of the law in order to obtain conclusive evidence or to extort confession. Talk about it in a matter like this would be amusing if it were not aggravating. Nor have Colonel Murphy and Captain Titus had the good taste even to pretend that their attitude was other than the result of personal resentment. Flynt was to be made to squirm not because he had written something alleged to be libellous, but because the alleged libel reflected on the virtue of the Police Department. It was not the libel; it was the *lèse majesté*.

❧

Some of the other remarks attributed to Captain Titus have been strikingly significant. "No," he said, "Flynt's picture is not in the Rogue's Gallery—that is, not yet," and of course the inference from this is that it is only through some charity of criminal justice that it is not there. This utterance is very childish and, of course, it is not actionable, but nevertheless it constitutes a very nasty bit of moral libel. If, for instance, we were to print a line here to the effect that "Captain Titus was not indicted by the Grand Jury for May, 1896, for blackmailing gambling houses," we probably should be guiltless of actual libel, but what inferences would the general public draw from the note? 1. That Captain Titus had been held to await the action of the Grand Jury on such a charge, but that the Grand Jury for some reason had failed to indict. 2. That Captain Titus had been indicted for blackmailing gambling houses, but not by that particular Grand Jury. 3. That Captain Titus had been indicted by the said Grand Jury, but on some other charge than that of blackmailing gambling houses. Whatever the inference, such a paragraph would be cowardly and scurrilous. Then, again, Captain Titus gave out to the reporters that his detectives had traced Flynt to a hotel where the latter had been living under another name; thereby giving the impression that the said Flynt was a very shady person who was obliged for reasons of safety to adopt various aliases. Now, the simple facts of the case, that Josiah Flynt Willard always has written under his first two names, are known to every one who wishes to inform himself. If Captain Titus did not know that, he was inefficient, and if he did, he was maliciously untruthful. On the whole, the attitude and utterances of the Police Department, as reported by the newspapers, have been in this matter about as irritating, unwholesome and vicious as they were in the case of the late Stephen Crane.

❧



HOUSE IN STOKE NEWINGTON IN WHICH EDGAR ALLAN POE LIVED.

In Sir Walter Besant's recently published *East London*, which is reviewed in this number by Mr. W. Pett Ridge, we find the accompanying illustration, which is of particular interest to Americans. It is of the house at Stoke Newington in which Edgar Allan Poe formerly lived.

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Dickens and the Great Walking-Match.

When in America on his second visit, in 1868, Dickens was "always planning something to interest and amuse his friends." One of his efforts in this line was a walking-match, which took place in Boston in February of that year. The contestants were George Dolby, Dickens's manager or agent during his tour, and James R. Osgood, the Boston publisher. The umpires and starters were Dickens himself and James T. Fields. The "Articles of Agreement" for the race had been drawn up in Baltimore and sent to his friend Fields in Boston, with this injunction, "keep them in a place of profound safety, for attested execution, until my arrival in Boston." Section 5 of these "Articles" says that "a sporting narrative of the match" was to be written by Dickens within a week of the event and that the same was to be printed in the form of a broadside, a copy of which was to be carefully preserved by each of the subscribers to the articles. One of these "broadsides," of which only a very few copies were printed, is herewith reproduced. The original measures 20 by 13 inches, and is printed in red and black with a border in gold.

The text of the "Articles of Agreement" and the "Sporting Narrative," both of which are by Dickens, were printed by Fields in his *Yesterdays with Authors*, but he there substituted dashes for the actual names of the participants in the match and omitted also the names of those who were to be invited to the dinner at the Parker House, as stipulated in Section 6 of the Articles. A few days before the match Dickens and Fields had walked over the course "at the rate of not less than four miles an hour, for one hour and a half." Fields says of this preliminary tramp, "I have seen a great many walkers, but never one with whom I found it such hard work to keep up." Dickens's object, of course, was to make

THE GREAT INTERNATIONAL WALKING-MATCH

OF FEBRUARY 29, 1868.

THE origin of this highly exciting and important event cannot be better stated than in the articles of agreement subscribed by the parties.

THE ARTICLES.

Articles of Agreement entered into at Baltimore, in the United States of America, this Third day of February in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-eight, between GEORGE DOLBY, British Subject, *alias* the Man of Ross, and JAMES RIPLEY OSGOOD, American Citizen, *alias* the Boston Bantam.

Whereas, some Bounce having arisen between the above men in reference to feats of pedestrianism and agility, they have agreed to settle their differences and prove who is the better man, by means of a walking-match for two hats a side and the glory of their respective countries; and whereas they agree that the said match shall come off, whatsoever the weather, on the Mill Dam road outside Boston on Saturday, the Twenty-ninth day of this present month; and whereas they agree that the personal attendants on themselves during the whole walk, and also the umpires and starters and declarers of victory in the match shall be JAMES T. FIELDS of Boston, known in sporting circles as Massachusetts Jemmy, and CHARLES DICKENS of Falstaff's Gad's Hill, whose surprising performances (without the least variation) on that truly national instrument, the American Catarrh, have won for him the well-merited title of The Gad's Hill Gasper.

Now, these are to be the articles of the match:—

1. The men are to be started, on the day appointed, by Massachusetts Jemmy and The Gasper.

2. Jemmy and The Gasper are, on some previous day, to walk out at the rate of not less than four miles an hour by the Gasper's watch, for one hour and a half. At the expiration of that one hour and a half, they are to carefully note the place at which they halt. On the match's coming off, they are to station themselves in the middle of the road, at that precise point, and the men (keeping clear of them and of each other) are to turn round them, right shoulder inward, and walk back to the starting-point. The man declared by them to pass the starting-point first is to be the victor and the winner of the match.

3. No jostling or fouling allowed.

4. All cautions or orders issued to the men by the umpires, starters, and declarers of victory, to be considered final and admitting of no appeal.

5. A sporting narrative of the match to be written by The Gasper within one week after its coming off, and the same to be duly printed (at the expense of the subscribers to these articles) on a broadside. The said broadside to be framed and glazed, and one copy of the same to be carefully preserved by each of the subscribers to these articles.

6. The men to show on the evening of the day of walking, at six o'clock precisely, at the Parker House, Boston, when and where a dinner will be given them by The Gasper. The Gasper to occupy the chair, faced by Massachusetts Jemmy. The latter promptly and formally to invite, as soon as may be after the date of these presents, the following Guests to honor the said dinner with their presence: that is to say:—Mistress Annie Fields, Mr Charles Eliot Norton and Mrs. Norton, Professor James Russell Lowell and Mrs. Lowell and Miss Lowell, Doctor Oliver Wendell Holmes and Mrs. Holmes, Mr. Howard Malcom Ticknor and Mrs. Ticknor, Mr. Aldrich and Mrs. Aldrich, Mr. Schlesinger, and an obscure poet named Longfellow (if discoverable) and Miss Longfellow.

Now, Lastly. In token of their accepting the trusts and offices by these articles conferred upon them, these articles are solemnly and formally signed by Massachusetts Jemmy and by the Gad's Hill Gasper, as well as by the men themselves.

Signed by the Man of Ross, otherwise George Dolby.
Signed by the Boston Bantam, otherwise James R. Osgood.
Signed by Massachusetts Jemmy, otherwise James T. Fields.
Signed by The Gad's Hill Gasper, otherwise Charles Dickens.
Witness to the signatures. C. J. Crutheny

THE SPORTING NARRATIVE

THE MEN.

THE Boston Bantam (*alias* Bright Chanticleer) is a young bird, though too old to be caught with chaff. He comes of a thorough game breed and has a clear though modest crow. He pulls down the scale at ten stone and a half and add a pound or two. His previous performances in the Pedestrian line have not been numerous. He once achieved a neat little match against time in two left boots at Philadelphia: but this must be considered as a pedestrian eccentricity, and cannot be accepted by the rigid chronicler as high art. The old mower with the scythe and hour-glass has not yet laid his mawley heavily on the Bantam's frontispiece, but he has had a grip at the Bantam's top feathers, and in plucking out a handful was very near making him like the great Napoleon Bonaparte (with the exception of the victualling-department), when the ancient one found himself too much occupied to carry out the idea, and gave it up. The Man of Ross (*alias* old Alick Pope, *alias* Allourpraiseswhyshouldlords, &c.) is a thought and a half too fleshy, and, if he accidentally sat down upon his baby, would do it to the tune of fourteen stone. This popular Codger is of the rubicund and jovial sort, and has long been known as a piscatorial pedestrian on the banks of the Wye. But Izaak Walton had n't Pace,—look at his book and you 'll find it slow,—and when that article comes in question, the fishing-rod may prove to some of his disciples a rod in pickle. Howbeit, the Man of Ross is a Lively Ambler and has a smart stride of his own.

THE TRAINING.

If Brandy Cocktails could have brought both men up to the post in tip-top feather, their condition would have left nothing to be desired. But both might have had more daily practice in the poetry of motion. Their breathings were confined to an occasional Baltimore burst under the guidance of the Gasper, and to an amicable toddle between themselves at Washington.

THE COURSE.

Six miles and a half, good measure, from the first tree on the Mill Dam road, lies the little village (with no refreshments in it but five oranges and a bottle of blacking) of Newton Centre. Here, Massachusetts Jemmy and the Gasper had established the turning-point. The road comprehended every variety of inconvenience to test the mettle of the men, and nearly the whole of it was covered with snow.

THE START

was effected beautifully. The men, taking their stand in exact line at the starting-post, the first tree aforesaid, received from The Gasper the warning, "Are you ready?" and then the signal, "One, two, three. Go!" They got away exactly together, and at a spinning speed, waited on by Massachusetts Jemmy and The Gasper.

THE RACE.

In the teeth of an intensely cold and bitter wind before which the snow flew fast and furious across the road from right to left. The Bantam slightly led. But The Man responded to the challenge and soon breasted him. For the first three miles, each led by a yard or so alternately; but the walking was very even. On four miles being called by The Gasper, the men were side by side; and then ensued one of the best periods of the race, the same splitting pace being held by both, through a heavy snow-wreath and up a dragging hill. At this point it was anybody's game, a dollar on Rossius and two half-dollars on the member of the feathery tribe. When five miles were called, the men were still shoulder to shoulder. At about six miles, the Gasper put on a tremendous spirt to leave the men behind and establish himself as the turning-point at the entrance of the village. He afterwards declared that he received a mental knock-downer, on taking his station and facing about, to find Bright Chanticleer close in upon him, and Rossius steaming up like a Locomotive. The Bantam rounded first; Rossius rounded wide; and from that moment the Bantam steadily shot ahead. Though both were breathed at the turn, the Bantam quickly got his bellows into obedient condition, and blew away like an orderly Blacksmith in full work. The forcing-pumps of Rossius likewise proved themselves tough and true, and warranted first-rate, but he fell off in pace, whereas the Bantam pegged away with his little drum-sticks, as if he saw his wives and a peck of barley waiting for him at the family perch. Continually gaining upon him of Ross, Chanticleer gradually drew ahead within a very few yards of half a mile, finally doing the whole distance in two hours and forty-eight minutes. Ross had ceased to compete, three miles short of the winning-post, but bravely walked it out and came in seven minutes later.

REMARKS.

The difficulties under which this plucky match was walked can only be appreciated by those who were on the ground. To the excessive rigour of the icy blast, and the depth and state of the snow, must be added the constant scattering of the latter into the air and into the eyes of the men, while heads of hair, beards, eyelashes, and eyebrows, were frozen into icicles. To breathe at all, in such a rarefied and disturbed atmosphere, was not easy; but to breathe up to the required mark was genuine, slogging, ding-dong, hard labor. That both competitors were game to the backbone, doing what they did under such conditions, was evident to all; but, to his gameness, the courageous Bantam added unexpected endurance, and (like the sailor's watch that did three hours to the cathedral clock's one) unexpected powers of going when wound up. The knowing eye could not fail to detect considerable disparity between the lads; Chanticleer being, as Mrs. Cratchit said of Tiny Tim, "very light to carry," and Rossius promising fair to attain the rotundity of the Anonymous Cove in the epigram:

"And when he walks the streets the paviours cry,
'God bless you, sir!' and lay their rammers by."

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the distance to be covered by the actual competitors on the appointed day as long as possible. Newton Centre was the turning-point, and there, both being winded, they sought some refreshment. But "a few sickly looking oranges" were all they could find. These they ate sitting on the doorstep of the little shop. This explains the allusion in the third section of the narrative. The copy of the exceedingly rare broadside, here reproduced, is the one which formerly belonged to A. V. S. Anthony, who witnessed the signatures on the Articles of Agreement."

Selma Lagerlof.

The recent publication of a volume of short stories by Miss Selma Lagerlöf, *From a Swedish Homestead,* recalls the story of that young author's beginning in literature, almost ten years ago. The *Idun,* a weekly literary journal published in Stockholm, offered a prize of two thousand kroners (about $540) for the best short story to be submitted to the editors within a given time. Miss Lagerlöf decided to compete for the prize, but when she had completed her story, she had so little confidence in her work that she refused to enter her manuscript. One of her sisters, however, discovered the manuscript where it was hidden, and sent it to the editors without the knowledge of the author. The story was promptly accepted, and the first prize awarded to Miss Lageröf. It is said that one of the judges in the competition sat up all night reading the story. His wife becoming anxious about him, went down into the library early in the morning and found her husband poring over the pages of the manuscript and now and then glancing over his shoulder. "That must be a very interesting story," she said, "but why do you keep looking over your shoulder in that funny way?" "It is an interesting story," he replied, "but I keep looking around to make sure that the devil is not sitting behind me in that rocking-chair."

On the 19th of April the "In Memoriam" notices in the London *Times* contained the following:

GEORGE GORDON NOEL, LORD BYRON, died nobly for Greece at Missolonghi, April 19th, 1824.

"When love, who sent, forgot to save
The young, the beautiful, the brave."
—*The Bride of Abydos.*

Sir Walter Scott, speaking of his death, said: "It is as if the sun had gone out."

The explanation of the notice is that a lady who admired Byron left a sum of money for a wreath of Maréchal Niel roses to be placed at the foot of Byron's statue in Hyde Park gardens, and for this "In Memoriam" notice to appear until the authorities of Westminster Abbey should permit the one word "Byron" to be inscribed in "Poet's Corner."

Here is a strange story from Minneapolis, where Mr. Richard Le Gallienne has been spending much of his time during his present stay in the United States. The circulating library of Minneapolis has issued a statement which is bound to have an immense influence on the sale of *The Quest of the Golden Girl.* No married woman, says this statement, will be allowed to take the book from the library shelves without a written order from her husband; and no young girl without a written order from her parents or guardians. We wonder what the Stetsonian Sisters have to say about the matter.

In a review of *The Visits of Elizabeth,* which appeared recently in the columns of the Boston *Transcript,* the writer concluded with the startling information that it had finally been discovered that the author of the book was one Elinor Glyn. This, however, is not near so ludicrous as a recent English review of Mr. Irving Bacheller's *Eben Holden.* The review in question appeared in the issue of *Literature* of April 6. Part of it runs as follows:

Americans are fairly acute judges of literature. Above all, their taste is healthy. Few morbid works have the run across (sic!) the Atlantic that a book like *David Harum* or *Eben Holden* enjoys. *The latter is chiefly concerned with the old negro who gives the book its title, though he is not the hero, and the love-story that runs through the pages is carried on by white folk.*

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This is not the first time that we have found occasion to call attention to the utterly preposterous letters which find their way to magazines and to publishing houses. The following epistles were received within a few months recently by a periodical published in this city. No comment, we think, is necessary.

I.

Dear Editor.

I write these few ill contrived lines asking you if you can please inform me of any paper that I can get to write Romantic Storries for.

I am an un experanced hand but I have such a strong desire to write Romantic Storryes and I cant help but think if only I had some paper to write for that I could write some few that would be of interest—as I have all Ways indulged in Reading Storries, and I can Write some few Romantic Storries of Real facts as I am some little bit experanced in love affairs. So please take notic to this appealing and let me hear from you: if you cant advise me on this subject Please send my name throughout the land as I would love to get Work in the writing business.

— —

II.

Madam:

As I have just written a story titled "A journey of Love," it has between 1,800 and 10,000 words in it, and would like to send it to you to judge, and if you think it worthy of publication, and would want it, but if not return it at my expense. Also please tell me how to send it to you, and the meaning of MSS.

— —

III.

Kinde Editor i write this letter to you to know if you would like to buy two good storys i have written two that every one heer has seen them say they can not be beat by any one and i would like to sell them to some good story paper i will let you have my storys cheap pleas let me hear frome you at once the tittle of my storys is first the bride of missouri second the girl that had two lovers or her fathers mistake i will exspect an answer frome you at once i am very Respt.

p. s. Pleas tell me what you pay for good storys i am all most shure you will buy my storys as they are so good one of our best lawers here say my last story is worth fifty dollars to any good story paper.

— —

IV.

Dear Editor

I have been a literature student for two years and have had splendid training in Composition. I would like to start in literary work and write to get your terms. My line of writing is argumentative essay writing. I have one of about 900 words on hand at present the title of which is: The Duties of an Educated American," and I have another one started entitled "Real Heroes." If you can print these and give me a price for them you will greatly oblige.

— —

V.

Dear Sirs

Could you use some fictious stories from my pen? And what remuneration do you allow. I would be pleased to contribute as often as disired Hoping to hear from you at your Earliest conveinance (sic), I remain respectfully

P. S. I can furnish sample upon request. Also, if agreeable to you all I would like to write under a nom dè plume.

— —

VI.

Kind Sirs:—

As I am in the business of writing stories for papers I thought I would ask you if you would favor me by letting me write for your paper. We take *your paper,* and by us obliging you thusly, I hope you will reciprocate by granting my favor. If you do, you will favor me by writing the particulars in full.

— —

VII.

Dear Sirs

Having a good idea about English Composition, and being an experienced writer; I thought perhaps you would be glad to get a contribution of good stories, for your paper. I have been a subscriber of the ——— ——— and know the worth of its literature. I feel that I have the ability to contest with any of its writers. Wishing to hear what encouragement, I may receive from you, I hope to receive an immediate answer. Yours in hope.

— —

VIII.

Editor of ———

I drop you a few lines in regard to Writers I have a taste for such work I have composed several pieces of poetry and I would like to write for some paper do you pay for such work! I will send you a Sample of my composing a piece of poetry Entitled Fane Idea of Love you can see such writing as I do and then send me your terms and also return my poetry as I will also write to other papers.

— —

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IX.

Sir you will find Stamp enclosed for which you will please write me immediately what Sum will be allowed me for a Love Story of Say Something over 10,000 words. this Story that I have almost Completed is a true one having Some experience in Same—I am prepared to relate the events just as they happened you will please tell me also how I am to send Story i e in what Style and how written you I presume fix all question marks and So on—as need be Shall I divide off chapters or will you do that this being my first experience in writing a Story you will be as Kind in aiding me as possible if Successful in this will make it a practice I am not compelled to use my real name in regard to the Story am I or am I not? I will sign my real name to this in order to be certain of reply you will please give this your immediate attention.

— —

X.

Dear. Sir.

I. have three short storys I. would like very much to sell the three weighed together weigh one pound and *a*half will you Kindly let me Know if you would like to examine the Mss. if so I. shall send it to you hoping to hear from you at an early date I. remain

Very Respectfully.

— —

To the above we may add the following letter, which came to THE BOOKMAN a few mornings ago:

Dear Sirs:—Wont you please let me know why you kept my MSS so long and now return it? I simply wrote you thinking perhaps it had never reached you, or that you have forgotten it. Please sirs, if you intended to publish it wont you do so yet and how soon can you? Also under what terms? If you cant publish, wont you please tell me of some publisher who would help me? I enclose Sample of my Paper. Please dont take me for a freak, but a honest young man who trys to fight the battles of life senseable. . . .

This I only mention as a part history of my life. If you accept, pay me a snug sum now and remainder years royalty. Then go to work and announce in the Patent Sheet and Associated Press Papers that you paid me $100.000.00 for the MSS. This they will take up as a news item. I will keep all this strictly secret and so can you. Have a short history of my life with a large Picture of——. Under my picture have the words, "The handsome Young Hoosier Author who made himself famous and received $100.000.00 for, "A Few Strokes of his Pen."

Hoping at least to hear from you again, I remain for business,

Sincerely,

— —

If you cant allow me anything, put it out at least, so I will get before the Public. I will return the Story at request.

We may also add that the "handsome young Hoosier author" has favoured us with his picture.

LAURELLED

Back from the strenuous wars he comes to me.
  He is my son, grown brown, with strange scarred hands;
  The months of blood and death in alien lands
Are in his face; his boyish will to be
Is four-fold won. I glow and weep to see
  The trodden meadow blackened with the bands
  Of bearded, marching men whom he commands.
With being re-arranged he comes to me.

I, small beside him, try to utter prayers;
I, honored for the laurels that he wears!
God knows, God knows I stand with empty hands,
And lonesome heart no meed of praises warms.
  I crush the laurel branch. Oh, God, I miss
  The soft-mouthed baby I can never kiss!

Zona Gale.

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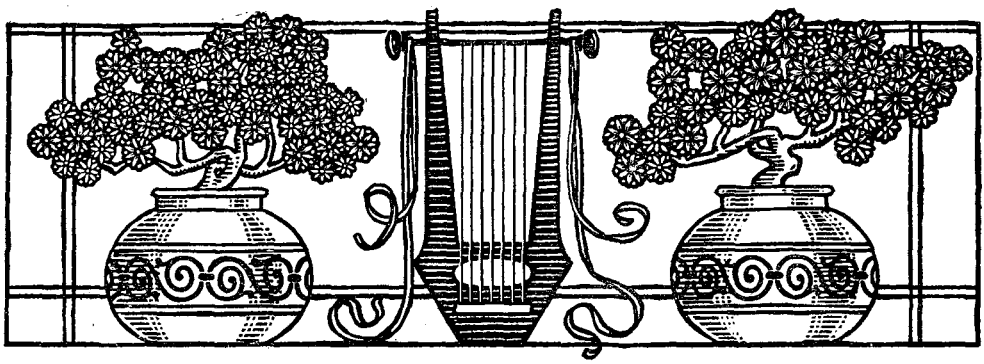

JOHN FOSTER

By HAMILTON W. MABIE

I.

It was late in April when John Foster's life, long sinking, like a flickering flame, suddenly went out. He was not an old man so far as years went, but he had lived his life as completely as if his three-score had been lengthened into four-score years and ten. Those who knew him best, and they were few, had marked a sudden change not long before; a relaxation of purpose in a face that had always reflected the man's mind and heart swiftly and unerringly. The quietude and acquiescence that followed a lifelong intensity of expression meant no surrender, but rather a fulfilment of purpose; the concentration of nature was no longer necessary; and the bow, long bent, sprung swiftly back. The neighbours, as they went silently into the darkened room, were awed by the victorious calm which touched the rugged features with something of supernal beauty. The face had been full of an inscrutable meaning, but it had never before borne such an expression not only of quiet acceptance, but of final peace.

Some of the older men, hard-handed and hard-minded farmers, whose life had been an unbroken struggle with reluctant soil and uncertain skies, instinctively resented the calm assurance of success which rested on John Foster's face like a decisive judgment on his life These older men had looked askance at their neighbour for half a century, and they mutely protested against the irrevocable reversal of their judgment which the touch of death had made clear beyond all questioning. To their unsympathetic glance there was something almost immoral in this assumption of success by one whose career had been an obvious failure. There had been no evil in John Foster; the hardest of the dry-eyed and sober-visaged men never laid any such charge at his door; but there had been a lifelong disregard of the traditional wisdom of the rural community, sometimes breaking into fiery contempt of its prudential philosophy and its toilsome surrender to the hardest conditions of its life. These men had never rebelled against the stubborn soil that seemed to bear nothing graciously, after the manner of Nature in kindlier climes, but had to be beaten and broken into fertility. There was no fellowship between them and their surroundings; there was rather an unbroken conflict; Nature must master them or they must master Nature, and they never stopped work to discuss the question of alternatives. They had conquered, and in the conquest they found the only evidence of successful living of which they took knowledge. John Foster scorned both the process and the result; he would live open-handed and open-hearted with Nature come what might, and this was the chief cause of his offending. "'Pears like as if he hadn't cum out so bad after all," was old Mr. Ferguson's comment as he returned to his neighbours in the hall, awkwardly holding his rarely worn, old-fashioned silk hat in his hand; and this seemed to be the general opinion, with an undercurrent of un-

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expressed dissent from the verdict which John Foster had taken the liberty, with the mighty aid of death, to pronounce on his own life in defiance of the judgment of those who thought they knew him best.

Out of doors there was a winning softness in the air, like a gentle repentance for months of climatic wrongdoing; winter still lingered, but there were signs that its icy hands were loosening their grip on the streams and fields. In that remote and hilly country spring is always a late comer, and it was an intangible touch of colour in the sky and an intangible touch of softness in the atmosphere that betokened its coming at North Hill. The near hills were still white, save the bare summits, from which the fierce winds had swept the snow. In the distance the circle of great peaks were shining as in mid-winter, and the bold outlines of the mountain that rose solitary in the far North cut sharply into the blue.

II.

Nature is not often so companionable to the higher moods, so indifferent to the lower needs, as in this noble country, where the land shapes itself into such sublime pictures and yields so reluctantly its modicum of grain. It was John Foster's fate to be alone in his fellowship with Nature, while all his neighbours were fighting the stubborn fields inch by inch. It was enough for him that such ministration was made to his spirit; he was glad that Nature did not serve his body too carefully; he accepted the hard fare and forgot it, as the poor student forgets his poverty when he finds himself at last within reach of the books of which he has dreamed. John Foster could not remember a time when the clustering hills and the remote and solitary mountains had not been friendly to him; they had gathered round his childhood as the stars had brooded over it, and both had bidden him welcome and made him feel at home with them. The little farmhouse stood on the ridge of the uplands, and on either hand the surrounding country lay spread out like a map to the far horizons. To the north and west there were long, irregular processions of hills, sweeping away in sublime disorder to join their leader in the far north; to the south and east a rolling country was divided by rivers and dotted with villages. Few travellers crossed the hill to the village that lay a mile and more beyond, and for the most part John's childhood was as solitary as if it had been cast on an island in mid-seas. But the boy never knew what loneliness was. The deserted road, the rugged hillsides, the woodlands, were populous with life; he knew all their ways and had mastered all their secrets. When daisies were afield he was more active, but frozen rivulets and drifts of snow found him hardly less happy. The deepest truths often lie sleeping in the heart of a child long before he knows of their presence or understands what they say to him. He has subtle perceptions of the world about him which seem wholly of the senses, but which register the first delicate contacts of his spirit with Nature. Nothing seems quite real to him, or at least not quite complete, because everything hints at something more wonderful and magical which is to come. There were days when John haunted the woods and waited breathless for something to happen. What he expected he could not have described; he did not know; he only knew that the air was full of whispers; that all manner of secrets were being exchanged; that there seemed to be a mysterious understanding between the trees, the birds, the winds, and the clouds, from which he was excluded; not because there was any desire to shut him out, but because it was impossible to make him understand.

John felt himself on the most friendly footing with this magical world, but the thinnest of veils seemed to envelop him and make clear sight impossible. He had a teasing sense of having his hand on the latch, but not being able to open the door. This dimness of vision often gave the things which surrounded him a touch of unreality; to him as to the Prince in Tennyson's charming poem:

> On a sudden in the midst of men and day,
> And while I walk'd and talk'd as heretofore,
> I seem'd to move among a world of ghosts,
> And feel myself the shadow of a dream.

The boy's imagination was beginning to play its magical tricks with his vision, and the most solid things took on a dreamlike vagueness, and the most un-

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substantial became solid realities. The world was the more beguiling to him because it surrounded him with mysteries instead of revealing sharp outlines and hard realities. It was a wonder world, as it is to every imaginative child; and he went through it with eager step, expecting every moment to surprise its hidden life by sudden and complete discovery. The stretches of forest, the meadows, the hills, the quiet places in the heart of the woods, the stars moving in sublime procession past his window, the glowing of the day and its fading: these things touched his spirit with influences so fine and sensitive that they fashioned him without awakening him out of the dream of childhood. Of this companionship with the wild things of the wood and the bright things of the sky he never spoke; he could hardly have put his thoughts about them into language; in truth, he did not think about them; he lived in them.

III.

There was another life which was as plain and straight as the old road which ran in front of the house; he knew what it had for him to do and he did it; it never once occurred to him to try to escape from it. He seemed born as much a part of it as of the other world of which he never spoke. The life of this tangible world began very early in the morning and ended when the light faded; and it was filled with all manner of things to be done; that miscellaneous work which falls to a boy on a farm. Whenever his feet could save the feet of a man, his feet made the journey to the mill or the blacksmith's forge or the country store; whenever his hands could save a man's hands, his hands did the work. He was at everybody's beck and call; and he knew no higher wisdom than to serve every one as he could. Unconsciously he was grounding himself in reality at the very moment when reality was beginning to have secondary meanings for him.

His surroundings were plain to the point of bareness; for the farm was niggardly in disposition; the house was full of children; there were so many bodies to be fed and clothed that there was little left for the nurture and furnishing of the mind. There was no touch of romance in the work or the home; there were few books to read, and these, with a single exception, had nothing to say to the boy who had found that another and a finer crop could be taken off the farm, if one knew how to harvest it. There was little in common between the world in which the boy worked and the world in which he lived. He passed through the first in a kind of dream, doing with mechanical fidelity what was set as his task; in the second he was alert, eager, expectant, as if a moment's inattention might cost him something on which his heart was set. Nobody could find fault with him, but nobody predicted success of any kind for him; he seemed like one of that vast company who serve the world in silence and, having had not such wages as they earned, but as the world chose to give them, quietly vanish and are seen no more. If the boy had ambitions, he never spoke of them; when a day's work was done he passed on as if he never expected to gain anything from it; of the future he seemed to have no thought; he paid for the right to live, and having settled his account with the actual, escaped at once into the world where his heart was. His body was often at work while his mind was at play; for birds sang over the meadows as he did his chores, and over the harvest field there was always the arch of the sky, with room enough for a boy's soul to range in and a boy's heart to make its home.

IV.

However silent and uninterested he might be on the farm, he was alive to the tips of his fingers in the woods. The moment he crossed the invisible boundary into the territory of Nature he awoke as if out of sleep; his face was full of expectancy; his eyes were everywhere; his body seemed to be instinct with intelligence, so alert was his attitude and so quick were his movements. All his senses, in their intentness, combined to develop a sixth and higher sense, compounded of sight, hearing, touch, smell, taste; which in some mysterious way seemed to mingle the life of the body and of the spirit into one indivisible, unconscious, throbbing life; he lived not on the surface of the world, where a thousand beautiful appearances flashed upon his

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vision and then vanished, but in the deep, flowing, invisible life of Nature. Like the older myth-makers, he was caught up in the universal movement of things and borne aloft into ecstasies of vision. If he had understood his own emotions or been able to give them speech, he would have fashioned out of his dreams and the deep joys of his spirit a figure as elusive, as spontaneous, as mysterious as Dionysus; in whom was embodied not only the ripe glow of the wine, but the freedom, the spontaneity, the leaping vitality, the power of abandon, the radiant genius of the liberated imagination. All these things were in his heart, slowly and dumbly rising into his mind.

Those who saw him saw none of these things; they saw a shy New England boy, quiet, silent, intent mainly on keeping out of the way. There was a dawning nobility in the depth of the eye, the purity of the brow, the moulding of the head; but only those who were looking for the signs of greatness discerned these hints and foreshadowings. In the making of a poet Nature is so secretive that few discover her purpose until it is accomplished. She hides her interpreters from recognition by their fellows until she has so confirmed them in the habit of vision that neither neglect nor applause can deflect or betray them.

V.

So far no book had ever spoken to John Foster. He had seen a few volumes, and from one book he had heard many things; but no phrase had ever crossed the threshold of his mind. In the little bare meeting-house at the point where the roads crossed, and from which the whole world seemed to spread out, he heard much discussion of this book and frequent appeals to it; it seemed to be a Pandora's box, in which there were weapons for one's adversaries, remedies for one's illnesses, scourges for one's sins, rewards for one's virtues, and a plan of things which was taken apart and put together again, like a vast and uninteresting puzzle. Sometimes out of all this confusion of sounds a word, a sentence, a picture, an incident suddenly came to life and glowed for a moment and caught the boy with a thrill so intense that it was a pain; and then the fog of an unknown language drifted in, and the glimpse of something human and beautiful vanished. The atmosphere was lifeless, cold and grey; some vast system of magic, remote, lying far apart from anything he knew or felt, seemed to hold possession of the little meeting-house, as bare, hard, untouched by sun and cloud and song and fragrance as the rigid lines of the building. Everything was out of key with Nature; the largeness, the rushing life, the vast fertility, the immeasurable beauty, included everything except the stern, ugly little structure, that seemed not only to defy the elements, but to scorn the loveliness and to set the teeming forces of Nature at defiance.

In winter the boy looked at the bit of sky which showed through the tiny window above the pulpit like a little background of heaven behind an immense expanse of artificial religious landscape of very human making, or listened with the inward ear to the faint, far murmur of waters in the mountain brooks; in summer, when the windows were open, he seemed to hear all manner of sounds beating against the walls, as if Nature were trying to break down the barriers and flood the place with light and warmth.

It was a great puzzle to the boy—this strange severance of the bare little building from the world which was so vast and beautiful, this unnatural divorce of the things he heard from the things he knew and felt. One Sunday, while he was still a child and this mystery perplexed and distressed him, a strange hand opened the book and a strange voice read from it. The voice had in it the magic of feeling and of insight; and as it retold one of those old, familiar stories which hold the mystery of life and are deeper than any sounding of plummet, suddenly the book came to life and the walls seemed to dissolve, and with a great rush of fragrance, caught up from fields and woods, Nature swept into the room. If there had been the stir of angels' wings in the place it could not have been holier than it became from that hour; for the harmony once heard was never lost again.

When the boy went home he carried the book into the woods, and there it sang to him strange, deep harmonies of the stars, with great shoutings of the seas

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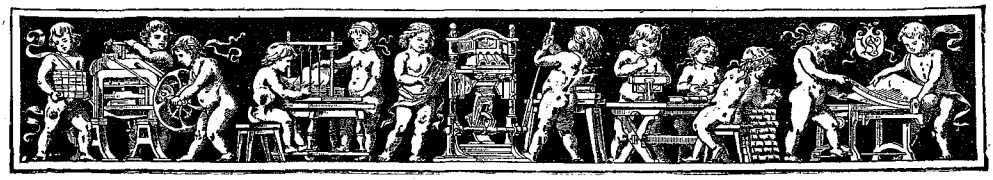
and music of birds, and all the sweet, familiar melody of the fields; and in this shining world of stars and seas and birds and waving grain, which he knew so well, he saw strange sights of men moving as in great dreams or caught up in great storms and swept like leaves hither and thither; and his heart was heavy with the burden of the mystery of life and sore with its sorrows; and the veil was lifted from his eyes, and he saw men as well as Nature; not with clear sight, but in part with his eyes and in part with his imagination.

(*To be continued.*)

THE NEW YORK CITY SKY-LINE.

SKETCHED BY WILLIAM J. LAMPTON.

No
Low
Unbroken line
Is stretched across
The touch-point of the earth
And sky,
But here
And there
And everywhere,
Uprising high and high and high—and higher—
Above the old-time spire,
Are
Towering, tall, tremendous temples, tenanted
By Commerce, Finance, Art, and Trade;
Deep
In
The earth
Their strong foundations laid,
They lift their huge steel skeletons,
Clothed in a drapery
Of brick
Or stone,
So high
Their supernatural summits scrape a superdominant sky.
They
Overlook
The sea;
And the whole earth's periphery
Is theirs;
And while as Art they may not be very great,
As paying real estate
They
Are
About
The very best thing that ever happened in this town.
See?



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JOHN, DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH

In a modest apartment in the Haymarket, over a bottle of Burgundy, Joseph Addison, before his friends, Henry Esmond* and Dick Steele, in the imagination of Thackeray, uttered these words: "One of the greatest of a great man's qualities is success; 'tis the result of all the others; 'tis a latent power in him which compels the favours of the gods and subjugates fortune. Of all his gifts, I admire that one in the great Marlborough. To be brave? Every man is brave. But in being victorious, as he is, I fancy there is something divine . . . the fainting battle gathers strength at his aspect. Wherever he rides victory charges with him."

These very words strike the key-note of the life of one of the greatest of Englishmen, John, Duke of Marlborough, for his long and kaleidoscopic march from the cradle to the grave is harmonious with success. He toyed with kings and queens, annihilated vast armies, defied dukes, lords and bishops, and loved a woman.

"I would have given my life to come back," he wrote, upon his departure to the Hague in 1702, to his wife, Sarah; "though I know my own weakness so much that I durst not, for I know I should have exposed myself to the company. If you will be sensitive of what I now feel, you will endeavour ever to be easy with me; for it is you only that can give me true content."

He was distinguished by his birth as well as happy in his fortune. His father, who was descended of the ancient and honourable family of the Churchills in the County of Wilts, married Elizabeth, daughter of Sir William Drake, and distinguished himself in the worst of times by his loyalty to his distressed sovereign and firm adherence to the constitution of his country; circumstances which, although they rendered him obnoxious under the tyranny of Cromwell, yet on the restoration of Charles II. they procured for him the honour of knighthood and the office of the Clerk of the Green Cloth. Sir Winston was a man of learning, and established a reputation as an author by his excellent treatise on the lives of the illustrious persons who, in successive ages, had adorned the Isle of Britain.

Up to the age of sixteen Marlborough was tutored by the Rector of Musbury, and doubtless enjoyed the pranks of boyhood as only a robust English lad can enjoy. Near to Axminister was the ancient Roman camp, commanding a delightful view of the valley of the Axe, and on these heights one may fancy the boy dreaming dreams and conjecturing on things military, for he displayed a taste for arms at a very early age. Being employed at court, Sir Winston, his father, early introduced his son to the presence of the royal family, and the young man was so agreeable and so fond of arms that the Duke of York received him into immediate service, and gave him a pair of colours in the Guards. In 1673 he reached his twenty-third year, and at this early age was sent by King Charles II. as commander of a company of foot in the Duke of Monmouth's regiment, these considerable body of men being sent by the king to the assistance of France, then engaged in a war with the United Provinces. The army of France was commanded by the Marshal de Turenne, who was so much struck with the appearance of Captain Churchill, that he called him, by way of distinction, *la bel Anglois*.

As the first impression naturally engages attention, so the Marshal con-

*We append as of interest the following footnote to *Henry Esmond:*

Our Grandfather's hatred of the Duke of Marlborough appears all through his account of these campaigns. He always persisted that the Duke was the greatest traitor and soldier history ever told of: and declared that he took bribes on all hands during the war. My Lord Marquis (for so we may call him here, though he never went by any other name than Colonel Esmond) was in the habit of telling many stories which he did not set down in his memoirs, and which he had from his friend the Jesuit, who was not always correctly informed, and who persisted that Marlborough was looking for a bribe of two millions of crowns before the campaign of Ramillies.

And our Grandmother used to tell us children, that on his first presentation to my Lord Duke, the Duke turned his back upon my Grandfather; and said to the Duchess, who told my lady dowager at Chelsey, who afterward told Colonel Esmond—"Tom Esmond's bastard has been to my levée: he has the hangdog look of his rogue of a father"—an expression which my Grandfather never forgave. He was as constant in his dislikes as in his attachments; and exceedingly partial to Webb, whose side he took against the more celebrated general. We have General Webb's portrait now at Castlewood, Va.

THE EDITORS OF THE BOOKMAN.

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ceived such a pleasure in teaching the young captain the art of war, in which he was afterward so great a master, and entertained by degrees so high an opinion of his courage and capacity, that even young as he was, the Marshal fully believed there was nothing he dare not undertake. This belief was substantiated some time after Captain Churchill's arrival in France, when, after a certain lieutenant-colonel had quitted a post of consequence at the first sight of the enemy, the Marshal de Turenne wagered a dozen bottles of the best Florence that the handsome Englishman would regain the position with half the number of men. Sure enough, the Dutch were put to flight, and Marlborough won the day. At another engagement he was successful in planting the French colours upon the walls of a besieged town, and for so gallant an action was forthwith presented to the French king, who received him with much civility.

Born on midsummer day, 1650, the youthful Marlborough sang of arms at the tender age of sixteen, and ten years later, sweet, petulant Sarah Jennings won his heart. In the garden of St. James's Palace these two spirits roamed at will; the tall, handsome lieutenant-colonel poring tales of love and passion into the ears of the maid, who, smiling the while, pricked his fingers with thorns, hid from him in the twilight of the long summer days, awed him with a perfect whirlwind of passion, and at last, under the guardianship of the Duchess of York, promised to honour and evermore share his fate.

Indeed, his helpmate's soul was as highly fired with ambition as his own, and together they took up the cross of social and diplomatic conquest. James II. was now king. The royal favour fell upon the handsome John Lord Churchill, and Lady Churchill played her cards well. In truth, Marlborough was a Tory, and under deep obligations to the person and cause of James II., but by conviction he was a firm supporter of the Protestant ascendency. During the reign of William and Mary the game of the moth and the candle was played to such distraction that the charred wings of the lord and lady have been unmercifully broken by historian and novelist; but human nature is as unshaken as the sky above, and the brightest stars most sought by the telescopes of scandal. A thing is rare because it is the best, and with that ability which enabled him to seize the mastership of the minutest details of state affairs, Marlborough foresaw the making of an empire invisible and stood his colours. Doubtless the night when the wind howled through the royal forest of Epping, and he was beset by robbers between London and St. Albans and relieved of five hundred guineas, perturbed the master mind more than the assaults of things state and militant.

On March 18, 1694, the Lord Bishop of Worcester preached before King William and Queen Mary at Whitehall. He said: "There are men of turbulent, restless and ambitious minds who make abundance of noise and clamour, and, like wasps, are always flying and buzzing about." Perhaps the good bishop had his eye upon Marlborough as he continued: "There are always some who love to carry on their own ends under public pretences; and if those be not attained, they matter not what becomes of all other interests, although their own must perish with the rest. These are like the ivy to a flourishing tree, which seems to embrace it and stick close to it, but it is for its own advantage; but at the same time it weakens it and hinders its growth, and if it falls, it must perish together with it."

But the deed was done, and the historians, many of them, blush with rosy words at the name of Camaret beside the glorious names of Blenheim and Ramillies. Yet, strange to relate, the storm of public scandal which moaned from all quarters of the island somehow managed to blow Marlborough into the favour of the King. Mary, fortunately, had died, and ambitious Sarah was up and ready to tickle the royal chin with a straw, for William did not seem to have the same dislike for Marlborough as Mary felt for Sarah. And up to the death of the King, Marlborough was indefatigable in his efforts to reconcile the Princess Anne to her brother. Even his efforts to preserve the reformed faith in its purity from the designs of Popery do not receive due credit, and his temporary downfall was doubtless owing to his disregard of social diplomacy rather than the machinations of his avowed enemies. And

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as one of England's worthies, he stands to-day supremely to the front—a statesman, a soldier and a man.

Anne was queen when Marlborough's brilliant career as commander-in-chief began, and while he conquered France and Spain, Sarah dominated the throne-room; indeed, it might be said that at this time, to a certain degree, the fate of Western Europe was in the hands of Lord and Lady Churchill. War was formally declared on May 4, 1702. Louis XIV., King of France, possessed vast resources; his troops were better equipped and better officered than any army in Europe; the Allies were wrangling among themselves, and England as restless as a child. But the die was cast, and Marlborough, with thirty years of military experience before him, struck the first blow at Flanders. And from that time on he depended ever upon the results of systematic combination, and never hazarded his fortunes in a single stroke, trusting rather to his own masterly arrangement and the unfailing resources of his great military enterprise. Against him loomed the finest fortresses of Europe, constructed with the skill of Vauban, but with victory writ in blood across his brow he dashed on to glorious triumph.

For two years the campaign was carried on with no little degree of dissatisfaction. The Dutch were obstinate, and when Marlborough returned to England after the two campaigns, in which he had done nothing but strengthen a few petty fortresses, he was on the verge of what is vulgarly known as "throwing up the sponge." But he decided to make another plunge into the sea of uncertainty, and leaving the Dutch to guard the Netherlands, he set out with his own troops to operate along the Moselle River. His men had been trained to practical duties in the preceding wars of William III., and from the outset Marlborough placed his reliance on this circumstance. At the beginning of the third campaign, the Dutch endeavoured to lure him back from what they considered reckless manœuvring, with rumours of the movements of the enemy, but the brave commander pushed on, and finally reached the town of Donawert, situated on the Danube River. This was defended by thirteen thousand men, and sufficiently fortified to withstand the assault of the English until the arrival of Villeroy and Tallard, the French and Bavarian commanders, but Marlborough took time by the forelock; and although his troops were fatigued with marching, they at once stormed the fortifications, with the result that the enemy was routed and the town deserted. Marlborough lost sixty-five hundred men, fifteen hundred of whom were killed.

But the Bavarian defence was now broken and the way comparatively open for an advance. Prince Eugene, who was aiding Marlborough, was holding the enemy on the German side of the Rhine in the meantime, but the victory of the English changed the plans of the French. So it came to pass that the diverging armies met, the allied forces numbering fifty-two thousand, and the French and Bavarian army fifty-six thousand, the Allies being stronger in cavalry, the French in artillery.

On the eve of the battle of Blenheim the marshes were untrampled, and the tall grasses and reeds the haunt of the coot and hern. The rivulet Nebel sang on its course to the blue waters of the Danube, and the shouts from the village, the smoke from the chimneys and the gliding sail were the only signs of life in the peaceful valley. Presently there came a wild rumour which sent the men from the fields, and caused the women to clasp their young to their breasts. Over the hills sounded the tramp of feet, the plunge of cavalry, the roll of drums. Down into the solitude marched the flower of Britain, the favoured of the Dutch, while beyond, at the spur of the hills, rested the prestige of the French.

The birds were driven from their roosts, and the wild fowl flew screaming into the timber behind the village of Blenheim. Tents were pitched and camp-fires burned red against the whiteness. Night, in sore alarm, hurried from the sky and draped her robes over friend and foe; she set the stars and moon in their respective places, and sank down in moody gloom, her breath a prayer for the souls that were destined to rise in mighty hosts from the mist-clad marshes. Then at length came the Dawn, peeping over the eastern line of purple, shuddering at the sight that would greet her eye, and blushing for the crime of impending battle.

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JOHN CHURCHILL, DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH.

Marlborough's plan was to tease the enemy at one point and strike hard at another, and to this end he sent Eugene and Coutts to attack the village of Blenheim, while he led the main body of the Allies across the Nebel. The great camp was moving; Eugene and Coutts were heading toward the terrified village, while Marlborough, upon a prancing charger, steeled his eyes and prayed for victory. The attack began simultaneously—one awful roar, one sickening boom. Four hours slipped through the hour-glass; Marlborough had gained the opposite side of the Nebel and was moving on Tallard's centre. Eugene was hard set, but rallying and pushing on without succour, he proved himself to be the man for the moment. Marlborough was driving the French to madness. His horse was shot beneath him; the housetops of Blenheim were crumbling in smoke; one great cry of terror from a thousand lips, and with a fierce jangle of steel and snorting of steeds four thousand men were smothered in the waters of the Danube.

The sun sank in a gold cloud of smoke and mist; the battlefield was silent, save the wind moaning through the shattered branches of the trees, and bearing on its sobbing the cry of the wounded like unto a distant dirge. The waters of the Danube lapped the blood-stained shore, and the current hurried on its ghastly burden, as if impatient to wash away the stain of war.

Thus, in the twinkling of an eye the French and Bavarian army was battered down to an inferiority from which it never recovered, and Marlborough, with twelve thousand less men looked around

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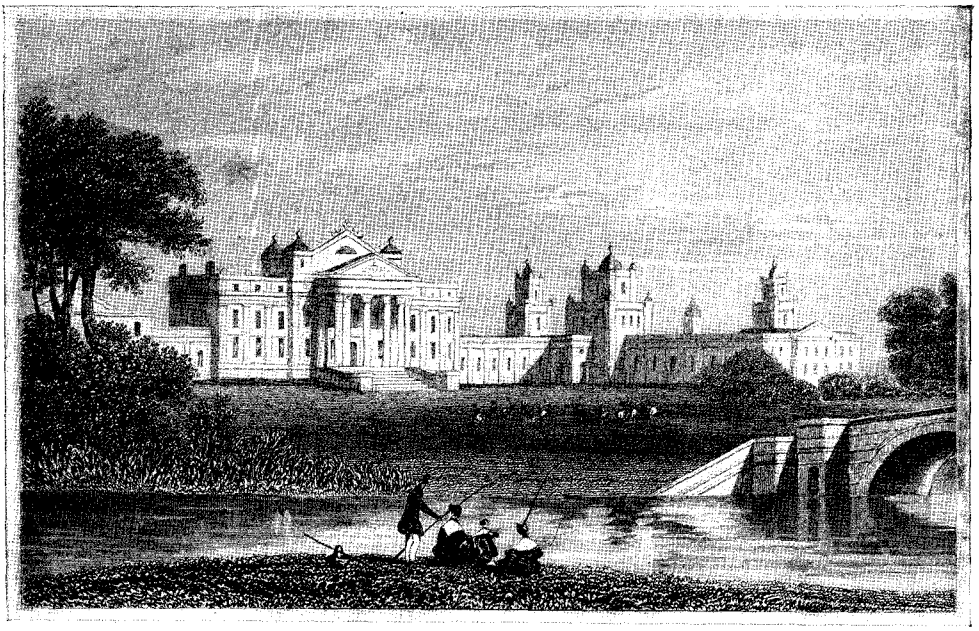
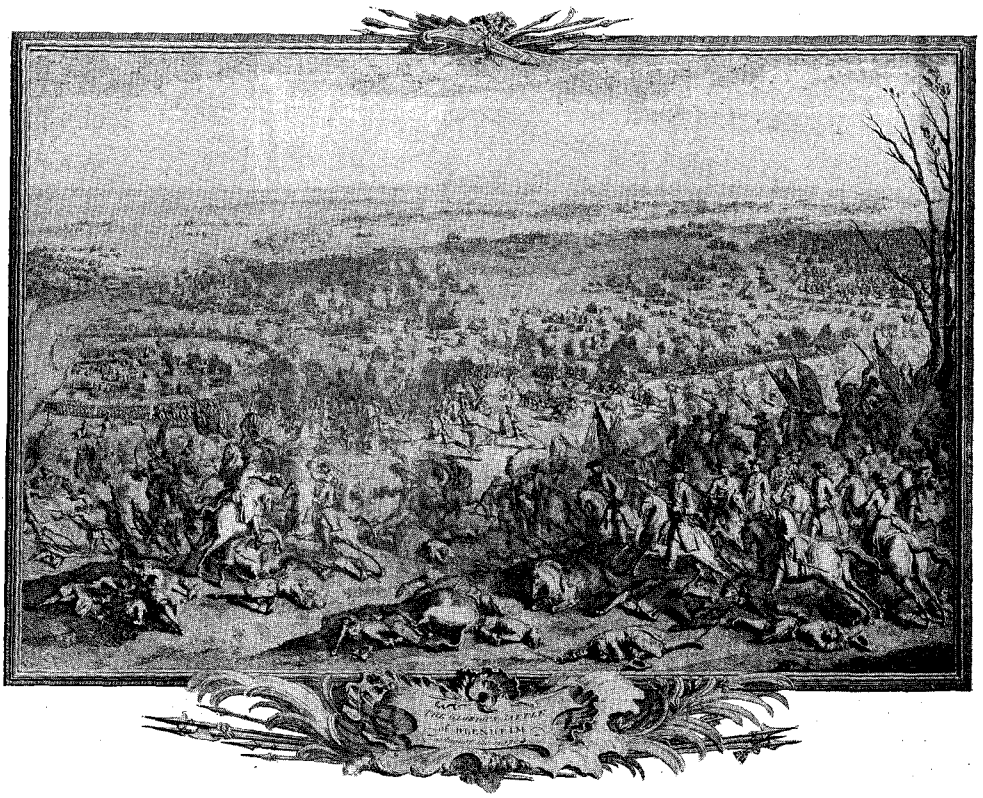


BLENHEIM PALACE.

for more worlds to conquer. Bavaria was likewise placed at the Allies' disposal, and the only real impediment in the direct invasion was the splendid defence of Laudaw.

Beginning with the campaign of 1705,



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Marlborough's commandership extended down to the year 1711, and during all this time he achieved such triumphs as to place upon his brow the wreath of immortal fame. The capture of Liege and Lille, and the battles of Ramillies and Oudenarde were strokes of generalship at which the world stood tremulous, but not without envy. The battle at the wood of Wynendail, and minor actions near the coast of France, bore the first fruits of enmity. Marlborough was accused of favouritism, chiefly in giving credit to General Cadogan, at Wynendail, which was said to have belonged to General Webb. Even Thackeray cries out about this supposed blemish in the career of the commander-in-chief, in his *History of Henry Esmond*, but in all his letters to Godolphin and his intimate friends Marlborough pays the

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highest tribute to General Webb. To assume that the commander, in the flush of his victories, did not realise that any such unfairness would shadow his name and his country, is assaulting the name of honour and bombarding the Temple of Pallas, laying them waste forevermore. Some there are who would have us see the Duke dignified, cruel, leading his thousands to butchery, avaricious, plotting, and scandalising his party, his country and his sovereign; but some there are who, in the light of unprejudiced wisdom, give us the man kindly, with a wonderful mastery over his feelings, faithful to his cause, long suffering in his

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domestic upheavals; with a warm hand for his soldier, and, on the eve after a great battle, while the camp slumbered and the watch-fires burned low, in the glimmer of his candle, to lay aside his sword, and write (to Sarah, his wife): "I am so tired that I have but strength enough to tell you that we have had this day a very bloody battle; the first part of the day we beat their foot, and afterward their horse. God Almighty be praised! it is now in our power to have what peace we please, and I may be pretty well assured of never being in another battle; but that nor nothing in this world can make me happy if you are not kind."

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As the war drew to a close, France lay gasping upon her blood-stained threshold, and never really recovered from her bewildering defeat until the red hand of revolt shook her walls, and she entered upon a new and fresh era. After the battle of Ramillies, Marlborough, now created duke, was granted a pension of five thousand pounds, which was made perpetual according to act of Parliament, and Woodstock and Blenheim were presented to him by Queen Anne.

During his career as commander-in-chief political passions were strongly

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roused in England, and the Tories were to Marlborough as the Whigs were to Wellington. The principles of the Tory party at this time were adverse to foreign complications, consequently, they were strongly against a standing army and the French War. It was said of Marlborough that politically he sat on the fence, and would declare himself neither for the one nor the other. Distance lent furore, and Queen Anne wrote again and again for some declaration of party. After a while, Marlborough replied, with a gentle admonition to the Queen not to commit

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her business to the Tory party, for if she did so, the consequences were much to be feared. Gradually the Queen lost her patience; Sarah was hounding her on one side, the Whigs on the other. The days crept on apace; Marlborough's expenses were enormous; three hundred thousand pounds had already been swallowed up in the construction of Blenheim Palace, and in 1712 orders were given to the Treasury to suspend further payments therefor. The Court was howling, and

"EUGENE AND MARLBRO', EACH ILLUSTRIOUS NAME
WITH EQUAL MERIT CLAIMS IMMORTAL FAME."

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the people shared their ingratitude, blindly persecuting the illustrious general. So the shock came; the Queen smiled no more on Marlborough, and figuratively speaking, Sarah took up her bed and walked. It is said that she even took the mantelpiece, and shook the dust of the royal chambers from her slippers with a haughty smile.

But the erection of Blenheim Palace went on interruptedly, one-fifth of the expenses being provided from the Duke's own purse. And after the death of the Queen, the supervision of the palace, under Vanbrough, the architect, proved the survival of the fittest, for although Marlborough was reinstated under George I., his fate hung heavy upon him, and he gradually withdrew from public life. After the death of his two daughters he suffered a stroke of palsy, and one June night, in 1722, the hero of battlefields,

> Jack of Marlborough,
> Who beat the Frenchmen thorough and thorough,

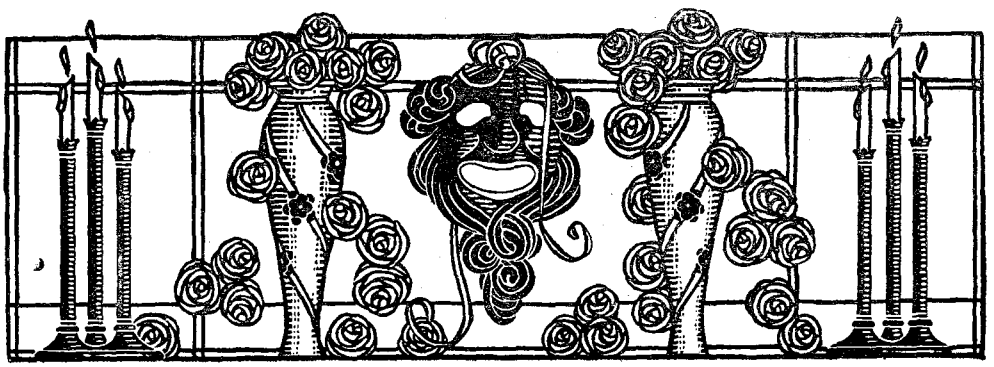
at whose whisper vast armies had been routed, surrendered to the Unseen. Then it was that all England mourned for the man they had scandalised.

Sarah survived the Duke twenty-five years, and was true to his undying memory, having at divers occasions refused an offer of marriage from the Duke of Somerset and the Earl of Coningsby. But her petulant and haughty spirit prevailed unto the very end; she hated Walpole, quarrelled with Cadogan and Sunderland, and became involved in lawsuits of every description. But the end came, and the Duchess was laid to rest beside her illustrious husband at Blenheim.

As the architect of England's greatness, the founder of the Colonial Empire, Marlborough stands pre-eminently distinct against the canvas of those painted commanders who served their country well. Nelson and Wellington brought out the greatness of the empire, but Marlborough, like Washington, created. He even created a new art of war, and as the ideal of the Turenne school, nobody could fight more gallantly. His alertness and quickness of eye in tactics were unrivalled. He avoided close conflict, and in ten campaigns only five pitched battles were fought. Twenty fortified places were taken in the presence of the enemy, in number much superior to his own. And during every campaign he placed great reliance upon cavalry; at the battle of Blenheim he led in person a body of cavalrymen, six thousand strong, scattering fear and force to the end that four thousand of the enemy were pushed into the Danube.

As a man he was loved by all; even Sunderland and Godolphin were strongly influenced by him. Macaulay also admits that he possessed the domestic virtues to a high degree, and always kept his temper under perfect control. He believed that the Providence of God directed the destinies of men, and ever held before his army the highest example of man's duty to man and his Creator. In short, the summary of the man and the soldier is best told in "that the only things he had forgotten were his own deeds, and the only things he remembered were the misfortunes of others."

Wilbur Finley Fauley.



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NINE BOOKS OF SOME IMPORTANCE

I.

STURGIS'S "ARCHITECTURE AND BUILDING."*

In view of the multitudinous building projects and the actual construction of important buildings of every kind throughout the country, the appearance of a work of the above character would seem most opportune. Its opportuneness, however, will be in direct ratio to its utility; and if the present handsome volume before us be a fair precursor in make-up and range of information of the two others promised to follow it, then Mr. Sturgis has made not architects only, but all who are interested in the subject, his debtors. For it is not always one comes across a work purporting to be a dictionary of a given science which promises to cover so satisfactorily the theme it treats of. Associated with him, as the compiler notes on the title-page, are "many architects, painters, engineers and other expert writers, American and foreign." In examining this list of contributors, one finds ample guarantee that the various departments are faithfully and competently cared for. The outside dress of the book itself is most agreeable to the eye in point of colour—a soft olive grey linen and a good style of gold lettering in the title. The machine-pressed Gothic tracery, however, which is stamped upon the cover is not, perhaps, of importance one way or the other; but since it is there it may be questioned why this order, and not another, or why, indeed, any at all?—the book is not a dictionary of the Gothic exclusively. This is a mere detail, to be sure; but in this age of active indulgence in the arts one cannot but be impressed by the fact that the public is looking more or less to the architect, painter and sculptor in matters of taste, and it may be well for all concerned to take advantage of any and every opportunity to direct the public along safe and unquestionable lines, even though it be in the ornamentation of a book bearing upon a special art. In this book Mr. Sturgis, by way of preface, thus presents its purpose: "There is apparently no dictionary in English, except the work in eight volumes, small folio, begun about 1850 and finished ten years ago; the work of a society organised for the purpose of this publication. Apart from this there are only glossaries, and those avowedly partial and limited in character.

"Even in seeking such aid as a dictionary in a foreign language can give him, the student is compelled to use two or even three different works, together and in conjunction, since no one book presents the subject fairly complete under one alphabet. It is this comment also which is to be made upon the few attempts toward a cyclopædia of the building arts as such. Such cyclopædias, whether special or general in character, have never possessed that essential feature of a dictionary, the alphabetical arrangement carried into detail. Alphabetical arrangement where it exists is limited to the mere displaying in that order of a limited number of separate essays. Cyclopædias of this character have little to differentiate them from a series of separate volumes. Neither the cyclopædia nor the collection of volumes is likely to have a full alphabetical index, and without it the work in question does not fulfil that requirement of a dictionary, which is its first and most essential one.

"This requirement is fitness for ready consultation. In order to meet this requirement, two separate features must be combined—alphabetical arrangement carried to minute subdivision and cross-references in abundance."

Among the list of contributors may be mentioned the names of the following, authorities all in their several professions: Edward Atkinson, Ph.D., LL.D.; Edwin H. Blashfield, N.A., mural painter; Walter Cook, F.A.I.A., architect; Frederic Crowninshield, mural painter and decorative artist; Arthur L. Frothingham, Jr., Ph.D.; A. D. F. Hamlin, M.A.; William Rich Hutton, C.O.; John La Farge, N.A., hon. mem. A.I.A., mural painter, artist in mosaic and decorative windows; Henry Rutgers Marshall, M.A., F.A.I.A.,

*A Dictionary of Architecture and Building. To be completed in three volumes. By Russell Sturgis, A.M., Ph.D., Fellow of the American Institute of Architects. New York: The Macmillan Company. $18.00 net. Sold by subscription only.

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architect; Alexandre Saudrier, architect; Montgomery Schuyler, A.M., cor. mem. A.I.A.; William R. Ware, LL.D., F.A.I.A.; Barr Ferree, hon. cor. mem. P.I.B.A., cor. mem. A.I.A., and the author himself.

The longer definitions and articles in the nature of cyclopædic essays have the writers' names appended throughout the volume; and in many instances these articles are much more exhaustive than would naturally be expected from the modest title of dictionary, which the book bears. This first volume includes topics A-E, is copiously illustrated, and contains thirty-six full-page reproductions. The Architect is considered at length by Mr. Sturgis, where he explains, as it were, his evolution from the earliest period of building, when his exact status was by no means definite, to his position to-day thus: "In many countries and in many ages building has been so much a matter of tradition, every part of the structure being so fixed by rules or by customs which no one dreamed of violating, that a priest or a high officer of the court was more nearly the architect than any one else, because he employed without intermediary the masters or gangs of workmen and, perhaps, even the workmen themselves directly. Thus, it is not probable that any person having charge of the whole building stood between an Egyptian priest and the builders of the temple with which he was specially charged. Exact knowledge of these matters is not now procurable, but it is probable that very precise formulas governed the planning of pyramids and temples. Even in a time and place as well known in comparison as Athens, under the rule of Pericles, we learn that Phidias managed everything and was 'overseer in all the work' undertaken in Athens, but we have no knowledge of his immediate share in all this work. We are told that Ictinus was the architect of the Parthenon; but, again, we do not know how far he was the designer of the building, how far it was he who determined the extraordinary refinement of measurement, of curvature and of proportion which the building manifests, and whether he did the placing of the sculpture."

The position of the architect as a personal entity was not recognised until "the appearance of the neoclassic styles of building in Italy in the fifteenth century, when begins also the era of individual fame for the architect." Before giving the status of the architect to-day, his evolution, as it were, is clearly traced until the definition supplied by the New York Chapter of the American Institute of Architects is given: "An architect is a professional person, whose occupation consists in originating and supplying artistic and scientific data preliminary to and in connection with the construction of buildings, their appurtenances and decorations; in supervising the operations of contractors therefor, and in preparing contracts between the proprietors and contractors thereof."

"The Architect in England," "The Architect in France," "The Architect in Italy" are each and variously treated much in the manner of cyclopædic articles. The methods of training young architects in the different countries discussed, and the rules of the practice of the profession in these various states, are presented, and thus their relative advantages or relative neglects are noted.

It would appear that there is, perhaps, much to be learned by our own country in the more perfect administration of a technological school; but where so many leave their country to profit by the cumulative advantages offered by the schools abroad, it is not likely that the time is quite ripe for the perfect equipment of such schools here. Many thoughts are suggested by these articles. Indeed, as before mentioned, these definitions are so full and copious that one expecting a dictionary merely in these volumes will be agreeably disappointed at their fulness.

So many architectural terms in foreign languages have come into general use with trained and cultured architects that their introduction into the closely respected alphabetical subdivisions of this dictionary is of great convenience.

One can do little more than touch on the subjects that in a work of this character seem to be effectively covered and to mark the judgment with which certain topics have been selected for more or less completeness of treatment. The chronological summary prepared by Mr. Barr Ferree of the more important churches of Western Europe, including those buildings familiarity with which would give the student an acquaintance

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with the development of ecclesiastical architecture, will, doubtless, commend itself particularly to the student, connoisseur or writer. It is a fact that to a certain class of minds a dictionary is a fillip and stimulus which urges often to imaginative effort; and the present reviewer confesses that if he gave rein to the picturesque thought which a volume of this kind inspires in him, where Batter, Bay and Beam, Basilica and Block House, Club-House and Cliff-Dwelling are technically described and explained, the impression might be readily received that the work was conceived for a purpose other than that of utility and the arid statement of fact. Still, was it not Goethe who has somewhere said: "It is by the laborious accumulation of facts that even the poetic view of life is to be corrected and authenticated," or something very like it? It is, then, from this point of view that writers, as well as architects, may gain profit from these pages, besides the verification of technical data they may be called on to make use of in their art. And on another point, too, these volumes will have a use for writers. They are rich in biographical matter concerning the great masters of painting and sculpture who in their work have been in some manner associated with the great architects and builders of the past. Buonarroti, Baudry, Correggio and Cellini come in for consideration in the first volume, with a note of reference to an extended bibliography; and one may reasonably expect that Raphael and Puvis, as well as other great ones, will be as adequately touched upon. An inviting and an illuminating thought is this, that architecture, the science of building and the housing of mankind, embraces in its service so wide a range of human culture that Meteorology, Mathematics, Archæology, Ethnology, Engineering, Sculpture and Painting are its handmaidens; and these multiform expressions of the human mind are the elements of that science which has grown up from the period of the first rude hut or cave to that of the present complex abode of the University Club, New York, and is now exacted by this latter-day demand for shelter of the human body.

The above club-house is shown in illustration by a perspective elevation and four plans—namely, Ground Floor, Second Principal Floor, One of the Two Mezzanines and the Third Principal Floor.

Under the topic Decorative Art the editor, after a brief definition and a rapid tracing of the traditions of decorative treatment, which, he says, "passed from Egypt and from Mesopotamia into Greece and Italy, and which, strengthened by Hellenic influence, were perpetuated by the Roman domination so strongly that they survived the chaos of the earlier Middle Ages, being aided therein by the continued existence of the empire centred at Constantinople—those traditions which are traceable in no uncertain way through the Gothic epoch, through the epoch of the Renaissance in Italy, and through the succeeding styles of the sixteenth, seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, seemed finally to have perished soon after the close of the Napoleonic wars." Mr. Sturgis, in mentioning the tendency to develop a decorative art during the decade 1889-99 in France and Germany, seems to think that its primary characteristic is to make use of the human figure, generally nude, to the almost complete neglect of the natural forms of plants. This is certainly a tendency to be noted, and an unfortunate one; but as early as 1873 or 1874 Galland, who was called to a professorship at the École des Beaux-Arts, was urging his pupils, in his *Cours Supérieur d'Art Décoratif*, to make good this neglect and to pursue with earnestness the study of floral forms and of animal life with a decorative purpose in view. It is to be regretted that this course, created for Galland, languished and finally died of inanition because not sustained by the pupils' interest; and it is a curious fact that perhaps to-day the weakest side to the professional practice, not only of our own decorators, but of those of other countries, is this very one of ornamental design, in which use is made of objects in nature other than those of the human figure. Just why this is it is somewhat difficult to discover, but the spirit of the times seems inimical to the loving study of inanimate things.

Indeed, this topic alone of decoration is becoming one of such prominence in this country, as well as elsewhere, that, since the work is so cyclopædic in its character, it might have received still more exhaustive treatment, in the course

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of which cross-references would naturally have been more abundant to the edification primarily of the architect himself. For, indeed, it is the architect who at present needs to be brought into closer relations with both painter and sculptor. There is an encouraging beginning in this direction, but it is necessary that mutual understanding and discussion of this question become still more complete and full—a broader knowledge on both sides, perhaps, of not only the limitations of the decorative adornment of buildings, but also its possibilities of extended range, still within strict obedience to structural and mural conditions. This most interesting topic is not yet exhausted, but rather needs looking after with solicitude in view of the vagaries that seem now to threaten us in the sometimes monstrosities that are being promulgated, as it were, under the name of *l'art nouveau*.

If a dictionary even will help to stem this tide of eccentricity by suggestive and inspiring definition, then let us have it, by all means, in the dictionary and everywhere!

With this sentiment in mind, and noting the just sense of proportion which, in the treatment of the multitudinous subjects, has been so generally well evinced throughout this volume, one feels that the coming importance of this side of architecture could have been more fully served and the just balance of themes not been made to suffer.

In thinking of the various art activities of the present, one cannot but be impressed by the predominance of production in the field of architecture; but whenever and wherever such production becomes so pronounced, it is reasonable for thoughtful minds to inquire into its quality. And when a work appears which bears upon a particular art and tends to stimulate interest in it, and, perhaps, to augment its activity, let us wish it to be of such a character as to encourage a spirit of censorship as well as that of productiveness merely. This is only an observation in passing and by way of commendation, for in this work Mr. Sturgis indirectly deprecates the decline of conventionalised form. In speaking of the almost exclusive present use of the nude figure in decoration: "This is probably because the art of conventionalising flowers and foliated ornament has perished, and the realistic treatment so common from the middle of the century to the beginning of the last decade had become offensive to all persons of refined taste. The Japanese and Chinese way of drawing flowers and plants is felt to be out of reach of the European designer; in like manner, the mediæval way, whether of the thirteenth or of the fifteenth century, is felt to be impossible to him; and there has not been time to devise a new system of drawing such forms. Perhaps the eagerness above noted to use the human figure has kept the artist from caring to study plant forms; as, indeed, was the case among the Greeks of the greatest epoch. It is some confirmation of these theories that animal forms lower than those of humanity are rarely used; and then in a very abstract way, indeed, as mere concomitants to the human subject. Resort is had to unmeaning scroll patterns, waves, ripples, zigzags and flamelike and cloudlike forms in all cases where the human form cannot be applied." Now, this neglect of the study of plant forms and those of lower animal life has created a crying need in modern decoration. It was felt in France when the government projected the embellishment, by mural work, of the walls of the Panthéon at Paris. So obvious was this lack on the part of the painters there employed that the directeur des Beaux-Arts, De Chennevières, in despair of finding a man among them who was capable of designing a suitable border of conventionalised ornament with which to enclose the painted panels, he applied to Galland to furnish them. In a few days Galland made two or three models, from which, on account of its perfect adaptability to the requirements, Chennevières chose that which is now to be seen surrounding the wall paintings. "There," said the directeur, "is what none of our figure painters would be capable of doing." "You forget," replied Galland, "that I, too, paint the figure." This resulted in Galland receiving a commission for one of the panels in the famous church; and in addition to the production of such ornamental design revealed in the borders, he painted the "Prédication de St. Denis," by no means the least successful mural illustration in the temple. It is to be hoped that

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the decorative painter of to-day will feel the necessity for a greater knowledge of natural forms than those only to be found in the human figure. Mr. Sturgis seems to think the outlook encouraging. He says: "That the painters and sculptors of first-rate ability have begun during the past quarter century to consider more gravely than before the necessities of the situation, and to prepare their work for its readiest and most fitting adaptation to buildings and other objects of utility, is the best sign of the future for decorative art."

Under the head of Engineering, Mr. Sturgis deals at considerable length with that phase of modern architecture which the use of iron and steel in building has created—a side regarded as quite new to architecture; but he says that "in this combination of engineer and architect the world is returning to the methods still recognised as common to the Romans of the great empire."

The present method of building is now, as in that early time, unconstructional in its architectural treatment, and what he says of it is significant: "The steel-cage structure once built must be entirely concealed and covered by fire-resisting and heat-resisting material; the brick walls are, almost without exception, run up plain, and support a plain floor of timber or of iron, vertical and horizontal surfaces alike prepared for complete concealment by the wainscoting, marble sheathing and tiling, plastering and other superficial adornment upon which the original design of the architect mainly depends. This is as little to be resisted as the modern disposition to use long-range rifles instead of the rapier or the broadsword. It is to be regretted only as we regret the disappearance of the sailing ship and of the fascinating traditions of old-time sailor life. A new school of decorative construction may, indeed, arise; but it is hardly conceivable that this will come out of engineering methods. These can lead only to a perfected quasi-Roman system of building first and decorating afterward. Decorative construction is probably to be had only in cases where engineering methods are deliberately rejected and traditional ways of building are followed exclusively." From the above various quotations which have been given, the scope and suggestive completeness of this dictionary as a work of reference may be perceived. The illustrations are very numerous and probably drawn from numberless sources, which the author says he will credit when the volumes are completed. There is so much authoritative information spread throughout these pages that a feeling of confidence is inspired in reading many of these reviews; for, indeed, some of the topics are so fully treated that they may almost be named reviews. Then, again, when such a man as La Farge speaks on stained glass, or Mr. Blashfield or Mr. Crowninshield on mural painting, or Mr. Hutton on technical engineering, one may feel that he is receiving clean and scholarly information. Before closing, however, we must once more commend the just sense of proportion shown in the treatment of the definitions. This is not always to be noted in books of this character, as the student well knows who, when in turning to a topic for facts he has a right to expect to find, is often disappointed. Should the completed work prove as adequate as the present volume, the compiler and the public may be congratulated.

Frank Fowler.

II.

The Old Riddle.*

The views of a distinguished scientist on the problem of the universe and man's relation thereto, from the standpoint of evolution, must attract the attention of those who appreciate the vast increment made to human knowledge during the last fifty years, and by those who believe that the doctrine of evolution will stand as one of the great achievements of the century.

Haeckel was one of the earliest and most ardent champions of the new doctrine, and belongs, with Huxley, to the group of militant evolutionists; and since the death of Huxley he is the best known of the scientists who are earnestly labouring to widen the range of its application. Both Huxley and Haeckel, while distinguished for conspicuous work in their de-

*The Riddle of the Universe at the Close of the Nineteenth Century. By Ernest Haeckel. New York and London: Harper and Brothers. 1900. $1.50.

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partments of scientific investigation, undertook to popularise the new theory, and to write not only for the scientist, but also for the general reader, and by this diversion they have, as scientists, suffered in the general judgment. They were close friends and correspondents and were working in the same scientific fields.

While both were aggressive advocates of evolution, there was yet a striking difference in their methods. Huxley was peculiarly judicial in his statements, and recognised clearly the difficulties which presented themselves to the extension of the doctrine, and frankly admitted the lack of evidence in particular fields and refrained from generalisation where the facts did not afford ample basis therefor. Haeckel, on the other hand, seems to be without the judicial sense, and has a fondness for generalisation in all departments of knowledge, and pays but little attention to the lack of data to support his views.

Great power of expression and force of statement mark the writings of both. Huxley usually manifested due regard for the honest views of his opponents and never descended to travesty beliefs sanctioned by the authority of sincere and earnest scholarship. Haeckel is rarely content unless he abuses his opponents, and never fails to avail himself of an opportunity to travesty their views.

This last book of Haeckel's, while profoundly interesting, is also, at times, most provoking because of the grave faults which characterise it in common with his other works.

When he sent to his friend Huxley a copy of his *General Morphology,* Huxley wrote him a very characteristic letter, illustrating both his fondness for Haeckel as well as his appreciation of his characteristic weakness.

Huxley says (*Huxley's Life and Letters,* p. 309):

> With respect to the polemic *excursus,* of course, I chuckle over them most sympathetically, and then say how naughty they are! I have done too much of the same sort of thing not to sympathise entirely with you; and I am much inclined to think that it is a good thing for a man, once at any rate in his life, to perform a public war-dance against all sorts of humbug and imposture.
>
> But having satisfied one's love of freedom in this way, perhaps the sooner the war-paint is off the better. It has no virtue except as a sign of one's own frame of mind and determination, and when that is once known, is little better than a distraction.
>
> I think there are a few patches of this kind, my dear friend, which may as well come out in the next edition, e.g., that wonderful note about the relation of God to gas, the gravity of which greatly tickled my fancy.
>
> I pictured to myself the effect which a translation of this would have upon the minds of my respectable countrymen!

We now have an opportunity to observe the effect upon his "respectable countrymen" of the translation of "that wonderful note" to which Huxley alludes. It is to be found upon p. 12, and is as follows: "The older, naïve mythology is pure 'homotheism,' attributing human shape, flesh and blood to the gods. It is more intelligible than the modern mystic theosophy that adores a personal God as an invisible—properly speaking, gaseous—being, yet makes him think, speak, and act in human fashion; it gives us the paradoxical picture of a gaseous vertebrate."

The radical difference in the mental characteristics of these two scientists resulted in widely divergent ultimate views. Huxley, unwilling to follow where facts did not lead, and to dogmatise in the absence of evidence, reached the position of agnosticism; while Haeckel is absolutely dogmatic and finds the solution of the riddle of the universe in "monism," leaving but one problem unsolved, the essential nature of the single element to which he reduces the universe, and which he terms "substance."

In this singular and suggestive book the doctrine of evolution is sought to be extended to the entire universe. In four chapters, entitled "Our Bodily Frame," "Our Life," "Our Embryonic Development," and "The History of Our Species," the development of man, according to the theory of evolution, is discussed, and after stating the value of the famous discovery of the fossilised man of Java in 1894, Haeckel states his conclusion as follows:

> Thus, by the discovery of this fossil man-monkey of Java the descent of man from the ape has become just as clear and certain from

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the palæontological side as it was previously from the evidence of comparative anatomy and ontogeny. We now have all the principal documents which tell the history of our race.

But Haeckel is not content with this. Not only is man as an animal accounted for by the theory of evolution, but the soul and consciousness are likewise its product, and this he discusses in a series of chapters in which he pays no attention to the difficulties which were not fully realised by Huxley and other scientific advocates of the doctrine. He considers the soul a natural phenomenon and sociology a branch of natural science—a section of physiology. Consciousness is likewise a natural phenomenon, like any other psychic quality. Of course, as a consequence of this view, he denies the immortality of the soul. His philosophy of the universe is "monism," and the great discovery of modern science is the "law of substance"—that is to say, the law of the "indestructibility of matter," which declares that "the sum of force which is at work in infinite space and produces all phenomena is unchangeable;" and the law of the "persistence of force," which declares that "the sum of force which is at work in infinite space, and produces all phenomena, is unchangeable." These two laws he styles "the law of substance," and upon this basis he constructs the universe by the process of evolution.

Pure "monism" he would not have confounded with materialism, which "denies the existence of spirit and dissolves the world into a heap of dead atoms." His belief is that expressed by Goethe's saying that "matter cannot exist and be operative without spirit, nor spirit without matter." His philosophy is that of Spinoza.

"Monism," in its widest sense, considers the universe as one sole substance, of which all things are but manifestations; and it leads, necessarily, to pantheism. The opposed conception of the universe is dualism, which, in its widest sense, considers the universe as made up of two substances—the material world and immaterial God, and, necessarily, leads to theism.

The trinity of the religion of "monism" is the trinity of the true, the good and the beautiful. The ethics of "monism" is the "re-establishment of the natural equality of egoism and altruism—of the love of one's self and the love of one's neighbour." In elaboration of this, Haeckel says:

> From the recognition of the fundamental principle of our morality we may immediately deduce its highest precept, that noble command, which is often called the Golden Rule of Morals, or, briefly, the Golden Rule. Christ repeatedly expressed it in the simple phrase: "Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself." Mark adds that "there is no greater commandment than this," and Matthew says: "In these two commandments is the whole law and the prophets." In the greatest and highest commandment our monistic ethics is completely at one with Christianity.

Having thus reached his solution of the riddle of the universe, we find that Haeckel has gotten to the end of his dogmatism, and, like all thinkers, has reached the point beyond which he cannot advance. The real nature of "substance" is a problem beyond solution; notwithstanding the number of world riddles that have been solved in the course of the nineteenth century, this yet remains. He concludes that its real character or essence becomes more mysterious and enigmatic the more profoundly it is considered and its manifestations in the countless phenomenal forms subjected to thoughtful study; and he concludes that the *"thing in itself"* that lies behind these knowable phenomena is beyond the grasp of the human intellect. Indeed, he ultimately declares that there is no way of determining whether it is a reality or not; whether it has any existence or not independent of its manifestations in phenomena. So, after all, the old riddle is not one whit nearer its ultimate solution than it was before.

One lays down this curious book with the impression of the sincerity of the writer, but his combativeness destroys much of the force of his exposition. His style of statement is that of the radical, iconoclastic scientists and writers of thirty years ago. The influence of Büchner and Carl Vogt, who were much read at that period, is strikingly shown in these essays; for instance, he refers to Sir Isaac Newton during the latter part of his life as spending his time in

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"giving metaphysical hypotheses on the predictions of Daniel, and on the paradoxical fantasies of St. John." This recalls to us the following passage from Büchner's *Force and Matter:*

> It is a fact known to everybody, that the intelligence diminishes with increasing age, and that old people become childish. The great Newton, to whom we owe some of the most pregnant discoveries in natural philosophy, occupied himself in his old age with Daniel the Prophet and the Revelation of St. John!

Upon closing this book, one cannot but ask the questions: How much and what part of the speculations of the brilliant writer will come to be accepted as truth at the close of the twentieth century, and how far refined research and discovery will bridge the gap between man and matter, and extend the doctrine of evolution with certainty to cover both? And we appreciate the force of Carlyle's question, put to the radical scientists of his day: "And pray, gentlemen, when may you expect an order for a universe to come to your shop?"

Edward M. Colie.

III.

Mr. Worthington Ford's "Washington."*

Doubtless, there could be no general agreement about what constitutes a good biography. Some people look upon the essay form of biography, like some of Mr. Morley's work, for instance, as the best. Others think biography should be almost purely narrative; not so much so, of course, as the drama, but similar in its laws to the novel. Just as in the novel some of us think that a form in which the author is in the foreground and talks a great deal about his characters is superior, while others believe that the nearer the novel can come to an objective presentation of the plot and the characters the better, so in biography there can be no court of appeal between the lovers of mere presentation and the lovers of individuality in style and treatment. A great many narrower problems also meet the man who undertakes to place a good biography, as many as meet the biographer himself. In our day much attention is paid to new material. An author will spend a great deal of time talking to old people who knew the niece of the hero's brother, and getting and publishing in full their opinion on some critical question in the career or character of the victim of the story. After a mass of this stuff has been collected, pictures will be given of the chairs in which the hero sat and of the domiciles of some of his relatives. His family tree will be traced back to William the Conqueror, as if the station of his tenth grandfather had anything more to do with him than has that of his tenth grandson. Coming still closer to the subject in hand, the story of George Washington offers many dilemmas which do not exist in the histories of other men. He was the centre of a great movement and an important figure in an earlier movement. His life was as full of exciting adventures as the existence of our famous frontiersman. Shall we take him from the side of political importance and tell the history of the French and Indian wars, of the American Revolution, of the first and second Presidencies, describing in full those tendencies which were then started and which became the America of to-day, or shall we keep the attention mainly on the man, massing the narrative so as to bring the emphasis on the hero's character rather than on the history of the world? Superficial students or people who have never in their lives read a biography of Washington will say that too much has already been written about the subject. As a matter of fact, there is just one biography of Washington of large and permanent importance. Washington Irving's lives, but only because of the fame of his other works; for although the story is told with his charm of style, he lacked most of the material needed for the task. Much was expected of the long life, in five volumes, by Judge Marshal, but the book turned out to be a disappointment. It was hardly biography at all, but an argument by a large mind in favour of the tendencies of the Federal party. The one book which is at once a work of art and a work of scholarship is the one-volume life by Jared Sparks. When we realise that that was published in the

*George Washington. By Worthington Chauncey Ford. Two volumes. Paris: Goupil and Company. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1900.

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early part of the last century, we realise the difficulty of writing satisfactorily about the man who, with the possible exception of Napoleon, has attracted more attention than any other figure in the modern world. Sparks knew a great deal. He knew all the departments of the history of the time with which he dealt. He had in his possession for ten years all the Washington papers then available, some of which have been lost since, and no others have been found which add much real knowledge to the subject or change the bearing of the evidence as it lay before Sparks. His mass of material he digested so well and used with such art that in his volume we see always the man, and see all sides of him, and yet the great events of the period are not neglected, but come in in the middle distance and in the background with the perspective of a full mind and an artist. There have been respectable biographies since, but none which belongs in the same class.

Of those books which have come since Sparks, I think that Mr. Worthington Ford's (and the first name is important) is the best. To begin with a very striking feature of it, the book-making is remarkable. The reproductions of paintings and other documents of the kind could hardly be better, and the collection is so wisely made and so full that it alone would give a unique value to the volumes. There are forty-four full-page illustrations, including, besides Washington himself, the principal generals, English and American, Franklin, George III., Gouverneur Morris, Louis XVI., Vergennes, Martha Washington, Robert Morris, Jefferson, Madison, Hamilton, Randolph, Jay, Adams, the wives of some of these men, and Mrs. Washington's children. The thirty-two tail-pieces represent, among other things, buildings and objects connected with Washington.

For the life itself Mr. Ford's previous work has given him many qualifications. He is the editor of Washington's work in fourteen volumes, containing much that the former collection, edited by Mr. Sparks, did not contain; and in that work he has shown not only adequate information, but a just and well-balanced spirit. He has also published various small books and pamphlets about Washington's life. He knows the history of the time, and one of the most attractive features of the story as he tells it is the distinctness of outline given to the subordinate characters. His view of Washington's own nature, although courteous, is as fearless and true as any that has been given to the world. Certain things, to be sure, need to be seen between the lines, but they are legible to any one with respectable eyesight. Mr. Ford announces in a preface that he intends to avoid general expatiation on history and make only a portrait of the man. This plan he must have abandoned. He goes into the details of the war, for instance, in the manner not of a narrative illustrating character, but of a summary history of the movement itself. Instead of allowing us to see Washington in the midst of critical battles, he merely names many of the most important and omits almost everything that is dramatic or picturesque. To a certain extent this seems to grow out of conviction rather than out of insufficient art. He says, for instance, in one place, "Fortunately, history has drawn a fitting veil over the scenes and incidents of his winning a bride." Why fortunately, indeed? History has not drawn a veil over his personal manner and behaviour at Fort Necessity, with Braddock, at Monmouth, in his quarrel with Hamilton and in a number of other places in which the man stands out rather than the abstract person. And yet these vivid flashes are omitted or slurred by Mr. Ford as if they were unworthy or insignificant. Of course, any biographer of Mr. Ford's information and weight of judgment would throw away not only the lies invented by Weems and those resting on weak-minded tradition, but also sentimental stories, which prove nothing, even if they are true; but why give up the large number of absolutely authentic scenes and episodes which bring the man before our minds in the same way that the hero becomes real in the pages of a brilliant novelist? Washington's life was in places breathlessly exciting, in others touching, and yet in these two scholarly volumes no page is either stirring or pathetic. What is the use of giving a whole chapter to the subject of Western lands when they came to so little in Washington's life? Is not the investigator led astray in his judgment of the relative importance of different things,

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by his interest in investigation itself? Research is the foundation of biography, and in it Mr. Ford is distinguished; but art is the edifice, and he seems to have used less skill in the structure of his story and in the presentation of his character than, had he made the effort, he might have been able to show. Of course, this strictness of standard in criticising his book grows out of its worth. Few American biographers of to-day would call for such serious language; and although it is true that the book is not literature, as it lacks both the details and the general essence of style, it is also true that historically it stands unusually high for accuracy, fulness and wisdom, and that this merit, with the great value of the well-chosen and beautifully made illustrations, will make it an important book for many years to come.

N. H.

IV.

Sir Walter Besant's "East London."*

Here in this volume is a task completed on which many a one might start and find good excuse for putting aside. To deal with the East End in the large and in the complete is no effort to be settled while breakfast is being prepared; it is a big business, and Sir Walter Besant has entered upon it in a big way. He has made a stout, important book of three hundred and fifty-eight pages on a subject which most of us can only touch by detached sketches; it is an achievement well worth doing, and worth doing well. Sometimes there may seem a lack of vividness in the presentation of an incident; a situation which should speak of to-day has a mediæval accent; but the volume is on the whole more agreeable for being pitched in this key than if it had started on a topmost note, to be sustained throughout the book. For this alone, in a screaming age of descriptive writing, our thanks.

The East End, Sir Walter Besant remarks in an early chapter, has no history. Fortunately, on this point he is open to conviction; some of the most interesting pages are devoted to the happenings of gone centuries, when Ratcliffe was Redcliffe and Stepney was Stebenhithe, and it is in the exercise of projection of the mind into the past that Sir Walter is head-master. He has pupils, but they are all young, and his position is secure. He has ever a cheerful outlook. There is throughout the book the genial sympathy indispensable to those who would see their East End clearly. One may begin investigations with a fine air of contempt, the attitude of "How clever I am, and how foolish these people be," but this has to be discarded if one wishes to learn the people and get at the backs of their heads. Sir Walter Besant knows the truth, at which the superficial observer guesses and guesses wrongly. In the chapter called "The Key of the Street," his remarks on the little people prove this, and the deluded visitor who, seeing youngsters imitate the behaviour of drunken people, thereupon wrote of the tipsy depravity of Shadwell children, is gently set right. Indeed, the infants obtain most of their pleasure by giving representations of adult eccentricities. I once saw an excellent old lady cross the road to speak to some shrill-voiced youngsters. "What a pity it is, my dears," she said regretfully, "that you can't play without quarrelling." The six-year-old leader explained: "It's all right, lady; we're on'y playing at fawthers and mothers." This blessed gift of extracting the last drop of humour from apparently arid situations makes their little lives endurable. Perhaps Sir Walter Besant is most happy, and he certainly makes us happiest, when he writes of the river, of its stairs, its docks, its foreign seamen. "It was at Limehouse Hole," he says, "that Rogue Riderhood lived." Strange to think that the only person to be noted in connection with this district is one invented by the great master. Perhaps Chapter V., on "The Factory Girl," scarcely (to use the well-worn phrase) palpitates with actuality, but it has a description of the furniture of a tenement room in which her people live that is most admirable:

"On each side of the glass shade are arranged the cups and saucers, plates and drinking glasses, belonging to the family. There are also exhibited with pride all the bottles of medicine recently taken by the various members."

The food given to the girl when a tiny infant is described with exactitude. (I,

*East London. By Sir Walter Besant. New York.

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albeit a bachelor amateur, once dared to suggest to an East End mother that instead of giving her six-months-old baby sips of beer and a piece of roast pork she should consider the suitability of—say, for instance, milk. "Oh, no, she said, loftily, "the little dear has what we 'ave.") This factory girl at the age of seventeen finds a sweetheart, who introduces himself with the words, "I've seen you here before. What's your name? Mine is George." This, I fear, was a case of exceptional courtesy; in a general way the introduction is made by words of defiance on both sides, a manner adhered to throughout the courtship. In the chapter on "The Submerged" is a description of a file of sandwich men, which will remain long in the memory:

"They never talk, there is no exchange of jokes, they never chaff the workmen or the girls or the lads, or the drivers who threaten to run over them; on the other hand, no one chaffs them; they are by common consent held sacred as men in the world, but not of the world."

In all the book there is no sign of hysteria, and when the author quotes examples of this on the part of others, it is only to ejaculate the very proper and the very appropriate remark, "Rubbish!" He urges that public dancing halls might be instituted; the drawback, as he himself must have found, is that the exclusiveness of various sets in a military town is as nothing compared with the lofty reserve shown by one class of East End girl toward another. A jet-worker, for instance, would not willingly attend a dance where she might endure risk of standing up in a set with a girl from the jam factory.

Mr. Phil May's illustrations are nearly all of his best, and Mr. Raven Hill's "On Margate Sands" atones for his picture of what are incorrectly termed Hooligans armed with knives; a scene that hints at Corsica rather than St. George's Street, East. If the pen-and-ink drawings of streets and houses by another artist appear in some cases unconvincing, this is partly because they are fitted with a monotonous background of solid wooden clouds. To adopt the American spelling which leaps to the eyes in the volume, one may say that the traveller finds offence in the centre of this book by drawings which suggest the theatre. But these are small matters, and the book may be closed with this remark—that not one of us knows so much of the East End that he may not learn something from Sir Walter Besant.

W. Pett Ridge.

V.

Miss Runkle's "The Helmet of Navarre."*

To a great shouting and banging of drums and blaring of trumpets, *The Helmet of Navarre,* having finished its career as a serial, comes out between neat covers done in silver and blue. It is not a book that one may easily ignore. Great black letters setting forth its tremendous power, beauty, and worth, stare at one out of the advertising columns of the newspapers. A line in large letters on the paper wrapper of the book itself quotes a contemporary to the effect that "any writer of any age might rejoice to produce its equal." In short, the acclamation has been so loud and the praise so unstinted that a good many readers must by this time have come to believe that *The Helmet of Navarre* is the only historical novel, with the exception of those dealing rather dully with the American revolution.

Now, to be quite frank, all this is simply "tommy-rot." *The Helmet of Navarre* is, in its minor way, a fairly good story which shows that the author is well acquainted with the work of the collaborators of the elder Dumas, and that she has mastered a passable assortment of French expletives. But, of course, it is no more a great novel than it is *Hamlet, Prince of Denmark,* and the uproarious applause with which it is being greeted makes one very sceptical over the literary ideas and conditions of the present day. It may be excellent advertising to take a book like *The Helmet of Navarre* and to announce gravely that nothing like it was ever before seen on land or sea. Undoubtedly a great many people will believe it, and will read the story with a consciousness of smug superiority and self-satisfaction. Only all these superlatives become a little exasperating after a time. It is not pleasant to hear these

*The Helmet of Navarre. By Bertha Runkle. New York: The Century Company. $1.50.

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four hundred and seventy pages of comparative twaddle discussed with a reverence which would be in good taste if one were speaking of an *Esmond*, an *Ivanhoe*, or a *Trois Mousquetaires*.

The Helmet of Navarre deals with the days when the power of the League and of Monsieur de Mayenne was dying and Henry of Navarre about to ascend the throne of France. The story is told in the first person by one Félix Broux, a youth whose family had for centuries faithfully served the Dukes of St. Quentin. At a time when his master, as an open enemy of the League, is in great danger, young Broux goes to Paris and soon finds himself involved in all the troubles of the conventional historical novel dealing with the France of that period. Just what these adventures are is of no particular importance. To all practical purposes the same thing happens to Broux that happened to the innumerable heroes of the Valois trilogy of Dumas or to the hero of a Stanley Weyman novel. There are snares and secret passages and mysterious inns and rascally landlords and, of course, plenty of sword-play. The intrigue into which the young man stumbles is exceedingly complicated. The Duke of St. Quentin and his son, the Comte de Mar, have become estranged through the villainies of one Lucas, who is employed as the Duke's secretary, but who in reality is a nephew of Mayenne and a spy of the League. Young Broux is the means of bringing about a reconciliation and understanding between father and son and of exposing the evil machinations of Lucas. Thereafter the boy serves De Mar with unswerving loyalty and unfailing ingenuity. Lucas, the evil genius of the story, weaves plot after plot, and time and again the St. Quentins are on the very brink of destruction. Mayenne has a ward, Lorance de Montluc, with whom the Comte de Mar is in love. She has been offered to him in return for his allegiance to the cause of the League. But this he is not free to offer, and to win her he is obliged to resort to strategy. At the end of the story Lorance escapes from her guardian's house and makes her way on foot to her lover in the camp of the Bearnais at St. Denis, and when the book ends Henry of Navarre is about to become Henry of France.

The Helmet of Navarre will undoubtedly be very widely read. It will as certainly be utterly forgotten two years hence. During these two years there will probably be published other books of the same calibre which will be greeted with similar outbreaks of inanity. As a bit of ephemeral fiction Miss Runkle's novel is worth reading if one does not happen to have anything better to do. As the publishers have pointed out, Miss Runkle has never been to Paris, and this may be found an especial inducement. Only when they compare it with the works of the masters, and assure us gravely that it is literature, we object strenuously, and we take great pleasure in saying that it is no such thing.

Arthur Bartlett Maurice.

VI.

Richard Le Gallienne's "Love Letters of the King."*

The baffling ethereal esoteric voice of spring speaks out of Mr. Le Gallienne's pages. There are many other things that may be said of them, but this, the best thing, having been said, one must pass on to the more obvious, less difficult and saner comment. After the tinsel cleverness of the first few chapters has been subdued to duller tints of sterling metal, one feels that an individual experience is being laid bare. As one closes the book one feels that a philosopher has used a novelist's vehicle of expression, and has talked of nothing but types and symbols. The story, as a story, would hardly be compelling if one did not love to linger by the way and join with the author in Maeterlinckian meditation.

It is certainly saturated with idealism, ethics, the religion of temperament, a sober spirit of obedience to law. We doubt not that, besides recounting the redemption of Pagan Wasteneys, it will recount, to many good people, the redemption of the author of *The Quest of the Golden Girl*.

Mr. Le Gallienne loves to deal with pseudonyms for reality. There is Pagan Wasteneys, with a pagan love of beauty and a wasteful spending of love on the woman who will not have him. As an

*The Love Letters of the King. By Richard Le Gallienne. New York: John Lane. $1.50.

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opiate, he lets a "crowd of little women, without a thought of harm, eat up his soul as they would nibble chocolate." Two of these little women are appropriately named Myrtle Rome and Daffodil Mendoza. Myrtle Rome is sentimental, heartless, romantic, heathen; Daffodil Mendoza, big, sensual, elemental, "just woman, unindividualised." Such touches as these, with a lack of plot and of climax, the scant variety of incident, the fateful fortuity that three times leads Wasteneys to the book or sermon answering the mental condition of the moment —give the book its half-allegoric unreality and deprive it of the stamina and verisimilitude of a genuine story.

Blake, Emerson, Shelley, Edward Carpenter, Maeterlinck.
Ah!
Starry food all of it.

One does not need to be told that such is Sister Catherine's food in order also to know that such is Mr. Le Gallienne's own.

Adeline Woods is the only ordinarily named and truly human character, and the chapters on her proxy-motherhood in Surrey have the truest human ring. She and Sister Catherine console and lead upward the "sad heart of Pagan Wasteneys." The One Woman, Menil, flits unconvincingly through the book. Likewise unconvincing to the point of floridity is the author's portrayal of Pagan's long fever of hopeless love. There are two good men, Father Selden and an evangelical preacher, both sympathetically portrayed. There is a group of "Romantics," who serve, in a couple of gently cynical episodes, as a delicate processional bas-relief around the base of our central statue. Mr. Le Gallienne does not neglect an opportunity, somewhat too discursive, for a little graceful satire upon some literary and artistic types, or—individuals, shall we say?—of the hour.

The young Polish musician who played with a bow made from the hair of the women who had loved him; the novelist who vivisected his heart for his own amusement; the esoteric dramatist who said he was greater than Shakespeare, and found many to believe him; the painter who, considering it impossible to work in daylight, had made a curious habitation in a disused sewer — all carry their allusions to—whomever the reader pleases to understand. Bernard Shaw, if you please, Aubrey Beardsley, d'Annunzio, the writer's self, may be among the number. Elsewhere Mr. Le Gallienne remarks, "All writing is autobiography."

One cannot refrain from quoting from the Esoteric Dramatist on the three acts of the modern, social, Seventh Commandment drama:

Act. I. I! (Stage directions of at least twenty pages.)
Act II. Oh! (Stage directions of at least twenty pages.)
Act. III. You! (Stage directions of at least twenty pages.)

Mr. Le Gallienne has played up to his previous reputation as a maker of epigrams and aphorisms. Some of them are spontaneous and creep gently into your consciousness, while others spring sheerly into being, a surprise both to themselves and to the context. However, there they lie—or tell the truth, as the case may be—patiently awaiting the day when some industrious book-milliner shall carefully cut out and join them to make a patchwork quilt of Wit and Wisdom from Le Gallienne, a sort of *Poor Richard's Almanac*. Poor Richard, in truth, when that day comes; for what is more banal than such millinery? Here are some of them:

Men write their books *to* many women by accidental association, but there is generally one woman *for* whom they are written.

Nothing is as eloquent of the division between the labouring and the cultured classes as the relative thickness of their bread and butter.

Words are nearly always wrong, and when they are right they are unnecessary.

Heaven is a personal matter. The soul can submit to no dictation concerning its heaven.

One's feeling for the hero is, of course, half-mocking, and in this one but shares the author's attitude, which plays about a might-be poignant situation with gentle persiflage. With some earnestness, a fair degree of originality and much grace, the author has shown us the heart of a man and a woman, has revealed himself, as every true piece of writing must do.

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Considered as essays, *The Love Letters of the King* may be divided as follows:

On Women (*vide* from beginning to end, inclusive).
On Writers (*ibid*).
On Hopeless Love (*vide* many chapters).
On Egoism (*vide* "The Sad Heart of Pagan Wasteneys" in a diary with a moonstone lock).
On Literary Courtship (*vide* the readings to Adeline and some lyrics).
On Nature (*vide* "A Moon Bath" and "The Meadow of Remembrance").

But it is impossible to consider the book a volume of essays.

Considered as a story *The Love Letters of the King* tells the hopeless love of a sad man—too sad to be serious—for a woman who was no woman. And the love, having all the quality of carelessness, proves not incurable. But it is impossible to consider the book a story.

Why should its lack of virility be emphasised, of solidity, or reality? If we found those qualities, we should miss others, their counterparts. Certainly literary, as well as personal, individuality consists in this very preponderance of certain attributes over others.

Mr. Le Gallienne can never quite get away from the writer's point of view. Casually enough, he speaks of literature as the "greatest of all the arts," which might prove provocative, but he leaves no room for discussion. Elsewhere, as an offset, he says playfully:

> And if you think of it, no really great world-making man has had a sense of humour—except Shakespeare, who, after all, was only a writer.

Possibly, however, Mr. Le Gallienne is not playful with us. If this be reason, make the most of it.

Florence Wilkinson.

VII.

Sidney McCall's "Truth Dexter."*

This is a book which has not required of the publishers undue advertising; which is neither an historical romance nor especially original in its theme, and yet which deserves a special word of recommendation. The story is an old, old story, but the charm lies in the telling of it. It is full of the beauty of nature and the beauty of character; of sharp contrasts and exquisite delicacy of feeling. It is a delight nowadays to pick up a book which contains these good points, and which needs neither influence nor advertising to make it read. To be sure, it is not a great book, nor even a powerful one, but it certainly has the unmistakable gift of beauty.

There are two women in the story, Orchid and Truth, and their names serve as an index to their characters; the one an ultra-fashionable married woman, of Boston, the other a simple child of nature, born and bred in Alabama. The man, A. Van der Weyde Craighead, is on the verge of an affair with Orchid when he is summoned to the home of the Dexters on a matter of legal business. It is into this Southern home of refinement and hospitality that the author introduces us. There we see Colonel Dexter, who thirty odd years after the war shows the same bitter spirit against the North; and Mrs. Dexter, a true gentlewoman, who after her husband's death "grew more white and frail, like a moon worn thin at dawn." The granddaughter, Truth, completes the family picture. The colonel dies while Van is their guest, leaving the family very poor unless they will consent to accept a fortune from the estate of his brother who fought for the Union. This "blood money," as they call it, they refuse to accept at first, and in order to protect the interest of these helpless women, Van suggests making Truth his wife. The author does not make himself quite clear just here, because down in the bottom of his heart he probably knew that Van did this to escape the baleful influence of Orchid. Truth is transplanted to Boston, and nothing can be more striking than the sudden contrast in her mode of life. When asked what the ladies of Boston find to do, her husband sarcastically replies:

> They go to dressmakers and hair-dressers, Turkish baths, manicures, chiropodists, palmists, astrologers, and masseuses. They have soul-ecstasies over Ibsen, fall into trances at the symphony concerts, and flirt with Jean de Reszké. They infest the business part of the town, demanding that men shall sign long scrolls of woman-suffrage petitions, go off to

*Truth Dexter. By Sidney McCall. Boston: Little, Brown and Company. $1.50.

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their club-houses, where we are not allowed to follow, and afterward grovel at the feet of Oriental priests, large fat priests with melting eyes, and a transcendental appreciation of American flesh-pots. They rush from clinical lectures to spiritual seances, from sociological meetings to swell afternoon teas, from Olympic games where Harvard darlings get their collar-bones cracked to Zoroaster, from Professor Choice's exposition of the Unknowableness of the *Ding an Sich* to a performance of Shakespeare by females in tights. They read books on Mathematics and Logic, and carry them into street-cars with their titles uppermost; they dress up in becoming aprons and frizzled hair, to paint impressionistic smudges. They discuss Theology in the same breath with the latest tonic. They quote Emerson, and tear one another's characters to pieces with the same smile. Men are their chief toys and subjects. A husband is a sort of sheet armour and cash-register in one; other men, legitimate victims for vivisection, if caught.

All of which is rather hard on the Boston women. As may be imagined, Orchid plays many a trick to win back Van, and to make the little wife unhappy. She besieges him at his office and at his home, while he does a man's best to avoid her. Finally she accomplishes her purpose in one direction. In a fit of mad jealousy Truth leaves her husband and returns to her Southern home.

Truth wandered inconsequently from point to point, her course making odd little parallelograms and zigzags through the dry, scant grass. Now a wild iris beckoned her, a pointed, azure flame springing from the ashes of last year's growth; now a group of ferns, half-hidden in some tiny cave or dell, about to unroll curled fronds of chrysoprase, hung with loose white filaments, as of forgotten moon-rays. The great bronze welts upon the buckeye she knew for volcanoes of struggling leaves; the dried umbels and racemes of a vanished summer were pledges of beauty and rebirth. The dogwood trees gleamed out ever and again, and always with startling effect. Violets, iris, jasmine, and arbutus abounded. Not an inch of earth but might produce a friend. These, these alone were her kin, her companions; this was true living, this the only life—to blend one's self with the being of the kind old earth, to lean one's tired head upon her knee, and let the mesmeric fingers of the wind exercise the circle of the world's troubled phantoms.

And so nature restores her, and certain circumstances effect a reconciliation. in a letter to her husband she writes:

As I sit by the table, writing, the bed beside me is full of little clothes. Each one is a chrysalis woven more of love than visible fibres. Almost every night I take them out this way, so that I can see them all. I am not used to the wonder of them yet, and, often, when I have been gloating over them, half-frightened by the beating of my own heart, I must fall on my knees to kiss each one again, to hold out the unbelievable little sleeves, to thank God, and whisper your dear name. Oh, Van! Van! I pity you for being a man.

Thus the story draws to a close. Southerners proclaim the book to be a faithful picture of a Southern home and a Southern family, and they certainly ought to know. However, it is not probable that Bostonians will care to say as much for their side of the question.

Flora Mai Holly.

VIII.

Duffield Osborne's "The Lion's Brood."*

It would, perhaps, be unfair to this novel of Mr. Osborne's to praise it as much as it deserves for its scholarly qualities, because that public whose favour runs a book into many editions is apt to look coldly upon scholarship. As a matter of fact, however, Mr. Osborne is first of all entertaining, and his scholarship is duly subordinated to the interest of the action. His instinct for situations, indeed, is almost melodramatic. The story is the first consideration with him, and his scholarship is always perfectly fused. He knows the time of which he writes—the mode of life, point of view, passing fashions, temper and trappings of that time. But all the accurate details with which the main action is surrounded, and by means of which the altogether convincing atmosphere is established, present themselves with an admirable discretion. There is no pedantry of tone or attitude. To the scholarly alone will the scholarship of the author reveal itself. To the average reader of historical fiction the book will appeal as a dashing, vivid, straightforward story of a romantic and picturesque period.

*The Lion's Brood. Duffield Osborne. New York: Doubleday, Page and Co. $1.50.

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The period was, indeed, one in which the character of modern civilisation hung very delicately balanced in the scales of fate. Were Phœnician or Italian morals, laws, ideals, to shape the development of Europe? Was it Rome or Carthage that should mould the modern world? For the time was that when Hannibal, coming from Carthage with his African veterans, and gathering reinforcements on his way through Spain and Gaul, had crossed the Alps, fallen upon Italy from the north, and crushed the Roman legions in the slaughter pens of Lake Trasimene. The life-purpose of the great son of Hamilcar and his brothers—"the lion's brood"—was to crush Rome before it should be too late; for Hannibal, consummate statesman as well as consummate general, foresaw that there was not room in the world for both Rome and Carthage.

The story begins at Rome, just as she is staggering under the news of Trasimene. The love plot and the plot predetermined by the data of history make their start together, and are very skilfully interwoven. The main action is historical, and proceeds with swift vigour; but with ingenious craft it is made to centre about the young Roman patrician, Lucius Sergius Fidenas, soldier under Fabius, and flouted lover of the wilful Lady Marcia, who loves him, indeed, but blindly and heartlessly quarrels with her happiness. The lovers hardly see each other save at the beginning and end of the book; but their relationship, slight as is the telling of it, colours the whole story. The historical action comes to a climax in the Battle of Cannæ, which is described with a combination of exactness, spirit, and vividness beyond praise. This battle scene is in every way a masterly piece of writing.

To sum up, it seems to me that *The Lion's Brood* appeals alike to those who read for entertainment and those who read for instruction. It is a very notable achievement to tell a thrilling, almost sensational, story in such a way as to make it really a contribution to scholarship, a vital and veracious picture of a significant period. To these merits Mr. Osborne adds the rare adornment of a very lucid, finished, graceful and reticent style, not unworthy, in its poise and freedom from affectation, to be called classical.

Charles G. D. Roberts.

IX.

Winston Churchill's "The Crisis."*

Mr. Churchill has waited two years before launching another book to draw upon the success and reputation which he won with *Richard Carvel,* and there is no reason to doubt that he will be repaid for his self-restraint. Such poise is comparatively rare nowadays, and is, in consequence, all the more welcome. *The Crisis* is an earnest and serious bit of work which invites both blame and praise. It is without the slightest touch of genius, utterly uninspired, and yet it is, in its minor way, a very important addition to contemporary American literature. For to the full extent of its writer's power it deals with fine things and events which are vitally American.

Many years after Richard Carvel went to London to show the coffee-houses what manner of creature an American colonial gentleman was, some of his descendants, imbued with the indomitable pioneer spirit, crossed the Blue Ridge range, and at the time when this later story begins the Carvel family are in high esteem in St. Louis. This relationship is very well at first, and serves to whet the interest. When, however, the episodes of the former tale are alluded to utterly without relevance, and Richard Carvel and Dorothy Manners are unceremoniously dragged in whenever a conversation begins to flag, the whole thing becomes just a little tiresome. The inspiration is very Thackerayan, but the imitation is exceedingly bad. This is one of the worst faults of *The Crisis.*

In the days when the question of Free States and Slave States began seriously to agitate the nation, and shrewd observers were looking forward anxiously to the great struggle between North and South, there came to St. Louis a forlorn and persevering Yankee named Eliphalet Hopper. He becomes an employé of Colonel Carvel, in whose service he rises to commercial importance through his industry, sagacity and thrift, and for a few

*The Crisis. By Winston Churchill. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.50.

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chapters he seems, despite some very uncomfortable characteristics, about to be the hero of the tale. Later he emerges in a more unamiable light; as a type of the unscrupulous carpetbagger who overran the South after the war; and the real hero of the book appears in the person of Stephen Brice, a Harvard man, who hopes in the practice of the law to retrieve some of the fortune lost by his father. Just as Hopper stands as a type of the carpetbagger, Brice is meant to be typical of the more conservative, the kindlier and yet none the less patriotic element of the North; and his rival, Clarence Colfax, a nephew of Colonel Carvel, of that splendid cavalier spirit which enabled the South, against fearful odds, to make so stubborn and heroic a resistance. The heroine of *The Crisis*, Virginia Carvel, is—well—just such a great granddaughter as might be expected of Richard Carvel and Dorothy Manners. With this background and with these and a dozen other as striking characters, is it any wonder that, despite a certain inadequacy in the treatment, the reader is swept along by the relentless series of events toward the inevitable crash which shook the nation? Men, then obscure, but whose names now will ring till the end of time, pass simply and naturally through these pages. We see Grant, silent and shy and solitary, trying to win a livelihood in real estate and lumber; and Lincoln, already on the road to political eminence, yet hooted and ridiculed on account of his personal ugliness and his temerity in pitting himself against Douglas, the Little Giant. It is the sadness and the greatness of the latter that dominates the book. Brice meets him for the first time on the eve of one of his joint debates with Douglas, when Lincoln is resting with his adherents in a ramshackle tavern.

Stephen picked out the homeliest man in the room. There was no mistaking him. And, instead of a discussion of the campaign with the other gentleman, Mr. Lincoln was defending—what do you think? Mr. Lincoln was defending an occasional and judicious use of swear words.

"Judge," said he, "you do an almighty lot of cussing in your speeches, and perhaps it ain't a bad way to keep things stirred up."

"Well," said the judge, "a fellow will rip out something once in a while before he has time to shut it off."

Mr. Lincoln passed his fingers through his tousled hair. His thick lower lip crept over in front of the upper one. A gleam stirred in the deep-set grey eyes.

"Boys," he asked, "did I ever tell you about Sam'l, the old Quaker's apprentice?"

The storm long anticipated and feared burst in all its fury, setting friend against friend and brother against brother. St. Louis becomes an armed camp, divided in its allegiance to North and South. Here is an episode:

All this time the stranger stood impassively, chewing his cigar, his hand against the tree-box. A regiment in column came out of the Arsenal gate, the Union leader, in his colonel's uniform, on horseback at its head. He pulled up in the street opposite to Stephen and sat in his saddle, chatting with other officers around him.

Then the stranger stepped across the limestone gutter and walked up to the colonel's horse. He was still smoking. This move, too, was surprising enough. It argued even more assurance. Stephen listened intently.

"Colonel Blair, my name is Grant," he said briefly.

The colonel faced quickly about and held out his gloved hand cordially.

"Captain Ulysses Grant," said he, "of the old army?"

Mr. Grant nodded.

"I wanted to wish you luck," he said.

"Thank you, Grant," answered the colonel. "But you? Where are you living now?"

"I moved to Illinois after I left here," replied Mr. Grant as quietly as before, "and have been in Galena, in the leather business there. I went down to Springfield with the company they organised in Galena, to be of any help I could. They made me a clerk in the adjutant-general's office of the State. I ruled blanks and made out forms for a while." He paused, as if to let the humble character of this position sink into the colonel's comprehension. "Then they found out that I'd been quartermaster and commissary and knew something about military orders. Now I'm a State mustering officer. I came down to Belleville to muster in a regiment, which wasn't ready. And so I ran over here to see what you fellows were doing."

If this humble account had been delivered volubly and in another tone, it is probable that the citizen colonel would not have lis-

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tened, since the events of that day were to crown his work of a winter. But Mr. Grant possessed a manner of holding attention. It was very evident, however, that Colonel Blair had other things to think of. Nevertheless, he said kindly:

"Aren't you going in, Grant?"

"I can't afford to go in as a captain of volunteers," was the calm reply. "I served nine years in the regular army, and I think I can command a regiment."

The colonel, whose attention was called away at that moment, did not reply. Mr. Grant moved off up the street. Some of the younger officers who were there laughed as they followed his retreating figure.

"Command a regiment!" cried one, a lieutenant, whom Stephen recognised as having been a book-keeper at Edwards, James and Doddington's, and whose stiff blue uniform coat creased awkwardly. "I guess I'm about as fit to command a regiment as Grant is."

"That man's forty years old, if he's a day," put in another. "I remember when he came here to St. Louis in '54, played out. He'd resigned from the army on the Pacific coast. He put up a log cabin down on the Gravois Road, and there he lived in the hardest luck of any man I ever saw until last year. You remember him, Joe."

"Yep," said Joe. "I spotted him by the El Sol cigar. He used to bring a load of wood to the city once in a while, and then he'd go over to the Planters' House or somewhere else and smoke one of these long fellows and sit against the wall as silent as a wooden Indian. After that he came up to the city without his family and went into real estate one winter. But he didn't make it go. Curious, it is just a year ago this month that he went over to Illinois. He's an honest fellow and hard working enough, but he don't know how. He's just a dead failure."

"Command a regiment!" laughed the first, again, as if this in particular had struck his sense of humour. "I guess he won't get a regiment in a hurry. There's lots of those military carpetbaggers hanging around for good jobs now."

Of course this is downright literary trickery, and at that not literary trickery of the highest type, but it is legitimate enough and it is undeniably effective. Grant we see again and again, and Lincoln and Sherman. The scene shifts to the camp and the battlefield and the air is full of fire and smoke and shrapnel until one by one the armies of the Confederacy are hemmed in and crushed, and Richmond falls and Lee throws down his sword at Appomattox and the struggle is no more. The last glimpse of Lincoln, "The Man of Sorrows," is wonderfully pathetic. Virginia Carvel has gone to him to ask for a pardon for her cousin, Colfax, who has been caught uniformed within the Union lines and sentenced to death, and he has granted it "because the time to be merciful is at hand."

"Virginia," said Mr. Lincoln, "I have not suffered by the South, I have suffered *with* the South. Your sorrow has been my sorrow, and your pain has been my pain. What you have lost I have lost. And what you have gained," he added sublimely, "I have gained."

He led her gently to the window. The clouds were flying before the wind, and a patch of blue sky shone above the Potomac. With his long arm he pointed across the river to the southeast, and as if by a miracle a shaft of sunlight fell on the white houses of Alexandria.

"In the first days of the war," he said, "a flag flew there in sight of the place where George Washington lived and died. I used to watch that flag and thank God that Washington had not lived to see it. And sometimes—sometimes I wondered if God had allowed it to be put in irony just there." His voice seemed to catch. "That was wrong," he continued. "I should have known that this was our punishment—that the sight of it was my punishment. Before we could become the great nation He has destined us to be our sins must be wiped out in blood. You loved that flag, Virginia. You love it still. I say in all sincerity, may you always love it. May the day come when this nation, North and South, may look back upon it with reverence. Thousands upon thousands of brave Americans have died under it for what they believed was right. But may the day come again when you will love that flag you see there now—Washington's flag—better still."

Mr. Christy, who has made the illustrations, is no doubt a very excellent artist, only he hasn't drawn the people of the story. Some of the sketches might do for a new edition of *The Prisoner of Zenda,* in case one is to be brought out. They are out of place here. But that, of course, is of minor importance. *The Crisis* is a spirited book.

Firmin Dredd.

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THE CRY OF A THOUGHT

Too lately risen from chaotic mind,
With naked consciousness but dimly stirred—
Transfiguration tremblingly divined,
Touch me not yet by breath's defiling word!

Leave me a hidden infancy to haunt
The twilight spaces of the unexpressed,
Nor wrest a gauzy shade idly to flaunt
As misbegotten fancy of thy breast.

My rainbows fade before thy holden eyes,
My harp strings break upon thy busy loom;
Speech ponderous plods where frail conception flies—
Must disembodied thought the clay assume?

Martha Gilbert Dickinson.

THE STORY OF SCULPTURE AT THE PAN-AMERICAN

In speaking of the sculpture at the Pan-American Exposition, one is tempted, perforce, to take on a certain poster grandiloquence, and to use the time-honoured descriptions of "colossal," "imposing," and "unparalleled"—in short, to take one's cue from the immediate topography and to whoop things up on a big plan. But without exhausting the lexicon, it is obvious that the indebtedness of suggestion to Niagara Falls in the working out of the panoramic effect of the Pan-American Exposition is extensive. The mere proximity to such a wonder of Nature is in itself enough of a drawing card, but the mighty volume of waters has furnished other attractions, as in the motor power for the multiple electrical and aquatic display, the availability of which has been a conscious inspiration in drawing the thought of the promoters and directors to the forces of Nature for the subjects of artistic embellishment which have emanated from the centre of its location. The great theme of its landscape art is the great waters, the earth and the wonders of Nature. There have been restrictions, it is true, both in time and in money, so that the result is but approximate to the idea, but the effect, nevertheless, when considered in the *ensemble*, is truly American, imposing and vivid in mass, and representative and clever in execution. Unlike the architectural dream come to be known as the "White City" at Chicago, with its antique intervention of spirit, the Pan-American is a rainbow of colour, besides offering more practical and material resources in its make-up; and when it has gone into illuminating allegory, as it has so worthily done in its ground sculpture, it has dug and delved into the actual resources and grasped the alliance of legend with commerce in the plan of its plastic art as representing the Western Hemisphere. Indeed, the art instinct has really dominated and interwoven itself in the presentation of the Pan-American idea. Most expositions, though crowded with such elaboration, have treated art in an isolated or detached sense; it has been as dots here and there, and consequently, the mind, in contemplating one piece of sculpture, did not charge itself with the unconnected image of its fellow, as it is apt to do with correlated subjects. But here it is different, one thing has suggested another, and, as the artists would say, it hangs together—making one comprehensive story out of its many contributions and radiations of thought. The use of sculpture has been on a truly enormous scale; indeed, it is safe to say, that for such purely ephemeral purposes sculpture has not been employed heretofore to such an extent as at the present exposition. And modern machinery and expedient methods have accomplished it in the space of

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less than a year. Sculptors have supplied the working models to a scale of two feet, and the pointing up has been done by a recently invented machine that has carried up these small models to heroic size. Over five hundred pieces have been so executed in the past five months, and these have been shipped from here to Buffalo and placed in the Exposition grounds in the adornment of fountains, bridges, arches, flanking groups, and upon buildings. Immense studios, presenting the appearance of art factories, have been in use for this purpose, and the work as executed has been conveyed to Buffalo in carloads. That the merit of the sculpture has suffered in this commercial reproduction there can be no doubt; it could not very well be otherwise under the conditions, but the effect, in a spectacular sense, has not been diminished, and after all, that has been the main object. In an art sense, so far as the individual sculptors are concerned, there may be cause for complaint—and there is always the Philistine wail—but the patrons of the exposition who are looking for art, *per se,* may very well consider these outdoor exhibits in a purely decorative and sketchy sense and betake themselves to the adjacent Art Gallery, where they will find the same sculptors well represented in a manner that is more technical if less spontaneous and characteristic. The supervising architect and the director of sculpture, one may be sure, had enough of a task to bring matter out of chaos, and the result is not one to be treated lightly or captiously.

As a setting for the sculpture, besides the prevailing garden effect, the building architecture is warm and

"STANDARD BEARER." BY KARL BITTER.

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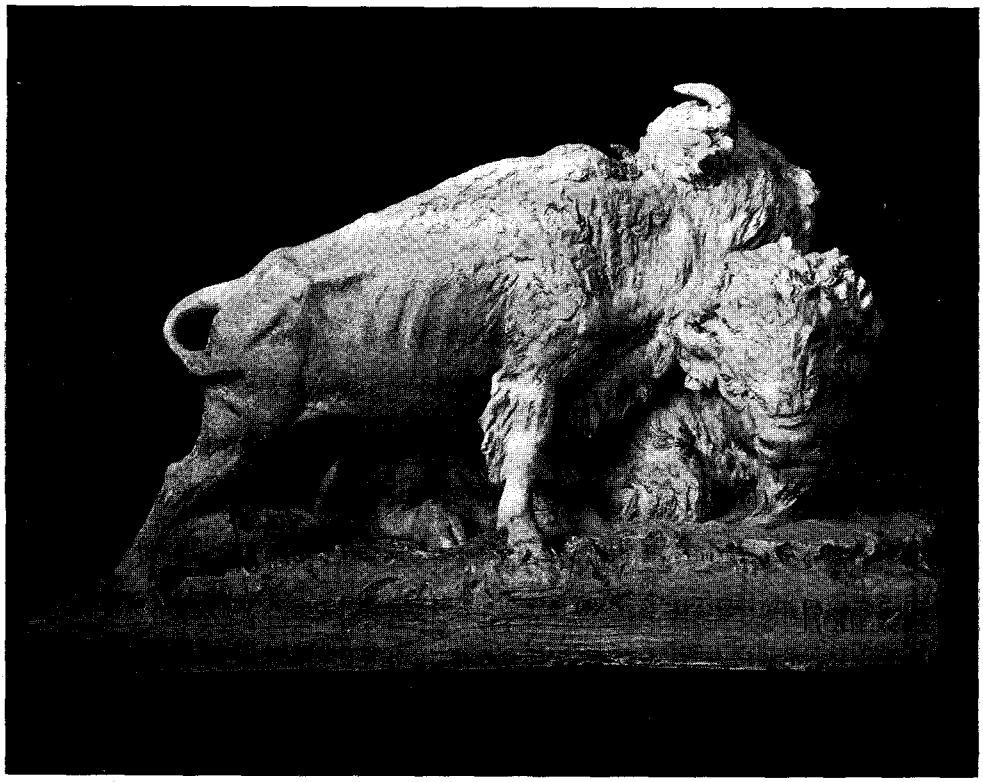

"BUFFALOES RESTING." BY ROTH.

associated, the general reliance on the Spanish Renaissance for its character insuring an airy picturesqueness and a varied opportunity for decoration. Toned and coloured and brilliant, it is the best of backgrounds and a grateful rest for the eye that wanders from sculpture to building and to the many architectural reliefs in the shape of colonnades and the like. That art has been thoughtfully and faithfully regarded is nowhere better demonstrated than in this colour scheme, for which Mr. Turner, the mural painter, was especially engaged. One man, therefore, had the entire responsibility of the colour plan, and instead of the friction of tones, which has always seemed inevitable, the pigments have been pacificated into amity and something approaching brotherly love. Neither are we confronted by such abortive plagiarism as was perpetrated in the entrance arch to last year's Paris Exposition, where the wonderful span surmounting the mosaic tympanum of St. Mark's, Venice, had been done into a glaring calico print upon which the grizette figure, the "City of Paris," poised flippantly. By such comparisons, therefore, we are assured that some deadly mistakes have been avoided, at any rate.

With this varying relief of colour, which in some instances is but a fine tracery, there are connecting and vista effects in colonnades, loggias, arcades, pavilions and other architectural and scenic opportunities for the placing of sculpture, of which advantage had to be taken of some hundred groups, besides individual and duplicated pieces and building appendages. In these well-planned gardens are also placed a number of reproductions from the ancient and the French periods, notably from the gardens of Versailles, in charming examples and with careful observance as to similarity to original surroundings. The attained object is one of finish and of historical interest.

While the sculpture has been an op-

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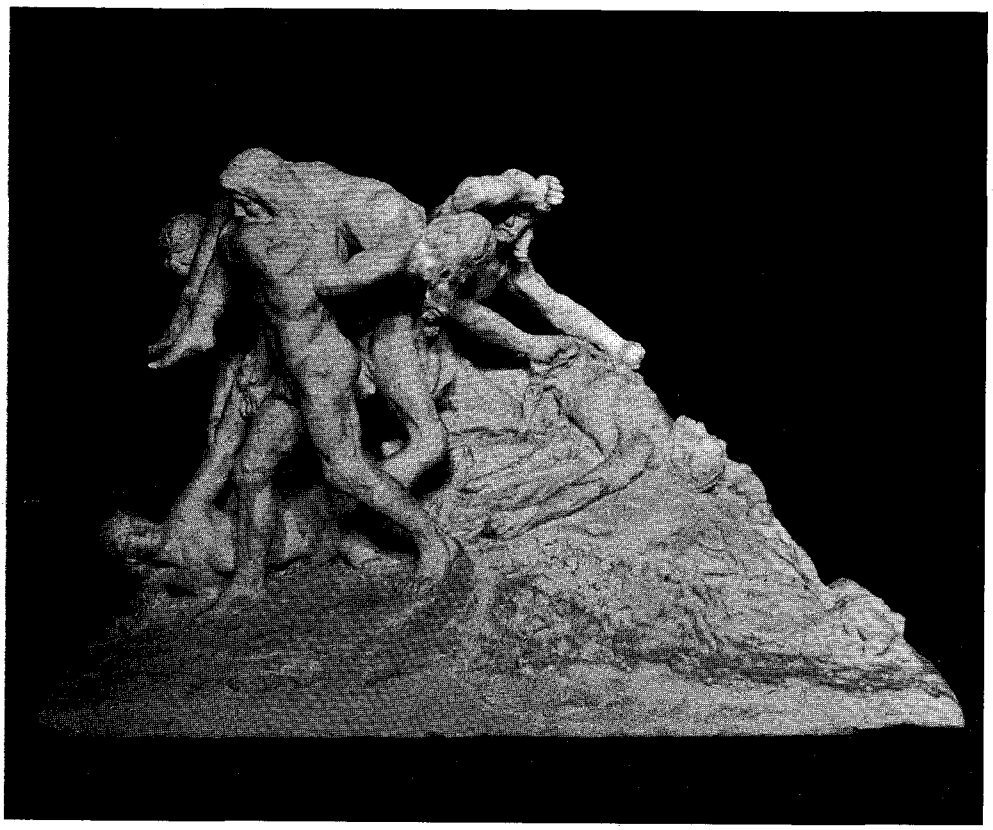

"THE SAVAGE AGE IN THE EAST." BY JOHN J. BOYLE.

portunity for some, it has obviously been a test for others, and it serves as a sort of material balance sheet for the deductions of art reckoning. Some young men, of whom it is clear we know too little, have unexpectedly come forward and given us some of the very best sculpture on the grounds. H. A. MacNeil is among this number, and his "Despotic Age," showing the thrall of fanaticism as it sweeps on with age and innocence in its train, reveals him as a strong modeller and an original thinker. Mr. MacNeil was at first allotted a minor pediment to execute, but the way in which he did it won him several other commissions for the grounds. Another sculptor who has come forward with surprising results is Charles Grafly, whose "Fountain of Man" is one of the few great pieces. George Grey Barnard, in turn, has not succeeded himself in the work he has done for the electrical building, although the subjects given him were in his particular vein, and should have been handled *con amore;* but in the result his intentions are unintelligible and his modelling unnatural. The same may be said of Philip Martiny, a clever decorative sculptor, who seems to have strayed into unfamiliar fields of plastic art and to have got tangled up in the brambles of execution. His figures are distorted in drawing and the general impression decadent. This is the more regrettable, because in other directions a graceful achievement would have been obtained from the same sculptor. The "Fountain of Abundance," the best he has done, aside from a certain *chic* in its movement, the Flora is but a posed Bacchante and the circle of Cupids around the base appear to have had nectar with intoxicating tendencies.

Men like Karl Bitter, Konti, Paul Bartlett, Lopez and Herbert Adams, the quality of whose work is well established,

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have been well represented, some, perhaps, better than others, but in characteristic degree. Mr. Adams has not fulfilled, perhaps, the requirements for the "Goddess of Light," but he has done his usual work in the performance, while Mr. Karl Bitter, among his numerous other pieces, and his exacting work as the director of sculpture, has, in his spirited equestrian, "The Standard Bearer," furnished one of the most conspicuous and freely handled compositions on the grounds. It is seen in duplication on the triumphal entrance.

Mr. Konti, who has executed more of the Pan-American sculpture than any other individual artist, has pleasingly carried out the very grateful theme of Music for the ornamental groups on the Temple of Music. They are true to tradition and capably handled. The "Chariot Race" by Roth is quite a *tour de force,* and will command the interest of the spectator. Two of the largest groups of the commissioned sculpture illustrate Mineral Wealth for the "Fountain of Nature," and these are embraced in "The Story of Light" and "The Story of Gold" as representing gaseous and solid mineralogy. They are the work of Mr. Niehaus. This is but a bare summary of the more pretentious examples of sculpture; it is not easy to select from five hundred figures, and to determine all the good ones; the art lover will, perhaps, encounter some of the interesting pieces in subordinate positions, and will be given their authorship in names he has not heretofore heard, but the most of the sculpture has been done by the representative men, who have gone into class, as it were, to make the great idea an imposing and characteristic one. Some of the groups and figures stand out vividly, as things

"STORY OF GOLD," MINERAL WEALTH. BY CHARLES HENRY NIEHAUS.

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"GODDESS OF LIGHT." BY HERBERT ADAMS.

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of permanence are bound to do, but they do not detach themselves from the general plan. That this congruity has been accomplished shows how well the work has been done, and how much of the genuine art earnestness prevails in this country, and that the civic art pride has been more than the personal feeling. The conception of the applied art of the Exposition was extremely felicitous to begin with; the subjects chosen were appropriate and informing and picturesque, but the sculptors who furnished the interpretation in their small models, and the craftsmen who carried up these models, showed intelligence and *esprit de corps*. As much as possible, sculptors were selected to do the character of work in which they had identified themselves in their careers. The natural resources of the country have been called attention to in characteristic interpretation; and from that large utterance there has been a practical and easy transition into comparative allegory, mythology and historical retrospect, taking in the whole human race in perspective. The three main topics of the considered sculpture have been Nature, Man and the Genius of Man; these have worked out their own subdivisions, which have, in turn, taken care of themselves and suggested others. With the power obtained from Niagara for an abundant aquatic display, the association of sculpture with fountains, cascades and the like could not fail to result in lavish manifestation, the great waters being the very fountain-head of the site and suggesting many of the subjects given to the artists.

"THE SCIENCES," FOR THE COURT OF FOUNTAINS. BY LOPEZ.

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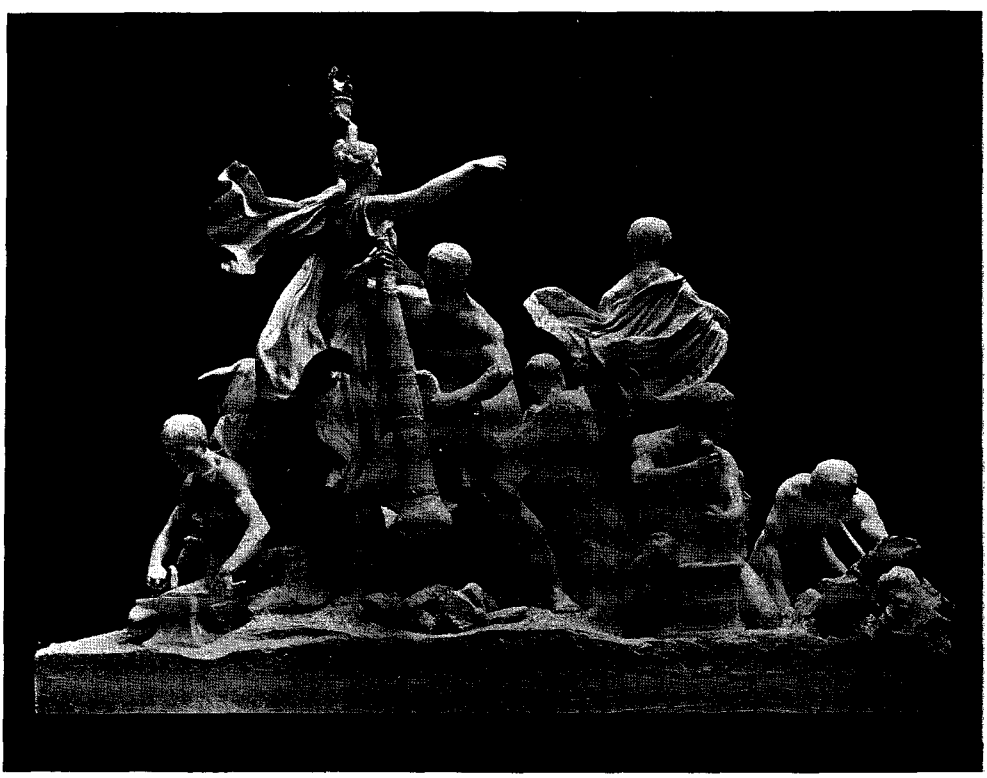
A court of fountains, the fountain of nature, with its mineral wealth suggesting the Eldorado of the West and the enlightenment in material allegory, so our great resources in animal wealth have also had their story and riches told in art, and the same medium has made floral wealth tangible and poetic. The Fountain of Man and the Genius of Man have induced a wide range of plastic subjects, and given exceptional opportunities for the sculptors engaged. Indeed, on the whole, it is the earth story of America, as man has unfolded it. It has had the instinct of tradition and of retrospect, as of a people new to the soil and drawn from many races, but even so, it has had a newness and an antiquity that could only be united and separately discerned under developing conditions. No other country could have produced it, for the art character would have been limited and peculiar to the country essaying it. Having no common ancestry, but with the inherent bent of Americanism directing them, our sculptors have focused the world in a primitive way and foreshadowed the cosmopolitan future of this country. A great deal has been done for the money, perhaps, but that is the American spirit and quite understood. Peoples of other countries always look for bewildering bigness in things American, and our national bumptiousness will see to it that they are not disappointed. But there is saving grace in the quality and expression of the most of the sculpture, and pride in that forgives the crude adequacy of the lesser quantity. When even the detail of advertising can furnish such a clever and appropriate insignia as the two aerial figures forming themselves through floating draperies and clasping hands into a map of the Western Hemisphere, and for like purposes, the bit of color printing of the maid of the mist as Niagara, it is apparent that we have plenty of art ideas, to be rightly applied,



"STORY OF LIGHT," MINERAL WEALTH. BY CHARLES HENRY NIEHAUS.

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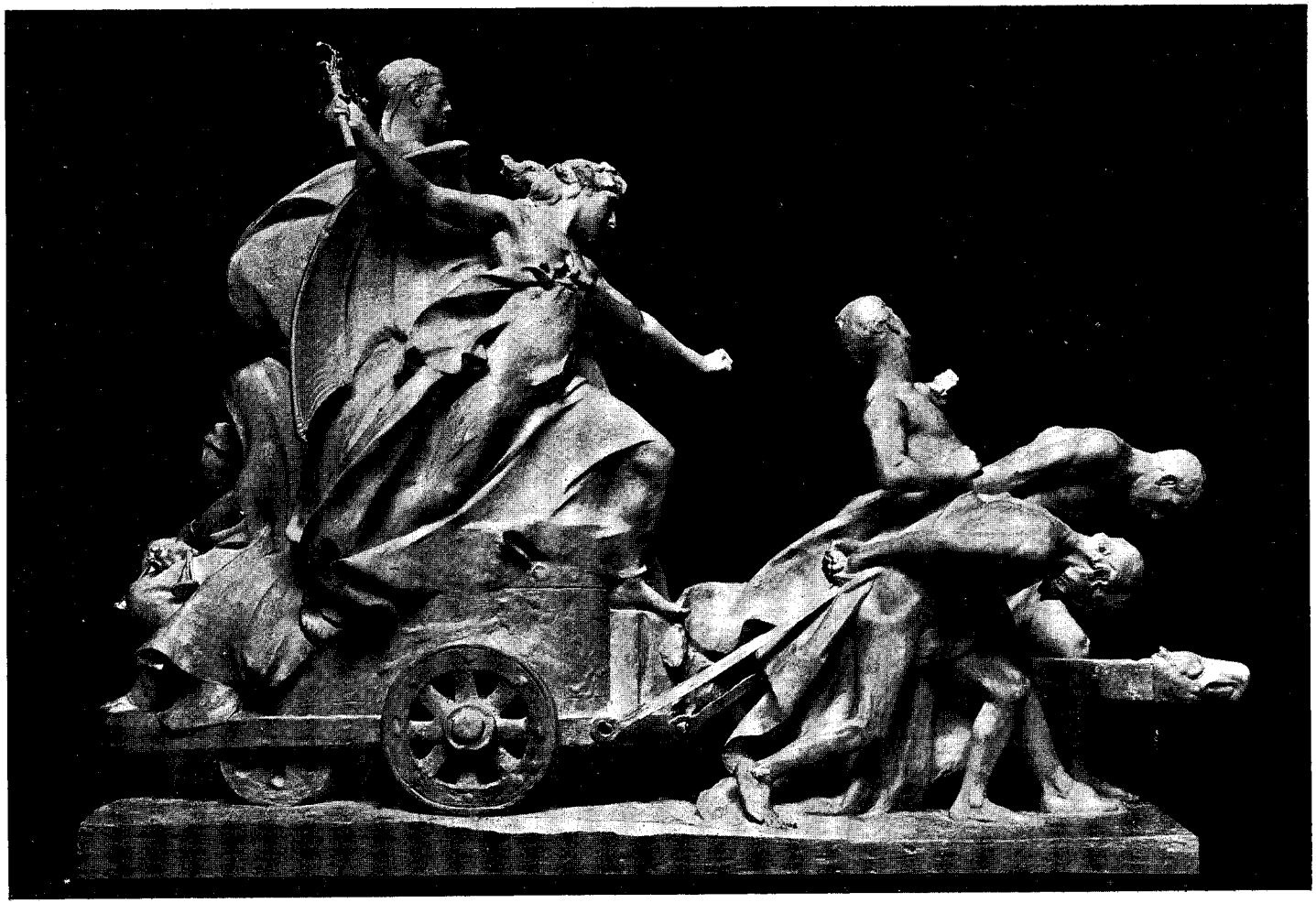

"THE DESPOTIC AGE." BY KONTI.

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in our midst. In the sculpture, as in these, the essentials have been ably met, and viewing it in its immensity, one acknowledges the cataract quality in which the crystals take care of themselves in making up the volume that makes the sight impressive.

Regina Armstrong.

WARWICK OF THE KNOBS

A Story of Stringtown County

BY JOHN URI LLOYD

CHAPTER III.

THE STRANGER.

With a show of irritation Warwick doubled the amount of liquor in the goblet, drained it to the last drop, and suggesting that it might be well to heat some water and make the stranger a whiskey punch or an egg-nog, he went again into the storm, which now had decreased in intensity. He turned his horse down the path toward the torrent, which, high above the bank, raged through the gorge. And beyond this ford were other angry torrents to be crossed before he could reach the little church on the island where he had announced services that night at early candle-light. That he had succeeded in his object and had returned in safety was evident the next morning when he sat at the head of his table and asked a blessing that contained no allusion to his own trials or privations.

Four persons were present—the stranger, Warwick, his son, and his daughter. For a time it seemed as though the meal might be finished in silence. The girl was timid, the boy churlish, Warwick absorbed in thought, and the stranger reserved, although twice he had attempted to introduce the subject of his rescue. The first time he met with a reply indicating that there could be no risk to one who had faith in the Lord; the second time he was informed, in words that could not be misconstrued, that whatever credit was due should be given to God.

"We are all tools in a mighty scheme, in which man is helpless and powerless. You could not avoid the undermined bank that slipped and cast you into the stream. I could not help but go out into the storm, to be guided to your rescue."

"But surely you need not have risked your life for me."

"I could have done nothing but what I did. I could not have moved a hand but as the Lord decreed in the beginning it should move. I could not have crossed that stream had I attempted to do so, nor could I on the bank have watched your weakened hands unclasp had I been ever so afraid of self-injury. The act of yesterday was mapped out in the book of our lives. It was predestined that you should cling to that very log, and that I should save you from the flood."

The stranger seemed inclined to ask another question or to argue the point, but before he could begin Warwick continued:

"That which is, is; that which is not, is not; that which is to come to pass, is sure to be. Does not the Word state that we are 'predestined according to the purpose of Him who maketh all things after the counsel of His own will?'"

"But—" began the guest. Warwick knew too well from experience with others what the man proposed to argue, and he interrupted impatiently.

"My friend, did you ever know a thing that had happened not to have been?"

"No, but—"

"Did you ever know a thing that did not happen to have been?"

"No—"

"Do you know of anything that God has planned in His infinite wisdom that will not come to pass?"

"No, but surely if you *would* not have ridden into that flood you *could* have kept out of it."

"No mortal power, no will of man, could have prevented it. My friend, you ask if I could not have done different if I would have

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willed it different. I answer, *No.* Had I been ever so ready to disobey the Lord's command I couldn't if I would."

The earnestness and aggressiveness exhibited by Warwick in this discussion annoyed the stranger.

"I am fully recovered, thanks to your kindness, and will resume my journey, first, however, asking you to tell me where the man I am seeking lives."

"What is his name? I know every man in these knobs."

"His name is Warwick."

"Preacher Warwick?"

"Yes."

"God has guided your footsteps to my very door. What would you have of me?"

"Are you Preacher Warwick?"

"Yes."

"I am a student of geology, and I came here to investigate the formation of this part of Kentucky, the glacier prints on the Middlecreek, Gunpowder and other cliffs, the fossil shells of the hill formations, and the big bones of 'Big Bone Lick.' I was directed to you as one who lived in this interesting section of our land and who might give me temporary lodging and board."

"We live on coarse food; we have no luxuries, nor do we expect them. Can you put up with such fare as we offer?"

"This is good enough for any one."

"Have you—" Warwick stopped and looked at the visitor narrowly and suspiciously.

"Stranger, these are troublous times. There must be another question. Are you from the North or the South?"

"From the North."

"And have you no other object than to study stones and bones, and hills and hollows?"

"None."

Warwick mused a moment.

"And have you no letters?"

"No. I came by rail to Cincinnati, thence by stage to Stringtown, thence by a lift from one of your friends to a point near where you found me. There I left him, for his way led onto a branching road, but he said that Preacher Warwick lived in the very centre of the spot I wished to study. He told me furthermore that you would likely give me board during the time I wished to stay."

"You seem young for this kind of work—studying fossil stones and fossil bones."

"I am older than I look. Still I am only a student in the University. I came to spend my vacation in this work."

"And you have nothing to do with the war?"

"No."

"The North has—" once more Warwick hesitated. "If you live with Warwick and have told the truth, you have nothing to fear from the people hereabout, be they for the North or for the South. But if you come here as a spy, there is danger, danger for you and for others. If you seek to live here as a rock-hunter only, well and good, but if this is not your work, be careful, for so sure as the sun shines on this knob there is danger ahead."

"I have told you the truth, Mr. Warwick."

"The whole truth?"

"Yes."

"Then you may stay," said Warwick, changing his tone. "I take some interest myself in these curious stones, which seem once to have been shells, and in these great bones, which shame our largest beast of to-day. You may stay for a time, and yet, if your tongue has been led astray, so sure as the shadows lie all day long on Gunpowder's Valley, so sure will you pay for the crooked speech. This seems harsh, my young friend, but these times demand plain speech." Then, abruptly changing the subject of the conversation, he asked, "Your baggage is in Stringtown, I understand?"

"Yes, at the Williams House."

"I will send Joshua for it."

They left the table, and Joshua went out to the tobacco field, the daughter turned her attention to the household duties, Warwick and his guest returning to the sitting-room.

"Another word," said Warwick, when the others were out of hearing, "now that we are alone. You are from the North. You need not have said it. I knew it from the way you speak. I knew it last night. But that is not what I have to say now. You are here to hunt shells in the hills and bones in the Lick Valley. Be sure you do this, and that you close your ears and your eyes to things outside. To everything else let your eyes be as blind as are the stone shells of our bluffs, and your ears as dead as are the mammoths whose teeth lie in the Big Bone quagmire."

The youth flushed. He was not accustomed to such plain talk, and the advice was distasteful. He turned away, but Warwick laid his great hand upon his shoulder.

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"Troops of men in blue will pass you in the daytime, for the provo'-marshal scours both hill and valley; keep your eyes on the stones when these hoofs beat the road."

The young man shrugged his shoulders and tried to twist from the grasp of the heavy hand.

"You may be caught from home by night and then may meet a squad of horsemen who wear no blue clothes," said Warwick, lowering his voice. "Should any one question you, tell the truth; say you are a student of stones, and tell them that you stop with Warwick of the Knobs, and if they doubt that, bring them to me."

"But why should they interfere with me?"

"Do as I say. It is not interference for the Home Guards to inquire into the business of a stranger, nor can men, bound for the Confederacy, run the risk of betrayal by a spy, with a stone hammer in his hand as a blind. Do as I say. And now, another word. The room in which you will sleep is that of my two oldest boys. They are not here now; you may never meet them, but in case they come it will be in the night. Ask no questions, keep your eyes closed, and then forget the men or man who share the room with you and rise before daylight."

Warwick's voice and his intense earnestness brought a shadow to the face of the young man.

CHAPTER IV.

WARWICK'S OATH. "I SWEAR IT, JOHN."

As Warwick looked down the hill toward the creek road at its base, a horseman came from the direction of Stringtown and turned toward the house on the knob. The preacher went out hastily and stood by the front door until the new arrival drew rein.

"Come in, Dr. John, and rest," said Warwick. "What brings you here so early? No sickness in the neighbourhood, I reckon?"

"No," replied the doctor, dismounting and hitching his horse to the rack. "I came to see you, Warwick, and I cannot stay, although so far as others know, I am here on business. Are we alone?"

"Yes."

"You have a son with Morgan."

"And you have a brother," replied Warwick. "Need we be alone to speak of what is known to all Stringtown County?"

"Our cause is a common one, Warwick, and you know I am not one to disturb you unnecessarily."

"It takes much to disturb a man in such times as these," said Warwick.

"Then let us speak as man to man. Warwick, you know every nook and corner, every crevice of the knobs; you are familiar with every path and creek-bed."

"True. My father's father helped drive the Indians from this section; here my father was born; here I first saw the light, and here my children were born. Why should I not know the land? It would be strange if I did not."

"Enough, Warwick; let's come to the point. Your help is needed. Two weeks from Monday night I shall come again, but it must be late in the night, and I will not be alone. I will tap twice on the front door and then once. Be ready to receive the man who rides with me. Hide him in the knobs, hide him where neither Home Guard nor provo'-marshal can find him. See that he has food, Warwick, and, if necessary, fight before harm come to him. This is the errand that brings me here to-day."

"Two weeks from Monday night," mused Warwick. "The first Monday after the first Sunday that follows the first Saturday."

"And then?" he asked.

"You will be informed. The man for whom you are to care will be in your charge until he is sought by others, who stand ready to take him along his journey."

"Toward the South?"

"Yes."

"Dr. John, it is not for me to question one known to be as true as you to the Southern cause, but I must ask, is there great danger connected with this visit?"

"Yes."

"From the Home Guards?"

"Yes."

"Again. Is the man who comes in secret to seek my home worth a life?"

"Yes."

"Warwick's?"

"Yes."

"You may bring him. I promise that the Monday night following the first Sunday that follows the first Saturday of next month Warwick will be in this room listening for the tap on the door. I swear it, John."

Just then a noise in the adjoining room caused the quick-eared doctor to turn his face in that direction.

"Tut, tut, John," said Warwick, "the door is puncheon. No one can hear."

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Mounting his horse, the physician rode down the hill, repeating as he departed, "Be ready, Warwick. The Confederate cause risks much on you that Monday night."

But it was evident that Warwick was less sure of the door than seemed to be the case when he spoke to the doctor. For a long time he sat in reverie, gazing at its oak surface. "What is to be, will be," he finally said. "I must not question the Lord, who led the guest to my door."

The next morning, Joshua, his son, started for Stringtown to get the trunk and baggage of the guest, who handed the youth a letter as he left the house. It had been hastily written, and was as follows:

DEAR CHARLEY: Here I am in Stringtown County, Kentucky, but I half wish myself elsewhere. I came near drowning the night of my arrival; should have done so but for a strange make-up of a man, a preacher giant, who rode his horse into as vicious a flood as I ever saw, and risked his life to pick me off a snag. Talk about your surf and undertows, you haven't a wave on the coast that approaches this devilish yellow creek, that runs like a race-horse and sucks and surges and roars its way through hills high enough to scrape the horns off the moon. But here I am, ready to study fossils and bones and—oh, well, anything that comes my way. A devilish curious old man, this man Warwick, the first predestinarian I ever met; luckily it is for me, too, that he is one, for none but a religious fanatic would have risked his life as he did for me. But his gawky son Joshua is waiting for this letter, and I must close.

LIONEL.

P. S. Forgot to say that Mr. Warwick has a slip of a daughter about sixteen years of age, as timid as a rabbit and as pretty as a dove. Send me the papers regularly. Only the Baptist——comes to this place.

CHAPTER V.

MARY AND LIONEL.

Thus began the Kentucky life of the young naturalist from the North. Each morning the family breakfasted before the rise of the sun, and when the meal was finished Joshua and his father turned toward the tobacco patch, where both worked diligently until noon. Again after dinner they returned to the field. Lionel lingered in the house until the dew disappeared, classifying his fossil collection of the previous day, or reading the papers that soon began coming to him at irregular intervals. The girl busied herself about the housework. There were two servants, one an old negro woman, the other a negro man not less aged, but they gave no attention to the house, their duties being to attend to the cooking and the kitchen and dining-room work.

So whenever Lionel was in the house the daughter was usually near, and naturally it was not long before she began to exhibit some curiosity concerning the work of the young naturalist. As a result, she discovered that the visitor, a student in one of the celebrated universities of New England, had been advised by the professor of geology to spend his vacation near Big Bone Lick, Kentucky, where, as he had informed her father, not only were to be found rich fields of fossil, shell-fish, and tribolites, but mammoth and mastodon bones, buffalo roads, Indian trails, and other subjects of great interest to naturalists.

On reaching Stringtown, as already related, he left his baggage, and in a farmer's spring wagon started for the home of Preacher Warwick, who had been recommended to him by the landlord of the "Williams House" in Stringtown as one who lived in the very heart of the region he sought, and who had room in his home for a boarder, providing he would agree to take one.

"But," said Mr. Williams, "Warwick has two sons in the Rebel Army, and because you are from the North he may decline to give you lodging." After leaving the wagon of the farmer, about a mile from Warwick's house, the storm came suddenly, and next, as he stood on an under-cut sod, came the accident that threw him into the torrent.

"Your father is a very stern man, Miss Warwick. He seems never to smile," concluded Lionel, after giving the girl account of himself.

"Father seems harsh," she answered, "but he is very kind. He speaks sternly, but he means no harm. He loves his church above all things, and is devoted to his religion."

She hesitated and then added, "Do not cross him in his views concerning baptism or in his religious belief about the infallible decrees of God, for he will not take it kindly. I know how honest are his motives, and I know, too, his kindly disposition."

"But to you, Miss Warwick, he speaks very harshly."

"You do not know him."

"He is very religious, but yet he believes that his daughter—" Lionel paused.

"You wish to say that he believes I am not elected to salvation?" said the girl.

"That is it. *You* do not believe it, do you? You do not believe that such as you will be damned and such as your father saved?"

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"I do, yes, I do," said the girl, rocking in her chair, "for I cannot make a public confession. It is terrible, this thing of passing to eternal punishment with the path to salvation open before one's feet. Oh, it is terrible to think of!"

"What wrong have you done?"

"I was born a sinner and have not seen God's grace. Oh, it is awful to be damned eternally! But I do not wish to speak of these things, this is not what I wish to say to you. Be careful to avoid the subject of religion; let father have his word, but make no reply while you stay with us. And—" she stopped.

"And what?"

"Go regularly to church. To-morrow is meeting-day, the first Sabbath that follows the first Saturday. Go to church with us. And, above all, do not study on the Sabbath, do not break stones, do not pick up fossils, do not read the newspapers."

"What am I to do?"

"After attending morning services and riding horseback five miles to and from church, you will have little time left. Pass it in God's service."

"And this has been your life?"

"From childhood," she answered. "Never has the first Sabbath following the first Saturday found me absent from church. Winter, summer, rain, snow or flood are to me one and the same that day."

"I call this a devilish—" began the young man; but then he stopped and added with a smile, "Be it as you say, Miss Warwick. I am a guest and shall abide by the custom of the family."

"To-morrow, then, you will go to church and will not offend father by studying or reading?"

"I shall do as you wish."

"Last Sabbath you collected fossils, but fortunately father was away all day and was not aware of it. He preached in the old church up the Stringtown pike, and it took him from daylight until dark to go and return. However, he will be home to-morrow, and that is why I speak so to you to-day."

That night the guest wrote as follows to his friend:

DEAR CHARLEY: I'm in it for sure. To-morrow I've got to go to church and be good, after the style of a hard-shell Baptist, and be good, too, while I am out of church. Only think, I cannot pick up a fossil, or study my Dana, or break a stone. I must sit and think of, the old scratch knows what, read the Bible and psalm-book, and mope the day away.

This old man Warwick is a case. He takes his dram as regularly as dram-time comes, and says his prayers as sure as the sun rises, or the dinner table is set. He sings a psalm, too, now and then, and yet, amid all his religious fervency and his faith in a beneficent God, this daughter of his is afraid to smile in his presence. I don't know just how the old man would take it, but *she* ought to see the world, and I'd like to——.

Oh, well, to-morrow we all go to "meeting" on horseback, ride five miles, rain or shine, and back again. The first Sunday that follows the first Saturday is "meeting" day.

LIONEL.

Ha! ha! the first Sunday that follows the first Saturday. See?"

CHAPTER VI.

THE CHURCH ON THE ISLAND.—WARWICK'S TRIALS BEGIN.

Sunday morning Warwick, his family and Lionel started to church on horseback. As they neared the ford of the creek at the base of the hill Lionel observed on the opposite summit, where the road crossed its crest, two horsemen at rest, gazing upon the party in the valley. But Warwick apparently did not notice them, for he turned down the branch, his companions following in single file. Lionel was the last in the line, and as they turned away he chanced again to look toward the men on the hill, and saw that they were moving slowly down the road. Then his eyes caught the glitter of brass in the sunlight. A moment later he lost sight of them.

Any one familiar with this part of Stringtown County need not be informed that the view is exceptionally picturesque. The hills rise, each seeming to strive to get above the one behind. The road branches and divides, as does the creek, for along each branch of the creek a horse-path turns toward the homes that rest along the hillsides and near their summits. The fossil stones lie flat in the creek-beds, layer above layer they shelve out of the yellow clay in broken edges.

The forests along the creek have never been touched by the axe, excepting where a tree has been felled to make way for the narrow roadway; the hillsides are occasionally cleared to give space for a tobacco patch or a touch of corn, but as a rule Nature holds her own in the knobs and valleys of Stringtown County. At the first opportunity, where the road widened, Lionel drew his horse alongside that of Joshua.

"Did you see the horsemen on the hill?"

"D' yo' think I'm blind?"

"Were they not cavalrymen?"

Joshua looked sharply at the questioner. "Is thet yer consarn?"

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"No. I only asked out of curiosity."

"I hain't got no curiosity, an' I reckon et'll be better fer yo' not ter hev any. Ef a feller is goin' ter meetin' in Stringtown County, he hes 'nough ter do ef he keeps his eyes on his horse's ears and his ears on the clink of the horse's feet. Thet's his bus'ness."

Lionel, stung by the rebuke, drew his horse back, and in single file the troop passed on to worship. Warwick rode ahead, silent, stern, gloomy, thinking of his God and his duty. Behind him, one after the other, came Mary, Joshua, and the guest. No one spoke, and probably none of the Kentuckians gave a thought to the scenery, but every turn of the road brought to Lionel views that enraptured him, so different were they from those of the land he had previously known.

Whether the forests hemmed them in, whether the hillsides were uplifted to view, whether the party was fording the creek or crossing a bottom where the horse road cut a point of soil washed down from the heights above, was one and the same, a picture. Soon they passed a spot where a side road branched from the path, and there Lionel saw, not fifty feet away, a solitary cavalryman in blue gazing at the church-going squad. But there was no sign of recognition, and they passed on. The path led deeper into the primeval forests; the shadows were thicker, the moist air grew sappier, even though the day was lengthening. Lionel again drew his horse close to that of Joshua.

"Another cavalryman was stationed to the right of our path."

Joshua glanced at the speaker inquisitively.

"'Pears ter me yo' air consarned. I hain't no reason ter suspect yo', but I hain't took no stock in thet rock story. Grown men trampin' the hills pickin' up stone shells hev monstrous little ter do, ef thet's their only bus'ness."

With this he forged ahead, while Lionel, with the second rebuke and its implied suspicion to redden his ears and flush his cheek, followed in the rear.

It was now near ten o'clock, and yet each leaf and branch was dew-laden. The sun had been up five hours and more, and yet there was no sign of it in the deepening gulches through which they passed. The underbrush seemed even thicker, the fog hung like a wet blanket about them. Suddenly Joshua abruptly drew his horse to one side out of the path and seized the bridle of Lionel. Pointing to the bank of bushes, he said:

"Ef yo' air the one the bluecoats air watchin'—an' yo' seem ter show et—this air yer last chance. Slip off yer horse, push through thet bunch of leaves, and yo'll find a path. Foller et ter the end; et'll lead yo' ter a cave under a rock; stay thar till yer called fer. I'll pass the word 'round, an' yo'll be fed and keered fer till a chance comes ter help yo' out."

Lionel was astonished, and saw at once that Joshua considered him the suspected person.

"I have not deceived you," he said. "I am just what I claimed to be, and I have no other business than rock-hunting. The soldiers do not concern me. I am simply curious. Things here are so strange to me."

The young Kentuckian looked at him intently, still holding the bridle reins.

"Ef thet's so, yer a double fool. First, fer hevin' sech a bus'ness, an' second, fer not tendin' ter et an' lettin' outsiders alone. I tell yo' ag'in thet et ain't safe in Stringtown County, Kantuck, ter wedge inter other people's affairs. Them sogers air not out fer fun, but their bus'ness ain't my consarn so fur es I knows of now. I jest goes on ter meetin', an' waits fer them ter show who they're after. Thet's what yo'd better do, too. Keep yer eyes on yer horse's ears and yer ears on the sound of yer horse's feet, I says." He loosed his hold on the lines and rode on.

Gloomier than ever were the thickening forests on either side; the path ahead passed into a mass of shadows. The thickets to the right and the left wedged themselves together over the path, the creek seemed to move silently, as if to ripple were a sin; the sky was shut from sight by the interlaced foliage. Occasionally a grey squirrel on the trunk of a tree barked, frisked his tail and then disappeared; now and then a striped ground squirrel squealed and then popped beneath a log; occasionally a turtle dropped with a splash into the still waters of the ever-present creek. Such were the sounds and such the scenes, such only, if we except the snake, which seemed to slip from off every stone and glide across the breast of the creek, or slide into the weeds that banked the thicket-bound path which, creeping beneath the trees, led toward the house of God.

At last abruptly they emerged from the forest, and came upon a little church built of stone. It stood on a point of land close to the creek, where the stream divided, to close in again behind the church. On either side ran the water, producing on the left branch a great natural pool. The forest closed down to the east and the west, the north and the south; the ever-present hills towered higher

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and higher, the fastnesses of the knobs and valleys seemed here to dominate, as they did nowhere else and to shut mankind from all that might lie outside.

Notwithstanding the natural lightheartedness of Lionel, a strange sensation came over him as this scene burst to view from out the forest depths, a sensation such as comes to men reared amid the display of fashionable religions, when abruptly confronted with such an offering to God. Primitive Christianity like this was to Lionel unknown. Having hitched their horses at a rack, where many others were standing, the party entered the front door of the stone structure, and there met a transverse partition that shut out the room beyond. Mary now turned to the left, and passed through a door in the partition. Warwick, followed by his son and Lionel, turned to the right and passed through a similar door into the same room.

In the rear, facing them, stood the pulpit, to which Warwick advanced with slow and measured tread, seating himself in a chair behind it.* Joshua sank into the aisle end of a seat about half-way down the room, and as he made no movement to give Lionel a place beside him the latter took the aisle end of the pew in front. No sound broke the stillness of the room, and Lionel could not curb his own curiosity, as did the members of this congregation, to whom a stranger was an innovation, but who yet gave him no glance. He noticed that a rail over the central pews ran lengthwise through the room, dividing the men from the women. Curiosity prompted him to turn his head, but he caught no glance toward himself. Men and women alike seemed indifferent to his presence.

Austere and stern, Warwick sat behind the simple white pulpit. First, he took the Bible from the pulpit before him, turned its pages gently, tenderly, and placed a ribbon-mark between the leaves that bore the text; then he returned the book to its place. Then he opened his hymn-book and laid it upon the Bible. After this he sat again in silence, seemingly oblivious to all things even to himself.

If this place of worship was touchingly simple, as contrasted with others Lionel had seen, not less touchingly earnest were the worshippers. To the left of the rail were many women and girls, to whom a stranger like himself must excite great curiosity, but not an eye was turned in his direction. To the right men and boys were scattered, white-haired men and young boys; but these, too, sat as still as did the women.

The oppressive silence was broken only by the occasional tramp of the feet of the horses that bore newcomers, and the subsequent entrance of the riders, who, as had the others, quietly seated themselves. Ill at ease, painfully disconcerted, Lionel again turned his head; behind him were now scattered many forms similar to those in front, excepting that at the very back of the church were to be seen a few black faces, the rear benches being, as he now discovered, reserved for negroes. But those of the congregation who sat behind were as indifferent to all others as were those in front.

Finally Warwick arose and said, "Let us all kneel in humble prayer to Almighty God." Immediately every knee was bent on the bare floor. Warwick lifted his hands, and every head in the audience bowed. An invocation to the Creator that was typical of simplicity, of faith, of reverence, and next, as the word "Amen" was spoken, each head was raised and the members of the congregation resumed their seats.

Warwick slowly read the opening hymn, and then for the first time it occurred to Lionel that this was the only hymn-book in the room. No other was to be seen, and the young man wondered how the congregation expected to carry the lines. But he was not left in suspense long, for after reading the verses Warwick said:

"Let us unite in singing this, the second hymn in the supplement of the hymn-book, omitting the seventh and ninth stanzas." He read therefrom again the first two lines, raised his voice to lead the singing, and was joined by the entire congregation. In this manner all the verses were completed. Then came a long prayer, a more earnest prayer, and next another song and then the sermon, which was a direct predestinarian argument, its object being to show that only one road led to salvation, and that the sinner must be elected by the One on high, baptised bodily beneath the water, or be forever damned.

The text was taken from Acts xiii. 48, last clause, and step by step the minister led his congregation through his well-mapped line of argument, basing each point on the Scriptures; step by step, through "firstly," through "secondly," and then to "thirdly."

*To have been literally correct, this pulpit should have been between the front doors, and the congregation should have faced the incomers. Nor was there a vestibule in any of these old churches. J. U. L.

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He began in a very low tone, his voice growing more earnest, more severe and louder as he toiled on and up toward the end of this, the most remarkable sermon Lionel had ever heard. But just as he commenced "and thirdly," there came a sound from outside, the clatter of horses' feet, that beating the stones in the distance grew louder and louder until they crushed the fossil creek-bed close about the church.

There was no change in the voice of the preacher, not a head of the congregation turned; the worshippers sat seemingly oblivious to what was happening outside. Warwick must have seen the form of a man rise before the window to his right. Lionel saw it, a man with a gun in his hand, who, taking his place, sat his horse gazing into the room. He must have seen, one by one, a blue-coated cavalryman take his position before each window until looking in were six mounted men. The men must also have been observed by the members of the congregation, who, however, sat as oblivious to their presence as was their pastor.

Then came the sound of men dismounting, the tramp of leather boots, and the clanging of many sabres, which sounded ominously from without as their tips struck the stones. The sentries remained before the windows, while tramp, tramp, tramp came heavy footsteps into the front door, across the vestibule, and then into each side of the house of God. Down both aisles passed lines of soldiers until the leaders faced the pulpit where, as unconcerned as if no such scene were being enacted, Warwick continued preaching the word of God to those who sat before him and who seemed engrossed only in that word.

As the leaders stopped in front of the altar the minister turned upon them a look stern and determined. Pointing to the vacant bench, he said, "Be seated; you are welcome."

Hesitating as if undecided the man seemed inclined at first to protest against the word of command, but next, as if unable to withstand the combined order and invitation, sank with a clank into the vacant place; then each armed man in both aisles seated himself in the nearest pew. When the confusion and noise subsided, soldiers and civilians together listened to the austere minister, who continued his sermon as if no unusual interruption had occurred, listened until the word amen was reached, the final prayer, the ending song. Then the benediction was pronounced, and while yet the mixed audience stood with uncovered heads, Warwick in a low voice that could, however, be heard distinctly by all, spoke to the leader, who faced the speaker.

"For whom do you search?"

"For Mr. Warwick."

"There are many Warwicks in Stringtown County."

"I hold an order for the arrest of Preacher Warwick, Warwick of the Knobs."

"What is the charge?"

"Treason."

"I am the man. You need seek no farther."

Deliberately and without showing any emotion, the parson, hat in hand, turned from the pulpit and followed the officer down the aisle. As they passed the awaiting soldiers fell into line and tramped their way behind them out of the church; clank, clank, sounded the sabres as their tips struck the floor and bumped the wooden pew ends; thump, thump, the heavy boots of the cavalrymen beat the uncarpeted boards. And then the guardsmen at the windows disappeared, leaving the worshippers intact but for one, him who passed out under arrest. Now the men and women turned toward the aisles, and in a few moments the meeting-house on the island was empty.

When Lionel reached the open air the cavalrymen, in single file, were preparing to ride away, Warwick near the centre of the line. He seemed to wish to say nothing, nor did any one speak to him. Soon the troop passed from sight, the sound of the horses' feet died away, and group by group the members of the broken congregation mounted their horses and hurried each to his home amid the hills or in the valley. Among them were Lionel and the two children of Warwick, who departed for their home of the knob as silently as had the others. Twice Lionel attempted to talk with his companions during the journey, for, strange as it may seem, neither of them exhibited any outward signs of emotion. Once, when the path widened, he rode to the girl's side.

"This is a strange thing," he said.

"We of Stringtown County are used to such surprises. These are terrible times for us," was all she said.

A little while later he ventured to speak to Joshua to the same effect.

"Ef et takes a hunderd blue-coats ter took up a man with a Bible, how many would et take ter took him ef he hed a gun?" said Joshua.

"What do you suppose your father has done?"

"Et don't matter what he done, er ain't done. Et all depends on what some feller says he

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done, and I guess they've got the feller ready ter say et."

"You do not think that he will be away long? Surely your father cannot be charged with anything serious?"

"He'll not be back at all, fer he'll never took thet oath. The old church's closed fer the summer, and winter, too, p'raps. Pap's bound fer Camp Chase. Ef et war not fer leaving sister alone I'd start fer the Rebel Army to-night?"

"You may be mistaken. The charge against your father may not be so serious."

"I tell yer there's no trouble about the charges; them'll be made strong 'nough. Thet oath's what'll send pap off. He'll let 'em chop his head off before he'll took et, and I'd rather see him shot, too, then ter have him took et. Ef he'd come home and say he'd tooken thet oath, I'd be ashamed of the name of Warwick. But he'll not come, and thet settles et."

(*To be continued.*)

HERE AND THERE

I.

Stanford University Once More.

We have received a very large number of letters, called forth by our comments in the April number of this magazine on the subject of the Stanford University scandal. These letters represent almost every shade of opinion as to this unfortunate affair, but they are all alike in being dignified, temperate and courteous. The only ones, however, which appear to need any specific comment are those which relate to the case of Dr. G. E. Howard. It will be remembered that Dr. Howard's resignation was practically requested because, in lecturing before a class of students, he had criticised the action of President Jordan concerning Professor Ross. We gave it as our view that any professor who censures his superior officers before a body of students deserves *ipso facto* to be removed from his chair, inasmuch as such conduct is at once insubordinate, indecorous, and in violation of every sound principle of university government. Some of the letters which we have received express the opinion that our remarks were unfair to Dr. Howard, and unwarranted by the actual facts. We publish below the essential portions of two of these letters. The first is from a graduate student:

A non-resident graduate student at the time, I did not hear the lecture; but from different students who attended it I learn these general facts of the case. The course was French Revolution; the regular lecture would have touched on Diderot and his imprisonment for freedom of speech; in its stead, Dr. Howard, after some introductory remarks on the conditions of France in the time of Diderot, delivered a speech on the economical conditions at the close of the nineteenth century and their influence on the freedom of speech. It contained *no reference* to the university authorities; the only reference to Mrs. Stanford was a complimentary one—something to this effect: "Far be it from me" to insinuate that "our noble Founder, who has sacrificed so much" for our welfare, is in harmony with these forces; there was an inspirational appeal against the conditions that endanger freedom to-day, and the monopolies best known in this State were mentioned. The students left the class-room—which was the University Chapel because the size of the class was too great for any recitation room—feeling inspired, and all were surprised at the use made of the speech. *Every one* I have heard speak of it mentions the *exalted* feeling with which he left the room.

One woman, the wife of a member of the faculty, told me that *two weeks* after the speech she went to Dr. Jordan and told him she feared he had been misinformed, and that, had he heard the lecture, he would rejoice in his privilege and in the fact that such a man as Dr. Howard was alive. Dr. Jordan agreed with her that Dr. Howard could never be undignified before his class and that he was always inspiring. Another woman, a teacher of experience, who still fondly hopes that Dr. Jordan can reconcile his varying stories, assured me that if the lecture were printed it would be considered epoch-making. A young lawyer says he would consider it epoch-making if Dr. Howard had only used the "Steel

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Trust or some other Eastern concern" as an illustration. Would not that have been an insult to the University to insinuate rather than use the materials within our doors?

So much for the speech from the students' point of view. We feel that Dr. Howard has made *but one mistake,* and that was in not giving his lecture to the reporters when they asked for it. Then the public could have judged of its merits. Now, because of the quotation *taken apart from its setting in the specific lecture and in the whole work of the course,* not only the speech but Dr. Howard's attitude at the time are totally misrepresented. We do not see how an honest man could have given a different kind of a speech in *that course* at *that time.* Two students have gathered notes from the class, and from these have made a report of the lecture, which they would be glad to have printed.

Judging from your article in THE BOOKMAN, I think you yourself would be glad to be the author of this much-maligned speech. It had no element of poor taste in it, and it seems very hard indeed that Dr. Howard, who has sacrificed so much for his high principles, should be so broadly condemned through mistaken reports. That he cannot be undignified is proven by his course since his dismissal, when with every opportunity to rush into the press, he has been silent.

The second letter is somewhat more specific:

Your general view of the situation is such as would indicate that you have informed yourself with regard to the matter which you discuss. With regard to the part that Professor Howard played in the controversy, this is, however, obviously untrue. I feel deeply grieved and shocked and indignant at the awful wrong you have done that great and good and just man by publishing to the world over your name absolutely untrue statements, which are calculated to injure his standing before vast numbers of honest men and women.

I realise that it has not been easy to get at the facts of the case—but you certainly are not justified in making positive statements on insufficient evidence. You cannot have consulted Dr. Howard himself or any of the possible one hundred and seventy-five students who heard the address, nor can you have read carefully the published correspondence between President Jordan and Dr. Howard.

I will answer some of your statements, point by point. You say, "As soon as these events occurred Professor Howard, who was an intimate friend of Dr. Ross"—

1. Dr. Howard told me weeks ago that he and Dr. Ross were never intimate friends in the common meaning of that term—that is, they were not in the habit of visiting back and forth freely and frequently. They were congenial colleagues. To put Dr. Howard's action on the basis of personal friendship is a mistake. Dr. Howard, I am convinced, would have defended the cause of justice just as quickly if it had been the humblest assistant in Stanford who was injured.

—"denounced this interference before one of his classes in a very unrestrained and bitter fashion."

2. This is not so. The character of the speech was not unrestrained, nor was it bitter. It was a most scholarly discussion of a broad subject, and only a very small part of the address referred directly to the dismissal of Professor Ross.

—"ending his tirade with the assertion, 'I do not worship,'" etc.

3. It was in no sense of the word a tirade.

4. The quotation you use was introduced into the early part of the speech and not at the end.

I am sorry that at the time you wrote the following quotations had not been published. They more truly represent the spirit of the speech than the one so oft quoted. "The most important thing in university training is to attain intellectual rectitude." "On the whole, education means virtue."

I know whereof I speak. I have in my possession an outline of the speech, taken down largely in shorthand, and also the notes of other students (to say nothing of my own), and I heard every word of the address, sitting not more than ten feet from Professor Howard as he talked.

—"When President Jordan heard of this he privately reproved Professor Howard."

5. Dr. Howard says that President Jordan never intimated that he expected any apology from him. I cannot say positively that Dr. Jordan never reproved Dr. Howard. In all the discussions that have come up regarding the matter, I believe no one has ever intimated that such was the case—but from the large amount of information which I have gathered, I am convinced that it is not true.

In the light of the truth, some criticism I am sure you will see can be justly given to your conduct.

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A third letter, which we are obliged to omit for lack of space, admits the fact of Professor Howard's criticism of Dr. Jordan, but says that it did not involve a breach of good taste; and that our attitude toward criticism of this sort is merely a personal attitude which represents one individual's view rather than a judgment entitled to any weight.

Putting aside all non-essentials as to whether the famous extract from Dr. Howard's speech was uttered by him at the beginning or at the end of his lecture, we can sum up the whole matter in a very few words. We have no doubt that Dr. Howard is a gentleman who deserves to be regarded with the greatest respect and consideration. No one has ever questioned his ability, his efficiency as a teacher or his thoroughness as a scholar. He was, however, charged with publically criticising the university authorities in a lecture. It was also very generally charged that he did so in a way which, to say the least, was likely to give offence. In reply to these charges he has made no public answer, and the only portion of his lecture that is officially known to have been correctly reported is found in the sentences which we quoted two months ago. One would suppose that, in view of the importance of the matter, Dr. Howard would in his own defence publish a correct report of precisely what it was that he said. If, as another correspondent informs us, his remarks were not made extemporaneously, but only after due thought and preparation, then the reproduction of them ought to be a very simple matter. By refraining from doing anything of the kind, Dr. Howard has put himself in the wrong and has made his defence impossible to those who wish him well. The sentences whose correctness he has not denied do not seem like part of a calm, dispassionate address. They indicate excitement and they suggest strong personal feeling. In the absence of absolutely accurate information, they must be taken as representing the tone of the whole address. If injustice has been done to Dr. Howard by anything that we have said, he has done a worse injustice to himself by maintaining an impenetrable silence.

II.

Harvard University and President McKinley.

Now that the Overseers of Harvard University have finally voted to follow their best traditions and to confer the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws upon the President of the United States when he visits the University in June, it is proper to say a word about the very contemptible effort which was made by a few irresponsible and thoroughly unrepresentative Harvard graduates to prevent the bestowal of that degree. These individuals were Anti-Imperialists who profess to see in President McKinley a would-be tyrant, an unconstitutional ruler and an insidious enemy of American freedom. Possibly they believe all this about him; but if they really are sincere, they ought to see that to deprive a tryant of the degree of Doctor of Laws would be so paltry a revenge as to be thoroughly absurd. In attempting it they have been worse than vindictive. They have been petty; and no one under any circumstances can afford to be that. If a man has done you a terrible wrong—a wrong affecting your highest interests, your happiness and your honour—you may kill him; and though you may perhaps be hanged, you will at any rate be still worthy of respect, while, on the other hand, if you content yourself with stealing his door-knocker or poisoning his favourite cat, then you will be regarded simply as a feeble ninny. A great revenge is well worth while; a paltry revenge simply makes ridiculous the person who allows himself to stoop to it. The Anti-Imperialistic graduates of Harvard have done even worse than this; since they have stooped to seek the pettiest revenge, and even in that they have absolutely failed. They tried in November last to defeat the President's re-election, and they were simply buried out of sight. Now they have tried to deprive him of an honorary degree, and they have been overwhelmed with inextinguishable laughter. The sooner they slink into obscurity, the sooner the public will forget this latest demonstration of their impotence.

President McKinley's own feeling about the awarding of this degree must be very much like that of a certain eminent

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Bishop of whom we heard not long ago. A prominent university had invited this distinguished ecclesiastic to be present at its Commencement exercises and to deliver an address. After he had signified his acceptance of the invitation, the university authorities thought that it would be a very graceful act on their part to show their appreciation of his presence by conferring upon him an honorary degree; and so, in order to arrange the matter in proper form, they delegated one of their number to visit the Bishop and notify him of their intentions. The person selected for this mission was a callow young professor who had not long occupied his chair, and who still regarded his university as representing pretty nearly all the world that counts, and a portion of the rest of the universe besides. He was immensely impressed with the importance of his mission and with the general tremendousness of the honour which he was going to announce. Reaching the city where the Bishop lived, he went to the episcopal residence and, after sending in his card, was ushered into the Bishop's study. With bated breath and many circumlocutions, lest the Bishop should be too much overcome if the news were sprung upon him without a certain amount of preparation, he delivered the message with which he had been charged.

"I have also to inform you," he added, "that the University will consult your preference in the matter of the degree and will confer upon you the one that you would most desire to have."

"Oh!" said the Bishop. "Let me see. What particular degree did they have in mind?"

"Of course the very highest—one which belongs to the doctorate: LL.D., D.D., S.T.D., or D.C.L."

"Well," said the Bishop, looking out of the window and then at his watch, "suppose you make it a D.C.L. I think I have fewer of those than of the other kinds."

It took the callow young professor a long while to recover from the shock; but when he came to think it over, it probably taught him something that he had never known before.

H. T. P.

FOREIGN AUTHORS IN AMERICA

Part V.

The roll of foreign authors who visited America during the quarter century lately closed opens in brilliant fashion with the names of Milnes, Huxley, Black and Stanley. All his life Richard Monckton Milnes, first Lord Houghton, displayed an especial fondness for Americans, and when he came to the United States in 1875 the warmth of the welcome he found waiting him could not have disappointed one who had long been counted the most popular nobleman in London. Recollections of Houghton's stay in this country are generally unrecorded, but whenever they are told they invariably pay homage to the poet's really fine nature, his generous and tolerant spirit, his charm and ease of manner, and his unrivalled gifts as a conversationalist. "Few men," writes John Bigelow, who knew him well, "ever said less they would have wished not to have said, or said what they had to say in better manner, and few men of so large an acquaintance have ever lived all of whose talk was so well worth preserving. He richly deserved a Boswell."

In 1876 Thomas Huxley visited the United States, and delivered a number of lectures in New York City. William Black's American sojourn fell in the same year, and was not without amusing incidents, for in after days New World visitors to the novelist's Brighton hermitage were often told the story of how their host was toasted at a dinner in a Western city as "Mr. Black, gentlemen, the greatest of living novelists, the author of *Lorna Doone*." Arthur Penrhyn Stanley, the

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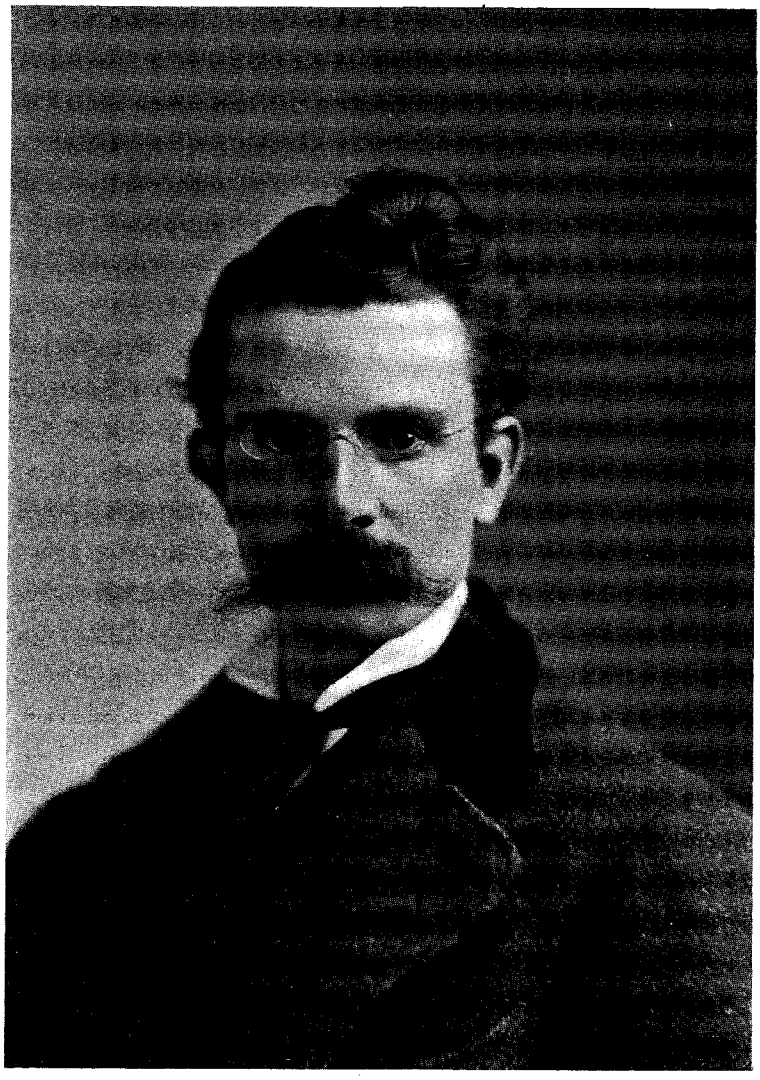
eminent and beloved Dean of Westminster, spent a month in the United States in the early autumn of 1878, and despite the calls made upon him for visits and speeches found time to make reverent pilgrimages to the original grave of André on the Hudson, to the resting-places of Jonathan Edwards and William Ellery Channing, to Ticonderoga, brooded over by the mysterious legend of the death of Duncan Campbell, of Inverawe, and to the landing-place of the pilgrims at Plymouth Rock. Phillips Brooks kept him genial and eager company in his visit to the last-named shrine, and a rare treat it must have been to witness the comradeship of two men of such elevation of mind, gentleness of spirit, breadth of view and charity of judgment; so sane and happy in their lofty ideals and beliefs; so kindly toward all men, and chiefly toward those who most needed kindness.

When the Dean of Westminster visited America there was living in California a young foreigner at that time absolutely unknown to fame, but who now holds a master's place in the world of letters. I refer to Henryk Sienkiewicz, a native of Poland, and a graduate of the University



WILLIAM BLACK.

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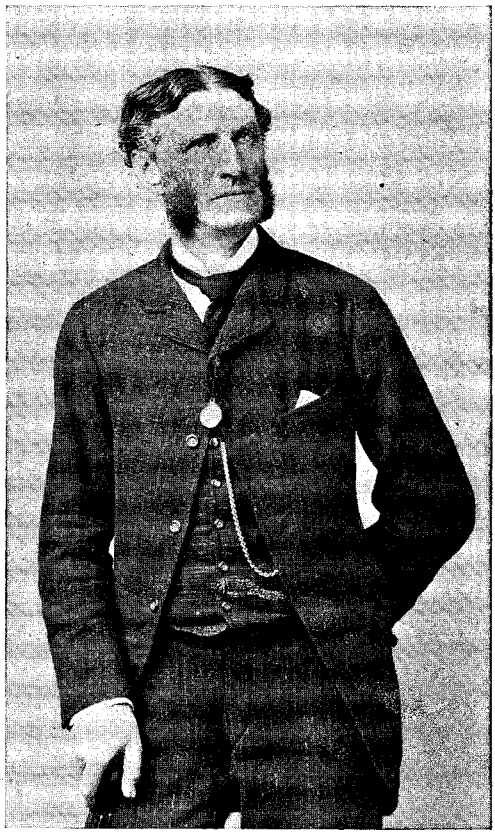
PAUL BLOUET.

of Warsaw, who a short time before had become a member of a Polish colony near Los Angeles. This community, whose piquant and suggestive story recalls the chronicles of Brook Farm, was composed of two-score of the most gifted writers, actors and musicians of Poland, among their number being Count Bozenta Chlaponski and his wife, Helena Modjeska. Nearly all the members were young, Sienkiewicz being but thirty-two years old.

Their venture was the outgrowth of a club in Cracow, which for years had discussed the possibility of living in a co-operative colony somewhere in the semi-tropics, where agriculture would assure easy support, and where, living out of doors, the colonists might grow mentally and physically, while they gave their whole attention to their favourite pursuits. In a word, the sought-for ideal was not merely Utopia, but Arcadia as well. When some one told this fraternity of artists about Southern California, it seemed to them the very place for an idyllic colony life. Accordingly, they appeared in Los Angeles in the autumn of 1878, and in due time found a home in the Santa Aña Valley, to which they gave the name of Anno Luni. There upward of $100,000 was spent for land and buildings, in planting alfalfa fields and orchards, and for sheep and cattle. But none of the colonists knew aught of agriculture in a land where irrigation is essential, and theirs were all the troubles which beset the indifferent farmer. Disease took their cattle and sheep, drought laid low their grain crops, and fire destroyed their buildings. Dissolution followed this series of disasters, and most of the colonists returned to Poland as soon as they could find means for the journey.

Yet the failure of the colony proved in the long run productive of greater results than its success could have accomplished. Modjeska turned her attention to the study of English, and made her American début in *Adrienne Lecouvreur* in San Francisco, while Sienkiewicz, returning to Poland, embodied his impressions of America—"a most disagreeable country," he then styled it—in a remark-



MATTHEW ARNOLD.

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able series of papers which found their way into the Polish press and first brought their author to the attention of his fellow countrymen. The publication during the next decade of that splendid triology of romances, *With Fire and Sword, Pan Michael* and *The Deluge,* gave him world-wide fame as a novelist. Sienkiewicz is said to have changed in later years his earlier opinion of America, for he recently wrote to an old friend in New York that he hoped to soon carry out his "long-cherished project" of coming to the "ever glorious and most glorious United States." It is said that his pretty seventeen-year-old daughter Jadwiga, who is his inseparable companion, will accompany him.

Had fate been more kind, Sienkiewicz during his troubled days in California might have often touched elbows with another young man of genius and undaunted spirit, who, like himself, was then dwelling in obscurity, but whose name, like his own, was destined to speedily become a household word. This was Robert Louis Stevenson, a delicate Scotsman of twenty-nine, whose first appearance in America in the summer of 1879 had to do with a passage in his life which remains in some ways difficult of treatment. Edmund Gosse has touched upon it with delicacy and discretion in his *Personal Memories of Stevenson.* He had formed a conviction, Gosse tells us, "that it was his duty to go out to the extreme west of the United States, while his family and the inner circle of his friends were equally certain that it was neither needful nor expedient that he should make this journey. As it turned out, they were wrong and he was right;

Henryk Sienkiewicz

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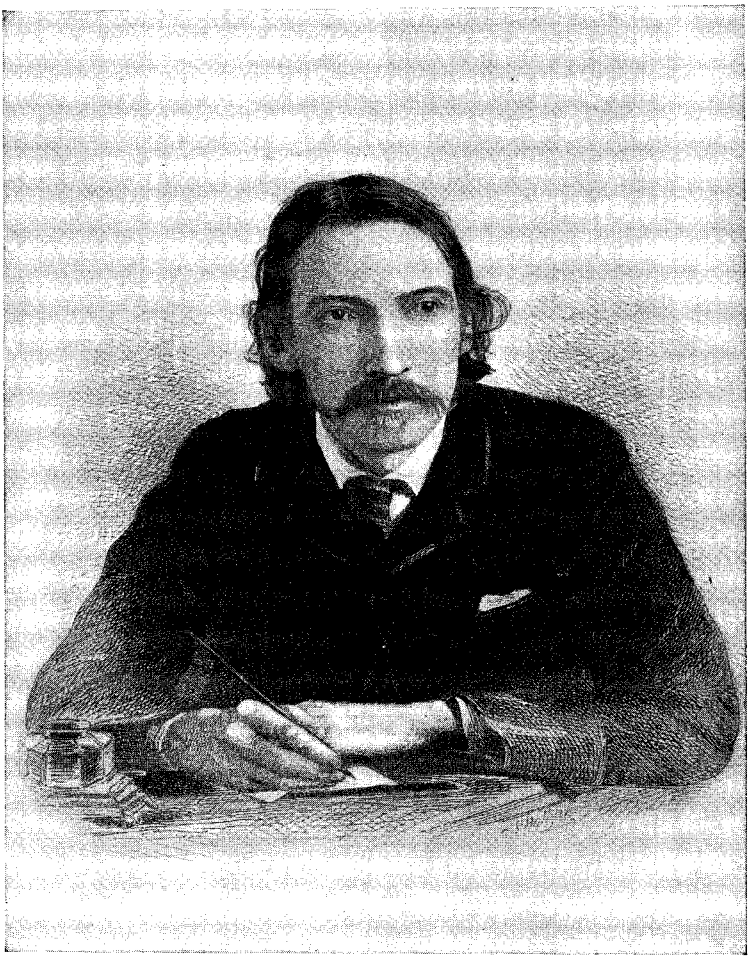

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

but in the circumstances their opinion seemed the only wise one. His health was particularly bad, and he was ordered, not West, but South. The (American) expedition . . . was taken, therefore, in violent opposition to all those whom he left in England and Scotland; and this accounts for the mode in which it was taken. No one would give him any money to be spent in going to California, and it was hoped that the withdrawal of supplies would make the voyage impossible. But Louis, bringing to the front a streak of iron obstinacy which lay hidden somewhere in his gentle nature, scraped together enough to secure him a steerage passage across the Atlantic."

Stevenson himself has partly described in *The Amateur Emigrant* and *Across the Plains* the manner of his voyage to New York and his journey hence to the Pacific coast. It was a rough experience for a tenderly nourished and feeble man, and it brought him well-nigh to death. Indeed, during the month of September, 1879, he was seriously ill, alone, at a goat ranch in the Santa Lucia Mountains. "I scarcely slept or ate or thought for four days," he wrote to Gosse early in the following month. "Two nights I lay out under a tree, in a sort of stupor, doing nothing but fetch water for myself and horse, light a fire and make coffee, and all night awake, hearing the goat-bells ringing and the tree-toads singing, when each new noise was enough to set me mad." Then an old frontiersman found him out, and tenderly nursed him through his attack. "By all rule," he wrote, "this should have been my death;

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SIR EDWIN ARNOLD.

but after awhile my spirit got up again in a divine frenzy, and has since kicked and spurred my vile body forward with great emphasis and success."

His health partially mended, the motive for Stevenson's curious journey to California came out. Two years before he had met in France and become warmly attached to an American lady, Mrs. Frances Osbourne, who had separated from her husband, and who was living with her daughter and her young son in the art student circles of Paris and Fontainebleau. In 1879 she returned to California. Thither Stevenson followed, and at Monterey, in the spring of 1880, he was married to Mrs. Osbourne, who some months before had secured a divorce. Though several years her husband's senior, Mrs. Stevenson was, and is, a woman of unusual and individual charm, and time proved her a most appropriate and helpful companion for the ailing man of letters. She took a keen and critical interest in his work, shared his gipsy tastes and love of primitive modes of life, and she remained till her husband's death, fourteen years later, the most devoted and efficient of nurses. The Stevensons spent their honeymoon in a

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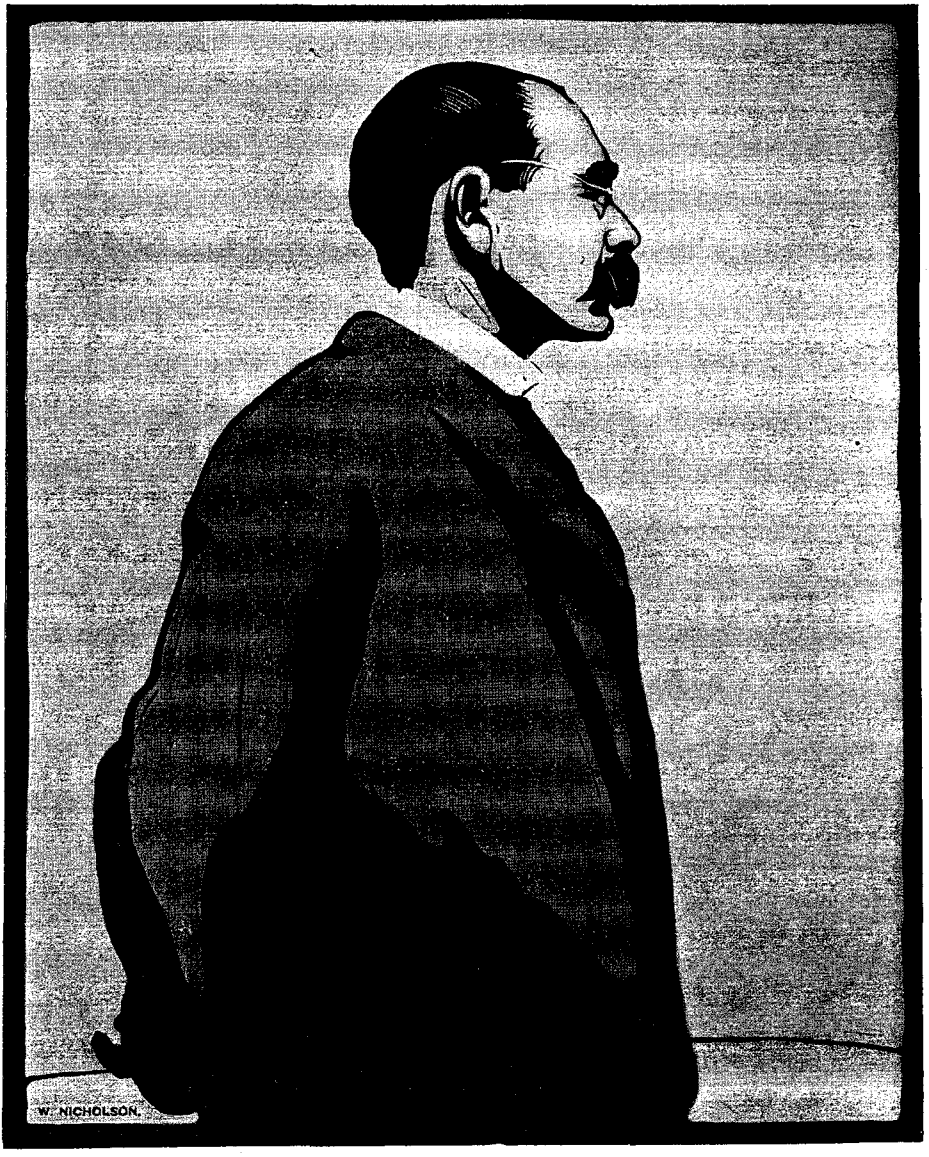
deserted mining camp near Calistoga, where the husband obtained the material for and wrote his *Silverado Squatters*—previously at Monterey he had given the finishing touches to *The Pavilion on the Links*—and, in August, 1880, journeyed to England.

The great Scotsman came to America for the second and last time in the autumn of 1887. During the years that had elapsed since his first visit *Treasure Island, The New Arabian Nights, Kidnapped, Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, Prince Otto* and *The Merry Men* had been given to the world, and had won for their author a numerous, admiring audience and enduring fame. But success had been won in the face of the heaviest odds, Stevenson's weak lungs and delicate frame making a continuous search for health the necessity of his life. This carried him to Davos-Platz, to Hyères, and Bournemouth, and finally brought him again to America in the hope that the balsamic airs of the Adirondacks would give him a new lease of existence.



RUDYARD KIPLING.

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Stevenson had to be carried on board the steamer when he sailed from London in the closing week of August, 1887, and during his brief stay in New York was unable to leave his hotel. Meanwhile, his wife had preceded him to the North Woods, and found a temporary home for her beloved invalid at Saranac Lake, then a small, rude, forest hamlet, cut off from the railroad and just coming into notice as a helpful resort for consumptives. Since that time it has grown to the proportions of a beautiful and modern town, but no change has been made in the quaint old cottage in which the Stevensons lived while there, and which still stands in picturesque isolation upon the brow of a hill overlooking the Saranac River, a mountain torrent rushing madly from its higher sources to Lake Champlain.

The Stevenson party consisted of the author, his wife and mother, and his stepson, Lloyd Osborne, then a likely lad of fourteen. While at Saranac Lake Stevenson composed his *Master of Ballantrae,* and the cottage in which he lodged was transferred by him to other scenes in the centre of activity in that remarkable story. The piano the "Master"

AMELIA B. EDWARDS.

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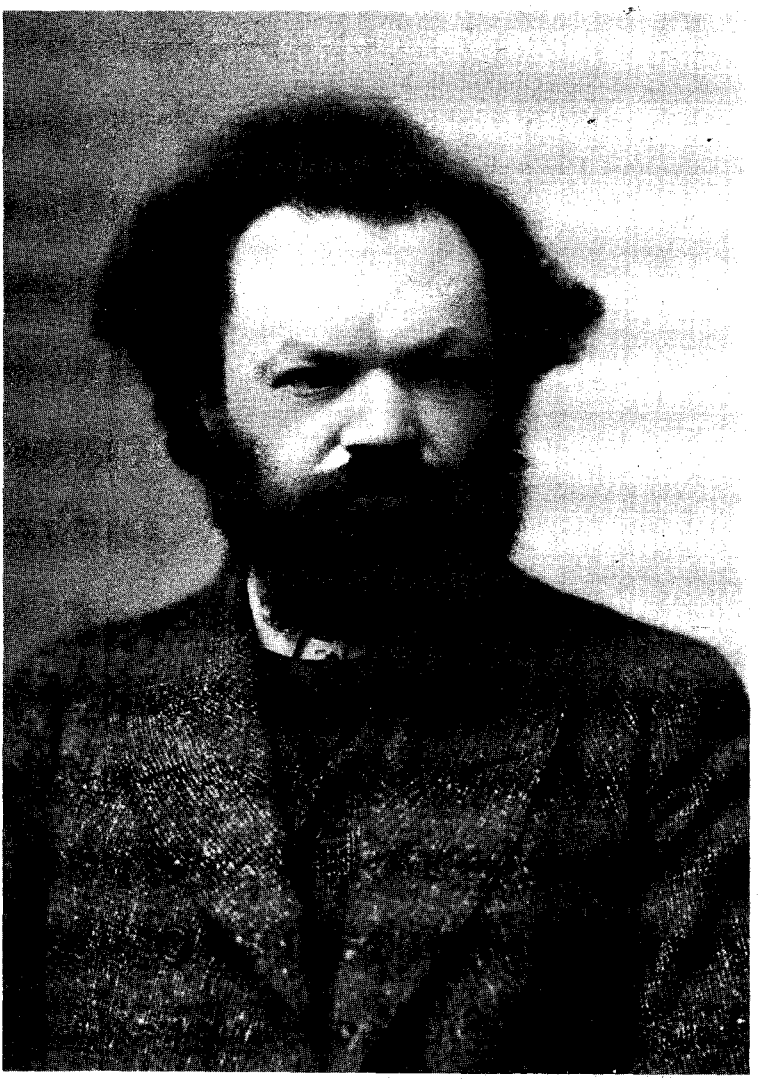
plays is a correct description of the instrument Stevenson took with him to Saranac Lake. Feeble health made the author's life a secluded one during his eight months in the woods, but garbed in a reefer coat and fur hat, he delighted in almost daily rambles in the green pine forests which shut him in on every hand. In these walks and rambles he was invariably alone up to the time a friendly villager presented him with an Irish setter. Stevenson became very fond of the dog, and of its donor as well, and most of the half dozen calls he made upon residents of the village during his stay were to the little inn kept by the former owner of the dog. And when in after years the innkeeper was shot and killed by a guide, Stevenson, deeply moved, wrote a letter of tenderest sympathy to the widow.

Skating was another pastime in which the author found keen delight, and perhaps a score of times during the winter he crossed the hills west of the cottage to skate upon tiny Lake Moody. Young Osbourne usually kept him company, and the two sometimes skated together for hours at a time. At first his health mended, but soon, to quote his own words, he "wore the climate out." Driven yet farther afield in the long hunt for the spot of land and climate which



STEPNIAK.

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meant life for him, Stevenson, in the spring of 1888, once more turned his face toward the West and, after a short halt in California, set out upon the voyage to the islands of the South Sea, which ended at Samoa, and from which he was not to return. To those who loved him, but were to see him no more, he had already journeyed more than half way to another world.

In 1881 Edwin A. Freeman visited this country and lectured at some of the universities, Cornell being the chief one. During the following year Herbert Spencer made a short sojourn in the Eastern States, and in the same twelve-month fell Archibald Forbes's first visit to America. The famous war correspondent came as a platform speaker, and some of the experiences which befell him are recorded with spirit and humour in *Lecturing in Two Hemispheres*. Forbes's visit had an auspicious ending—his marriage to the daughter of General Albert J. Myer, a woman of wealth and beauty, and of rare social gifts.

The most considerable foreign accession to the American lecture platform during the winter of 1883-84 was the poet and critic Matthew Arnold. "Literature and Science" was the subject of his principal lecture, and at every halt in a somewhat extended tour he was received with unusual warmth and hospitality. Still, one New York critic took occasion to compare his delivery to "an elderly parrot pecking at a trellis," and in Washington he was treated to an experience which must have given him a curious and laughter-impelling idea of capital society. Several distinguished authors, legislators and divines occupied seats on the platform of the hall in which he lectured, and it had been arranged that John G. Carlisle, who then held the office of speaker, should introduce him to his audience. At the last moment, however, Carlisle sent a note to the effect that it was impossible for him to be present, and trusted that Arnold might find some one else for the task.

A gentleman who was in those days a member of the Cabinet, and now fills a seat in the Senate, stepped into Carlisle's place, and in his preliminary speech took occasion to inform the lecturer that England and America united could whip the world. Arnold then delivered his address. When he had finished, the chairman, by no means done with his subject, arose and said that if any scientific gentleman in the audience was not satisfied with what he had heard, he might come forward and have it out with the lecturer on the same platform. No one responded, so he called on his fellow occupants of the platform to express their views. Edward Everett Hale contented himself with quoting one of his characters to the effect that "so much had been said and so well said." George B. Loring said he would only ask the privilege of publicly taking Arnold by the hand. William Walter Phelps, who had been delicately referred to as a "reform politician," said he thought the best way of proving the title would be to refrain from making a speech. Still unappeased, the chairman called on Frederick Douglass, whom he saw in the body of the house, to propose a vote of thanks. This is an English and Canadian custom, but one rarely followed at a public lecture in the United States. The venerable ex-slave arose and made the motion, which was put to a rising vote, and, as every one sprang up at the word and began struggling into overcoats and wrappings, it was carried unanimously. So ended a singular incident, accepted, it may be added, with imperturbable good-humour, by the lecturer, who, perhaps, did not need to be told that his impromptu chairman had partaken too freely of a beverage not unlike that which once landed Mr. Pickwick in the village pound.

After Arnold came Edmund Gosse and Dean Farrar. The former had been engaged to deliver courses of lectures before the Lowell Institute, of Boston, and the Johns Hopkins University, and he also gave numerous single lectures in different parts of the country. No foreign author ever made more friends in a single visit to America than did Gosse. Everywhere he said what was wisest and best in the happiest way, and he carried away most pleasant impressions of his American cousins.

The Dean of Canterbury also came as a lecturer, and a chapter on "A Group of Eminent Americans," in his lately published reminiscences, tells of the friendships he made in this country. Brooks, Holmes, Lowell, Whittier and many another wear a familiar look as pictured by

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the Dean, and of the amiable and benevolent George W. Childs we are told that he made his guest "accept a gold pocket-knife and a gold pencil-case"—these, no doubt, in lieu of the tea-cups or the ticket of admission to a home for feeble-minded children which less favoured visitors used to carry away from the Philadelphia editor's sanctum. But through all runs a note of hearty appreciation of the kindness with which the Dean was met everywhere in America, and in the good stories he tells at our expense it is easy to see the humour. Mingled with this there is a touch of pathos in the words of a letter Archbishop Benson wrote to Dean Farrar only a few days before his death, when he was looking forward with dread to the labours which the Lambeth Conference would entail upon him, and named as one of them "his house always full of bishops—every American bishop comes with his family and stays three days."

Rudyard Kipling, like Sienkiewicz and Stevenson, had his spurs yet to win when he made his first visit to America. That was in the summer of 1889, and he came as a staff correspondent of the Allahabad *Pioneer,* which had sent him off on a tour of the world. Going first to Japan, he thence came to America, writing on the way and in this country the series of remarkable and sometimes acidious, letters which appeared in the *Pioneer* under the title of "From Sea to Sea." During the next year *Plain Tales from the Hills* and *Departmental Ditties* were reprinted in London, and their immediate success, along with that of new tales and poems which showed the wide and varied range of Kipling's creative genius, made him, in the short space of two years, the most widely known of living English authors.

It was as such that in London, in the spring of 1891, he took to wife the sister of his friend and comrade, Wolcott Balestier. Shortly after their marriage the Kiplings came to America, and established their home at Brattleboro, Vermont, in a pleasant and beautifully situated house they had built for themselves. There their two eldest children were born, and there they continued to live until September, 1896, since which time they have made their home at Rottingdean, England. Of Kipling's last visit to America, and the sudden illness which brought him to the very portals of death, there is no need to speak, so fresh are both in the public mind.

Closing mention remains to be made of a numerous company of foreign authors, a majority lured hither by the Lyceum manager, who have tarried in America during the last dozen years. The names of Paul Blouet and of the late Amelia B. Edwards, whose successes on the platform are well remembered, head a list which includes those of Madame Henri Greville and the much-lamented Henry Drummond, whose "Greatest Thing in the World" was first delivered to an American audience; Sir Edwin Arnold, who several times has crossed the western ocean to put his fortunes as a lecturer to the test; Professors Jebb and Mahaffy; Sergius Stepniak, the Russian revolutionist; Sir Walter Besant and Theodore Bentzon, honoured and welcome visitors to the World's Fair of 1893; Rider Haggard, Phil Robinson, Beatrice Harraden, Paul Bourget, Conan Doyle, the younger Dickens, Dean Hole, Hall Caine, J. M. Barrie, Ian Maclaren, Ferdinand Brunetière and Anthony Hope, and yesterday paused for the moment upon those of Rene Doumic and Richard Le Gallienne.

How much and what varied talent these names stand for! Yet, were it possible, one would cheerfully barter them all for a fulfilment of Carlyle's desire, often expressed to Emerson and other friends, but which never saw realisation. A book on American folk and institutions penned by dour Thomas would not, it is safe to say, have ministered to our vanity, but it would have been something worth having. *Rufus Rockwell Wilson.*

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LITERARY PARIS

Rarely has a "Séance de Réception" in the French Academy aroused as much interest as the sitting of April 18, in which Émile Faguet took his seat as the successor of Victor Cherbuliez. This interest was due not to the importance of the new member, though Émile Faguet is not "le premier venu," nor even to the desire of hearing his predecessor eulogised, although all novel readers who like a novel to be entertaining have a great debt of gratitude to Victor Cherbuliez, but to the fact that Émile Ollivier was for the first time in his life to be heard in a "Séance de Réception." How this happened is a rather curious story.

Émile Ollivier is neither a young nor a new member of the Academy. He is seventy-six years old, and became an Immortel in April, 1870. And yet his own "discours de réception" remains undelivered, and Émile Faguet is the first new member whose "discours de réception" was answered by him.

When elected, in April, 1870, Ollivier was prime minister of Napoleon III. The Academy, under that reign, had been rather an opposition body, with some leanings toward the Orleanist party. And yet it wished to keep to a certain extent on good terms with the government. An opportunity to extend the olive branch to the Tuileries was offered by the death of Lamartine. Émile Ollivier, formerly the brilliant leader of the young Republicans, had, in spite of his reconciliation with the Imperial government, remained to the last an intimate friend of the old poet who had proclaimed the Republic in 1848. The Academy was filled with men who justified their opposition to the government of Napoleon III. by the absence under his régime of the main conditions of parliamentary government, and it was as the restorer of those conditions that Émile Ollivier had come to power. He was, moreover, a political orator of unquestionable brilliancy, often forcible, poetical and eloquent, and it had been the practice of the Academy to reward by an election the masters of political oratory. Thus Berryer, the Legitimist, and Jules Favre, the Republican, had been called among its members. The election of Émile Ollivier, who had almost a walkover, seemed likely to usher in an era of good feeling.

Three months later, war was declared against Prussia. Émile Ollivier proclaimed in the House that the government of which he was the head entered upon that conflict *le cœur léger* with a light heart, and three weeks after this declaration the French armies, thrown in inferior numbers and in a woeful state of unpreparedness against an admirably equipped enemy, had suffered the crushing reverses of Wissembourg, Woerth and Forbach.

Émile Ollivier was hurled from power. He was left without any support either from the Republicans, whom he had betrayed, or the Bonapartists, whom he had led to their ruin. For a while, however, he was forgotten. France braced up for a life-and-death struggle, and the terrible conflict raged until the exhaustion of the defeated party was well-nigh complete.

Then at last, under the wise guidance of Adolphe Thiers, that is, of the man who had most energetically striven to prevent the declaration of war, and who had said to the imperial ministers, "You are not ready," the country began to resume the train of its normal activity. The Academy returned to its usual functions, and had to think of elections and "Séances de Réception." The illustrious body was greatly embarrassed. A new member has to be eulogised. How could one eulogise the man who, more than any one else, was held responsible for the disasters and mutilation of the Fatherland, the man who went by the nickname of "L'Homme au Cœur Léger"? And things were not made easier by Émile

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Ollivier's own nature. He is supremely egotistical. He felt no remorse. He was and is still as self-satisfied as when I heard him say in the Chamber of Deputies: "Tant que moi" (and what an emphatic *moi!*) "et mes amis nous serons au pouvoir, la liberté n'aura rien à craindre!"

Just as, under Napoleon, the Academy was unwilling to come to any open break with the government, so it was now greatly averse to offending public opinion. Therefore, on various pretexts, the official reception of the ex-minister was delayed. But everything must come to an end, and finally a day had to be appointed for the dreaded open meeting.

Émile Ollivier then began writing his speech. When he had completed it he read it, according to custom, before a committee of the Academy. The committee declined to approve it and asked for a few changes. The *récipiendaire* refused to make the changes, and the Academy crawled out of the hole in which it found itself by deciding that though not received in open session Émile Ollivier would be admitted to all the privileges of members in full standing.

But here opens a second, and perhaps still more curious, chapter of the story. Every third month the Academy elects its officers for the ensuing quarter. The presiding officer is called *Directeur,* and one of his duties is to answer the "discours de réception" of the successors of all the members who die during his term of office. It is a tradition that every member is after a while elected *Directeur.* The office was filled by Émile Ollivier when in September, 1877, suddenly, Adolphe Thiers died. His successor was Henri Martin, the historian, always a staunch and uncompromising Republican. What sort of a speech would Émile Ollivier prepare under the circumstances? He did just what could be expected of him. His speech was as self-laudatory as the subject would allow, and he went so far as to censure Adolphe Thiers severely for not coming over to the Imperial government after the first disasters of August, 1870. Again he was asked by a committee to alter his speech, again he declined, and the Academy had to decide that another member would be substituted for him and answer Henri Martin's "discours de réception."

This year nothing of the kind was to be feared. Émile Faguet is a literary critic, not a political character. Victor Cherbuliez distinguished himself as a novelist. And the passions of the war are now over thirty years old. Everything was sure to go off smoothly. The sitting was an interesting one. Faguet was what he usually is, and the public seems to like his affected and cumbrously involved style, his conceits and his undoubtedly subtle method of literary analysis. Émile Ollivier determined to show that the orator that he was years ago is not dead yet, and he recited his speech instead of reading it, while holding in his hand the manuscript, which had, this time, received the approval of the committee. He also made a bid for the approval of his old enemies, the Republicans, and inserted in his address a eulogy of Voltaire, whom Faguet once, in a volume on the Eighteenth Century, had painted in very dark colours.

Next month I shall have to write of another reception, that of Berthelot, the great free-thinking scientist, who was received, but too late for any details to have reached us yet, by Jules Lemaître, and also of two elections, which are to take place on the 30th of May, and one of which is almost sure to confer the privilege of immortality on the author of *Cyrano de Bergerac* and *L'Aiglon.*

I have had so much to say about the Academy that I have not much space left for the other events of Parisian intellectual life; and yet, even leaving books aside, there have been some: for instance, the sensational trial and acquittal of the would-be murderess of old Professor Deschanel. The jury thought that the unfortunate girl had been sufficiently punished by the death of her best friend, poor little Zélénine, who threw herself between the muzzle of the revolver and the venerable Professor, whose crime was that he looked like another man by whom Véra-Gélo declared she had been insulted in Geneva, while he was attending quietly to his duties in Paris!

Drama was to be found also outside of the Palais de Justice. The Vaudeville has just produced a strong play by Paul Hervieu, *La Course du Flambeau,* in which for the first time Réjane ap-

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pears as the mother of an adult. At the Opéra Comique another event of literary significance, the production of an opera, *L'Ouragan*, the libretto of which is by Zola. Of course the music is by Alfred Bruneau. Zola writes librettos for nobody else, and for Bruneau he had already written three, *L'Attaque du Moulin*, *Le Rêve* and *Messidor*.

On the book stalls Zola again, with a very powerful book, *Travail*, the first forty pages of which, both by their descriptive accuracy and suggestive power, are among the best things he has written, and are not far from equalling the best passages of Tolstoy's *Resurrection*. The book is uneven, of course, or else it would not be Zola's. But the frivolous will think, in spite of themselves, when reading it, and of how many books can the same be said?

Charming reading, decidedly soothing after the terrible pictures of Zola's book, will be found in Jules Simon's *Premières Années*, the first volume of the celebrated orator's memoirs, published by his sons.

Strangely enough, while we are thus called back to Jules Simon, another of Cousin's great disciples, Théodore Jouffroy, more than forty years after his death, reappears with two delightful volumes of letters.

Gaston Paris, in Hachette's *Série des Grands Écrivains Français* gives us a short, substantial, and fascinating monograph on Villon, the Verlaine of the fifteenth century.

We cannot have a month without something on Napoleon. This month I have to mention *L'Expédition d'Egypte*, by C. de la Jonquière, written mostly from a military point of view; *L'Aiglon en Images*, by John Grand-Carteret, an amusing book, reproducing the Duc de Reichstadt in all real and imagined attitudes, and showing how well "documenté" Rostand managed to be before writing his play; and finally an excellent translation of Lord Rosebery's book, by Augustin Filon.

We can hardly escape Victor Hugo more than Napoleon. On him we have a very thorough piece of literary investigation and criticism, *Victor Hugo et la Grande Poésie Satirique*, by Professor Paul Stapfer.

Another professor, Professor Aulard, issues in book form his *Histoire Politique de la Révolution Française*, a masterly recital of the purely political events of the period.

L'Afrique Australe, by Elisée Reclus, the great geographer, and his brother, Onésime, will enable any one to know thoroughly the country in which take place the events related in Jean Carrère's *En pleine Epopée*, a day-by-day record of the heroic deeds of the South African burghers.

I shall mention also three novels, one a study of passion, *Maudit soit l'Amour*, by the woman who wrote *Amitié Amoureuse*, a study of American life; *Eve Victorieuse*, by Pierre de Coulevain, that is, by Mademoiselle Favre, formerly of Boston; and a slightly connected series of amusing sketches, *La Tournée, Scènes de la Vie de Théâtre*, by Jean Ajalbert.

Adolphe Cohn.

A CHRONICLE OF OUR OWN TIMES

I.

PARTIES AND POLITICS.

In the *Commoner* of *April 25* and *May 3* Mr. Bryan definitely stated his position in regard to Democratic reorganisation and the readmission to the party councils of the Gold Democrats. These Palmer and Buckner Democrats, said Mr. Bryan, wish now to be leaders of the party, and they ask us to abandon the platform of 1896, reaffirmed in 1900, and to drive away our allies, the Populists and Silver Republicans. We cannot accept the conditions. "The principles set forth in the Chicago platform and in the Kansas City platform are fundamental." "Harmony" with those who do not accept these platforms is impossible. But while Mr. Bryan thus rigidly enforces the principles of his party, the solidly Democratic South has lately shown a tendency to break away

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from these dictates, at least so far as they are thought to stand in the way of Southern industrial and commercial progress. The frank advocacy by Senator McLaurin of expansion and a protective tariff, and the President's addresses on his Western trip, which began on *April 27* by way of the South, brought about the admission by many Southern papers that political conditions there could no longer be considered as settled. The fear of negro domination, said the *Richmond Times* in effect, formerly kept all the whites in the Democratic Party, but this fear has been largely removed of late years, and consequently the "many whites all through the South who believe in the principles and policies of the Republican Party" are, or may soon be, free to follow their choice. That this political choice will be largely directed by Southern commercial interests may be indicated by the following, quoted with approval by the *Charleston Post:* "The acquisition of the Philippine Islands will do more for the upbuilding and development of the South in general and for our Southern cotton growers and Southern mills in particular than any event that has or could possibly occur." In the same strain the President, whose remarks were enthusiastically received, said at New Orleans on *May 1:* Protection for sugar and rice, harbour and river improvements, the open door to China "that we may send the product of our cotton fields, made up into cotton goods, to the millions in the Orient;" "good money and plenty of it;" territorial expansion, "are we not all in agreement upon these things?" The same view of the Southerner's position seems also to be taken by Mr. Bryan, though from a very different standpoint. He says of Senator McLaurin's stand for Republican policies, that it "marks the beginning of a movement in the South which will have an influence upon the politics of the nation." The aristocratic and plutocratic element for which the Senator speaks is a growing one. "Corporations are increasing in number and magnitude in the South. The commercialism which has debauched municipal and State governments in the North will soon be apparent in the South."

On *May 6* the *Journal of Commerce* published an interview with Mr. George E. Roberts, Director of the Mint, which appears to indicate the apparently increasing feeling in the rank and file of the Republican Party that protective tariffs should, to some extent, be lowered and reciprocal trade treaties instituted in their place. Mr. Roberts said that many of the great trusts now seeking foreign markets produce goods so cheaply that they are independent of protective tariffs, and while much of the legislation urged against trusts would be unwise, "the demand that protective duties on the goods they produce be removed, is not impracticable or unreasonable." These duties "appear as an offensive barrier in the eyes of foreigners," and are made the excuse for denials of commercial concessions to us. Tariff revision should be enacted and "should be accompanied by reciprocity negotiations, so that our concessions may secure concessions elsewhere."

II.

CUBAN AFFAIRS.

On *April 12* the Cuban Constitutional Convention rejected by a vote of 18 to 10 the so-called Platt amendment, upon the "substantial" acceptance of which by Cuba the President was authorised to release the island from United States authority. The clauses of the amendment particularly objected to by the Convention were those directing that the Cubans should lease or sell coaling stations to the United States, that the United States might, for cause, intervene in the internal affairs of Cuba, and that the title to the Isle of Pines—commonly considered as Cuban property, but for lack of specific mention in the Paris Treaty becoming technically one of the "other islands," ceded by Spain to the United States—should be decided by negotiation between Cuba and the United States. On *April 13* the Convention reconsidered its action so far as to provide for the appointment of a commission of five, of whom General D. M. Capote, President of the Convention, was made chairman, to learn at first hand from the Administration the precise import of the Platt amendment, and to ascertain what chance Cuba stood to have abolished the

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tariff wall erected against her sugar and tobacco.

On *April 25* the delegates conferred at Washington with Secretary Root, who spoke for the President; that evening they dined at the White House, "at the plate of each guest being a boutonnière of carnations." It seemed evident that outside of friendly explanations and attentions the Executive was forced to answer *non possumus* to Cuban hopes. For he could not alter the terms of the Platt amendment if he would; and though he pledged himself not to treat Cuba as a dependency he could not bind the future. In regard to the lowering of the duties against Cuba, he might indeed make recommendations to Congress, but he could not coerce legislation or fix the attitude of the tobacco growers of Connecticut, the cane-sugar growers of Louisiana or the beet-sugar growers, scattered east and west and daily increasing in numbers.

That some favourable tariff legislation was urgently needed by Cuba was generally admitted. In 1892, a fairly representative year before the war, Cuban imports stood at $64,000,000 and her exports at $93,000,000. For the fiscal year 1900, with the Spanish market practically closed to her, and none to take its place, the imports of Cuba were $71,681,189 and the exports, $45,228,346. The imports, that is, were slightly larger, but the exports were nearly halved. Moreover, the imports for 1900 included only a small amount of machinery, engines and agricultural implements, showing apparently that the American capital so much needed by Cuba for the development of industries and to repair the havoc of the war, had not yet entered Cuba to a considerable extent and probably would not, until a market was provided for Cuban products.

On *May 7* the Commission reported to the Convention their findings at Washington, including an account of the White House dinner. As reported by the press, the Commission recounted in pleased vein that the United States would not interfere in Cuba unless a foreign power attacked Cuba or unless Cuban domestic concerns were absolutely chaotic; that the United States, in order the better to protect Cuban independence, desired, as coaling stations, Capes Maisi and San Antonio and another point commanding the Gulf; that *after* the Platt amendment had been accepted the President would appoint a commission to draw up a commercial treaty in conjunction with a Cuban commission, and that there was nothing in the Platt amendment to prevent Cuba from appointing diplomatic representatives to all the foreign courts. "But what for?" asked a critical paper.

III.

PHILIPPINE AFFAIRS.

On *April 19* was issued General Aguinaldo's expected address to the Filipinos urging them to accept the sovereignty of the United States government. "The Filipinos," said the General, "have never been dismayed at their weakness, nor have they faltered in following the path pointed out by their fortitude and courage." But the time has come when "they find their advance along this path to be impeded by an irresistible force." So "the country has declared unmistakably in favour of peace." This declaration cannot be ignored by the men still in arms who desire to serve the noble Filipino people. "I," he said, "respect this wish now that it is known to me. I cannot disregard the lamentations of thousands of families yearning to see their dear ones enjoying the liberty and the promised generosity of the great American nation." In recognition of this manifesto and of Aguinaldo's turn of heart, General MacArthur immediately ordered the release, on their swearing allegiance, of one thousand insurgent prisoners. General Aguinaldo also was allowed to exchange for a private residence his military quarters at Malacanan Palace. After the issuance of Aguinaldo's pronunciamento news came in rapid succession of the surrender of nearly all of the remaining Filipino leaders. There were General Tinio and General Alejandrino, Padre Aglipay, said to be Aguinaldo's old-time bishop, and two notable cousins of Aguinaldo, General Baldomera Aguinaldo, former Secretary of War, and Colonel Pero Aguinaldo. With these and other surrenders there appeared to be left but two Filipino forces with any

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organisation at all; one small band, and a larger one under Lucban, who was described as an outlaw and a violater of the codes of war. Several of the Filipino officers who surrendered were reported to have requested the authorities to permit them to proceed with the Americans against the Ladrones, and volunteered themselves for this patriotic service.

IV.

TRADE MOVEMENTS.

On *April 25*, a formal offer was made by the Great Northern Railway and the Northern Pacific Railway, jointly, to purchase all or not less than two-thirds of the stock of the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy Railroad, and to pay for the stock at the rate of $200 in 4 per cent. bonds for every $100 in stock, or in cash at the same rate up to $50,000,000, and the remainder in bonds. The directors of the Chicago road transmitted this offer to its stockholders on *May 1*, advising them that the offer must be accepted, if at all, before May 20.

On the morning of *May 9*, a panic, violent, localised and brief, broke over the New York Stock Exchange. Stocks and bonds fell abruptly from 10 to 40 points or more, the margins of thousands of outside speculators were wiped out, the interest on money lent on demand rose to 60 per cent., and an enormous cash aggregate was transferred from the believers in stocks that ever soared to the few who had been "standing from under" patiently waiting for a fall. But during this mêlée and bargain hour, the common stock of Northern Pacific, which the afternoon before had closed at 160, or perhaps twice its actual value, continued to rise until it sold for cash at 1000 or ten times its par value.

Though the abnormally high prices obtaining on the Stock Exchange during several previous weeks intensified the effects of the panic, the panic itself was precipitated by the objection of the Union Pacific Railway, represented primarily by Mr. E. H. Harriman, Messrs. Kuhn, Loeb & Co., and Mr. James Stillman, to the sale, unless prior traffic agreements were made with the Union Pacific, of the Chicago road to the two Northern roads. By ownership of the Chicago road the two Northern roads would reach the strategic transportation points of Chicago, St. Louis and Kansas City; and could connect these with their own lines to the northwest and the Pacific, and via steamer to the Orient. The Great Northern already touched the Chicago road at Minneapolis, while the Northern Pacific touched it at St. Paul east of the Missouri and at Billings, Montana, to the west. Thus the Northern roads, if the Chicago purchase was made, would not only be prepared to do a general transportation business along the route from Kansas City to Denver, where the Chicago road paralleled the Union Pacific, but could divert, for through Eastern or Western shipment, grain and corn from Union Pacific territory, bringing back in return lumber from the Pacific Coast, and manufactured goods from the East.

As Union Pacific interests were both displeased with the prospect, and unable, apparently, to bring the Northern roads, and their spokesmen, Mr. James J. Hill and Messrs. J. P. Morgan & Company, to admit at this time "a community of railroad interest," the Union Pacific started in to buy up, in the open market, a controlling interest of the Northern Pacific common stock, amounting to $80,000,000, in order to force concessions from the Northern roads or to prevent through the voting power vested in Northern Pacific stock the purchase of the Chicago by the Northern roads. As nearly as can be ascertained, there were at that time not more than 200,000 shares, or one-fourth of the total issue, of Northern Pacific common stock on the market; the rest being held by Morgan and Hill interests, in London, or for investment. Therefore, as buying by the Union Pacific continued and as numbers of outside speculators joined in, and probably also representatives of Northern Pacific who wished to be sure of retaining their control, a "short interest" of tremendous proportions developed. The supply of stock would not go round. Those who sold the stock, expecting to borrow it for delivery, could not get it at a price less than treble or quadruple its value, and often not then. To raise the ransom demanded of them, these unhappy sellers of what was not, were obliged to sacrifice investment securities in great quanti-

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ties; prices dropped, and with their fall the miscellaneous holdings of speculators whose margins were wiped out, were dumped in heaps on the market; and the market collapsed. At this juncture, when wild demoralisation prevailed, the rival railroad representatives, who had wittingly and unwittingly brought on the panic, came to the rescue by announcing that they would not for the present endeavour to enforce the delivery of Northern Pacific stock due to them and would in any event allow the contracts to be settled at a reasonable figure.

The possession of the Northern Pacific road remained in doubt; both sides claiming it. It seemed probable, however, that Messrs. Hill and Morgan had actually in hand a controlling block of the stock; while Union Pacific offices were littered with contracts to deliver. The whole event gave occasion to much comment in the press upon the power for widespread destruction given to capitalists who let their passions rise. Also there were many morals drawn as to the disaster which inevitably overtook outsiders—Lambs who went to shear the Wolves of Wall Street—and who though they had lost what they had, should not be pitied. Commercial papers seemed to think that in one way, by reducing speculation and lowering prices to a legitimate level, the panic was worth nearly what it cost. London papers considered that such a violent disturbance of values, at a time when the United States was exceedingly prosperous, would go far to keep awake in England a distrust of American securities.

On *April 19*, the Board of Classification of United States General Appraisers decided that the Secretary of the Treasury had been correct in holding that the Russian government paid a bounty on export sugar and in imposing, therefore, as prescribed by the Dingley tariff, a countervailing duty on that sugar when imported to the United States. The Board stated that the Russian government practically supervised the entire sugar production of the country; that it subjected sugar sold at home to a large tax, but remitted that tax on export sugar; that the machinery for effecting this tax remission was by the issuing of official certificates of export, entitling the exporters to freedom from the tax. If a bounty was to be defined as a benefit conferred upon a class of citizens at the direct or indirect expense of the public treasury, then both the fact and the method of the release from taxation of Russian export sugar proved the existence of a bounty which the United States could not under the law disregard. It was stated that if this decision of the Board of Classification was upheld by the Federal Courts, appeal to which would be at once taken, either the tariff regulations of the country would have to be revised, or else European countries would be likely to discriminate against various United States exports on the ground that they were bounty fed. For exported spirits, tobacco and iron and steel products received from the United States a remission of the entire revenue tax or drawbacks representing payment to the United States on the importation of articles used in the manufacture of an exported product.

On *April 30* announcement was made that Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan had purchased for American interests control of the Leyland Steamship line, a British company with 58 ships, engaged in the Atlantic, Mediterranean, West Indian and Pacific trades. It was commonly rumoured at the same time that to the tonnage of 246,146 so acquired, Mr. Morgan would add the Atlantic Transport line with a tonnage of 107,317, exclusive of eight ships building, and also the International Navigation Company. The English press was disposed to take this transfer much to heart and to see visions of the Americans, unsatisfied with supremacy in coal, steel and agricultural products, hauling down the Union Jack. But against such a sad view at least one American religious paper protested, saying smugly that it was based on a "false conception of commerce (competition) as a kind of war," whereas competition was in fact "a form of service." Yet nations have fallen to demonstrate the truth of this "false conception" and of the correlated one that "the basis and condition of nationality is economic independence."

On the allotment of the English loan of £60,000,000, United States capitalists who had subscribed for one-half of the total amount were awarded one-sixth.

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V.

ENGLISH AFFAIRS.

On *April 18*, Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, opened a Pandora's Box in the House of Commons, in the shape of the budget proposals. The war, Sir Michael said, plus the operations in China, had already cost £153,000,000, or twice what the Crimean War cost. For the fiscal year, ending March 31, 1902, he estimated the expenditure at £182,962,000, providing that payments on the sinking fund were suspended, and the revenue at £132,255,000, thus leaving a deficit of £50,707,000. To raise this entire amount by loans, and so shunt the burden of the South African War, in addition to the existing national debt of £687,932,000, upon the taxpayers of the future, he would not agree to, and instead he proposed additional taxation to the amount of £11,000,000 annually. Of this £11,000,000 it was estimated that an increase in the income tax from a shilling to a shilling twopence on the pound would yield £4,700,000; duties on sugar, molasses and glucose would bring the amount up to £8,900,000; and an export duty of a shilling a ton on coal would add the remaining £2,100,000 required. By this taxation the deficit would be reduced to £39,707,000, but the Chancellor recommended that a loan for £60,000,000 be issued in order that the government might be prepared for any and all emergencies.

Of the Chancellor's proposals, the export duty on coal met especial opposition. It was said that, owing to the narrow difference of prices in the coal trade of the world, this shilling duty would allow German and American coal to compete in Europe and other countries with English coal; that consequently English coal would be exported to a less extent than previously, and thereby not alone would the mining industry be injured, but also the shipping industry, which to a considerable extent depended upon it. That the export coal trade was of great importance was shown by the fact that of the 225,000,000 tons of coal produced in Great Britain in 1900, 45,108,011 tons were exported to foreign countries and 11,752,219 were used by vessels in the foreign trade. The total value of this export coal was about £67,600,000, of which amount £47,000,000 represented exports proper and the remainder, coal in the carrying trade. Admitting these figures, however, it was not clear to the supporters of the ministry how the shilling duty was likely, in the immediate future, to damage the export trade. For Germany imports at the present time twice as much coal as she exports and the United States in 1900 exported only 7,917,000 tons, of which two-thirds went to British North America. The great bulk of English coal exports on the other hand are sent to the Continent. To the Chancellor, the export argument did not appear of especial interest either way. He intimated, however, that a lessened export of coal would lower prices at home, and if this reduced the somewhat extravagant profits of mining, at least the manufacturing industries of the country would benefit through cheaper production. Anyway, his proposals had been made, and it would be easier for him to resign than to remodel them. After much discussion Sir Michael's recommendations were accepted, the most important, the coal tax, passing on *May 6*.

One subject which seemed to be definitely shelved by the Chancellor's intended sugar duty was that of the gradual establishment of a *Zollverein*, or preferential duties within the Empire and a protective duty against the world. Though the times were unusually propitious for colonial preferment, the new tax in no way exempted West Indian sugars.

That the Unionist ministry, through a variety of ill-defined reasons, was moving straight to defeat, and would already have been defeated but for the general debility of the Liberal party, was stoutly asserted on many sides and with a backing of fact. For repeatedly during the month the Unionist plurality, which, after the November elections, was 134, fell to 40 and once to 12.

On *April 24*, the Sister of the Deceased Wife, which Parliament seems unable to dispose of, again became the centre of interest in the Commons and was discussed with becoming gravity. Besides the theological objections to permitting a man to marry his dead wife's sister there is involved, as stated editorially by the London *Times*, a principle; the principle upon which the English so-

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cial system has been built up. That principle is that "the relations of a man's wife are his own relations in the same degree" as are his blood relations. The example of America adduced in the Commons to the contrary "was not happy" said the *Times*.

VI.

OTHER FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

On *April 25*, Mr. Edwin H. Conger, United States Minister to China, said in regard to the question of Chinese indemnities: "China could pay $300,000,000 in my opinion without being crippled. She would have to practise economy and make some reforms in finance that could be pointed out to her, but that is the furthest limit China could go." Advices received in Washington on *May 8*, from Mr. William W. Rockhill, Special Commissioner to China, stated that the foreign Ministers had decided upon requesting $337,000,000 from China, and had also asked China how she proposed to raise that amount. The expressed wish of the United States that the total Chinese indemnity should not exceed $200,000,000 was thus disregarded, only England, as was reported, assenting to it. Greater trading privileges are desired by the Powers generally; and the difficulty seems to be, not to coax China to sign the requisite treaties, but to have her enforce them equitably, in the face of the cupidity of the provincial governors and the inside concessions made to individual Powers. For additional trading privileges probably each European Power would abate the indemnity due it; the privilege of guaranteeing a loan made by China to pay indemnities to the other Powers would be equally prized by any single Power, since the guarantee would necessitate control by that Power of Chinese customs with all that goes therewith. In the meantime and until each Power feels that its neighbour will not receive disproportionate advantage from China's troubles, the board bill of the European armies against China continues to increase.

The construction of interior waterways seems to be receiving increased attention from European governments. On *April 26*, the Imperial Government of Austria submitted to the Reichsrath a bill for the construction of four canals, in the districts of the Danube, Moldau, Elbe and Vistula; the canals to be built between 1904 and 1924, and on borrowed money. Premier von Koerber stated that the low rates that would be charged for transportation along the projected routes would relieve agricultural depression and assist industries, especially those of sugar and of textile fabrics, and would aid the competition of Austrian with foreign goods.

On *May 3* Emperor William, King of Prussia, prorogued the Prussian Diet on account of its refusal to accept the canal bill which was his personal measure, and which had failed of passage in 1899 and in 1900. The bill was intended to further the construction of a system of canals, already partially completed, affording extensive interior communications, and, among other things, connecting by water Berlin and the Rhine. The bill was opposed by the agriculturists, or Agrarians, rich in vested rights and political power, on the ground that the canals tended to bring foreign products into competition with those of Germany. It is the Agrarians also who have succeeded in passing various high protective measures for the sheltering of the home agricultural market and have in other ways acted as a brake on industrial progress.

It appears that business and financial conditions are bad in Japan. Speculation, too much buying abroad of machinery and other insignia of western progress, and the curtailment of exports on account of bad crops and the Chinese imbroglio, are given as the main causes. Since 1894 Japan's foreign trade has more than doubled; since that time also her imports have annually been in excess of her exports, and this though the duty on exports has been abolished and the duty on imports largely increased. Partially through the large expenses incurred by the government in putting Japan on a war footing, partially through business enterprises which have endeavoured to expand unduly, the capital of the country seems exhausted; and for a number of reasons, some of them not over creditable to the nation, foreign capital declines to invest. During the month the failure of several banks was recorded, and on *May 1*, the members of

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the Japanese cabinet, with the exception of the Minister of War, resigned. Their resignation, it seems, was caused more by the financial crisis and by the postponement of public works than by purely political considerations.

On *May 9*, the first Federal Parliament of the Australian Commonwealth, consisting of the states of New South Wales, Queensland, South Australia, Tasmania, Victoria and Western Australia, was opened by the Duke of Cornwall and York at Melbourne.

Mansfield Allan.

NOVEL NOTES

THE COLUMN. By Charles Marriott. New York: John Lane. $1.50.

The extent of our exasperation with his book may be the measure of Mr. Marriott's ability. Very likely. A thing of no account could not stir us to such active revolt as does this. It is marvellously clever; quite needlessly clever. As an imitation of Meredith it is, of course, one of scores; though that he has caught the trick better than most, a passage like this will serve to show.

> She suggested ample costume in expressive pantomime.
>
> Caspar writhed joyously, but invisibly. He followed Mrs. Bargister's mental windings unerringly; he tracked her into the innermost recesses of domesticity, unheeding the finger-posts of discretion.
>
> So I said, "George, my dear, if it is only for her own sake, somebody should speak; you know the advantages men are always ready to take?"
>
> She nodded the familiar tragedy of melodrama.

This is probably reverent imitation, though there are passages in his description of the heroine Daphne which seem more like audacious caricature, and of the later Meredith, too, the Meredith of Aminta and Carinthia.

We freely own that Daphne and her story mean to Mr. Marriott something quite different from what they mean to us; but we don't admit the fault to be all our own. Looked at straightly, the tale seems to us something like this. An idealist living in Cornwall brings up his daughter on principles of "epic sanity." She walks and swims like a goddess, we hear; and really, on first acquaintance, she seems a rather nice girl, wholesomely stupid, and with a great dislike of "jaw." How she would have detested this biography of herself, by the way! The first young man that crosses her path she falls in love with, and her father, whose wisdom is lauded to the skies, gives her into his keeping without inquiry or anxiety. Basil, according to Mr. Marriott, is a disagreeable mixture of the full-blooded prig and the timid sensualist; but we cannot withhold some sympathy from a man mated to a goddess whose walk was like the march from "Alcestis," but who was curiously obstinate and unimpressionable, and who "belonged so emphatically" to her Cornish landscape that she refused to leave it to follow her husband to his duties in London. Basil is a "Settlement" young man; and Daphne is indolently contemptuous of efforts toward the elevation of the "masses." She sneers at "Settlement" work as "that disease." Goaded into defence of her attitude, she, too, becomes sententious, and says, "The evil we do is often the fruit of our noblest endeavour; the good the offspring of some casual vice." By herself she is quite incapable of such a sentence, and is, of course, quoting her father—quite in the way of the terrible Carinthia. Daphne's conduct, stolid, obstinate, ungracious, after marriage, may be according to the pattern of ancient Greece; and if so, we are glad ancient Greece is quite dead and unrevivable. "Epic sanity" does not stir us to admiration exhibited like this. A girl friend says of her home without a feminine retreat: "It is like—oh, it is like a sea without a harbour."

> "Yes?" said Daphne, with her indolent smile. "I don't need harbours."

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"But, surely, sometimes—when you are tired, or have a headache—"

"I never have a headache," said Daphne, solemnly, "and when I'm tired I go to bed."

Well, in the end—we are not coherent, but neither is the story—since in marrying Basil she feels she has sinned against Nature and the Column (of which something presently), and the sea, she swims out to the deep, and, either because she is not quite so skilful as Aminta, or, for all her divine qualities, she is rather wanting in pluck to face life, she never comes back again. The ideal in Mr. Marriott's mind was very different, of course. If he were a poet he might have expressed all of her in a sonnet. But as he has written in an elaborate prose, which by moments is quite as reminiscent of Miss Corelli as of Mr. Meredith, he and his Daphne must take the consequences. Yet Mr. Marriott has undoubted humour. Mrs. Bargister supplies excellent comedy. Gertrude, with her sensuous religiosity, is admirably satirised; so is Basil playing the dilettante father. The mockery of "Settlements," if not quite fair, is scathingly effective. Sometimes we are startled by his aptness and force; as when the boy Johnnie, thinking of his very youthful friendship with Daphne, reflects, "It was as if one had foregathered with an angel unawares, and afterward remembered with shame certain authoritative utterances on the subject of wing-feathers."

And what of the Column—the column Daphne's father brought from Greece and set up as a symbol of something on the Cornish coast? Well, the Column means, of course, more than we know. But we guess it to stand, among other things, for simplicity, for dignity. Oh, that Mr. Marriott would set it up in his back garden!

THE TURN OF THE ROAD. By Eugenia Brooks Frothingham. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Company. $1.50.

This book will be compared to *The Light That Failed* simply because Miss Frothingham has chosen to write of a man who goes blind, and of a woman who, in some ways, is slightly reminiscent of Maisie. It would certainly be rather hard on a new author if we should judge her by a Kipling standard. *The Turn of the Road* is Miss Frothingham's first book, and it is much better than the average first book of the young woman writer. It shows a finished and graceful style, and a pathos which moves even a hardened reviewer. The story tells of the struggle of two human souls, and it is in the character of the man that Miss Frothingham is at her best. She sees him as a man would wish to be seen. The story opens with an animated discussion between Dan and Winifred. He loves this girl "with the passion of his youth, with the strength of his manhood, from the depths of his soul." "Her personality was too strong and independent to be wholly feminine, nor was she a girl the average man would love or be happy in loving. An affair with her would involve elements of doubt and fear—doubt of winning her, fear of her restive power when won." She turns from his love and goes to Europe to devote her life to the study of music. She has a voice, but as she has had no emotional experience, it goes without saying that she does not meet with success. She can't stir or thrill her audiences. She is a well-drilled musical machine. Dan is a great, strong man, and a successful lawyer, when the terrible cross of total blindness is laid upon him. The fear of it grows slowly, and as he goes from one specialist to another to seek relief, the reader is held in a suspense which hurts. Science fails, and utter darkness comes upon him as he is in the midst of an eloquent political speech. It is years before Winifred learns of Dan's affliction, and when the knowledge is brought to her the woman's soul is awakened at last, and she knows! The divine gift of love does for voice that which mere study could never do.

The Turn of the Road is written with much fine feeling and purity of thought. Miss Frothingham makes the reader's eyes ache as she describes the sufferings of Dan, and yet she makes pity for him out of the question. The book rings true, and that is something in these days.

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THE BOOK MART

THE FRENCH, THE THIRD McKEE AND THE SECOND ARNOLD SALES.

The sale of the library of the late Frederick W. French at Libbie's rooms, in Boston, April 23, 24 and 25, was in many respects the most interesting sale of recent years. Especially from the point of view of the seller, as well as that of every owner of rare books (even though he be also a buyer), the sale was a most satisfactory one.

The majority of the books had, we believe, been bought within the past ten years. Mr. French was always a careful buyer, preferring to pay a high price and secure the fine copy rather than to accept another in inferior condition, even at a lower price. His was a library of collector's books, not a student's or a working library. There were first editions of some books by Dickens, Thackeray, Tennyson, Shelley and other writers; but the only long-collected sets approaching completeness were those of the works of Eugene Field, Andrew Lang, Leigh Hunt and A. C. Swinburne.

Among the Fields was a copy with the author's presentation inscription of the first edition of his little *Tribune Primer*, the author's first book. This was the first copy, we believe, to be sold at auction. It brought $250. We know of two copies having been sold privately within the past three years at $125 each. One of these has since changed hands, and presumably at an advanced price, but probably not reaching the auction record.

The writings of Andrew Lang comprised 117 numbers in the catalogue. Except a few in special bindings, none of them brought prices especially notable. Many probably sold at prices less than they originally cost Mr. French.

The collection of Thackeray first editions included some rare books, all of which brought high prices, the *Paris Sketch-Book*, 1840, in the original cloth, selling for $102; the *Second Funeral of Napoleon*, 1841, for $295; *Vanity Fair*, 1848, in the original parts, but with two or three of the wrappers not first issue, $250, and the *Book of Snobs*, morocco, with the cover bound in, $135. All of these are, we believe, record prices on the several books at auction.

The Tennysons included what is probably the prettiest copy of *Poems by Two Brothers* offered for a long time. It was on large paper in the original boards with the paper label and with many leaves unopened. It brought $360, a record price, but not an unreasonable one.

The Shelleys included a good list of rarities. *St. Irvyne*, 1811, brought $190; *Queen Mab*, a beautiful copy, $460, and *Alastor*, $350. These three were all in the original boards uncut. A copy of *The Revolt of Islam* with the misprinted date 1817 on the title-page brought $160, though the copy was not a specially fine one, being in a plain levant binding and with the edges gilded. Copies are generally dated 1818, as they should be. Another copy of the book so dated, but in the original boards, uncut, with a presentation inscription, not signed, however, brought $380. The earlier issue of the same book, with the title *Laon and Cythna*, 1818, in an elaborate binding by Zaehnsdorf, brought $200. If this had contained the half-title following the dedication and the advertisements, it would have brought a much higher price. The *Cenci*, 1819, in an elaborate French binding, uncut, brought $190. *Rosalind and Helen*, 1819, bound in levant morocco by Rivière, uncut, brought $95, and another copy unbound, in the original wrappers, also uncut, brought $90. *Adonais*, 1821, cut down to octavo size, brought $130. *Hellas*, in an elaborate binding by Zaehnsdorf, brought $150. Most of these were record prices on the several books.

Aside from the set of Eugene Field, there were but few first editions of books by American writers. Those worthy of mention were two books by Edgar A. Poe and several by James Russell Lowell. The Poes were both great rarities; his *Al Aaraaf, Tamerlane* and *Minor Poems*, the author's second book, in the original boards, uncut, and a presentation copy from his sister, Rose M. Poe, brought the record price of $1300. McKees in similar condition brought $1100 last fall. A little pamphlet with the title *Prose Romances of Edgar A. Poe, No. 1, The Murders in the Rue Morgue* and *The Man That was Used Up* brought $1000. This *No. 1* was all that was ever published in this form, and this seems to be the only copy extant. Foley stated that two copies are known, but the other one seems to have been lost. The first of these two books cost Mr. French $130 and the second $90. Both were bought about five years ago.

The few notable first editions of Lowell were all presentation copies from the author to John Bartlett. The *Ode Recited at the Commemoration of the Living and Dead Soldiers of Harvard University*, 1865, one of the fifty copies printed for private distribution, brought $410. Recent previous records were $220 in the Arnold sale and $60 at Libbie's in May, 1900. This copy cost Mr. French $15 some years ago. The inscription in this volume was signed with initials. The inscriptions in the other Lowells offered in the sale were unsigned, but they brought prices no less phenomenal. *Biglow Papers*, second series, 1867, sold for $70; *Under the Willows*, 1869, for

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$26; *Among My Books,* two vols., 1870-76, for $75, and *My Study Windows,* 1871, for $45.

Among first editions of other important and rare books worthy of special note were:

Ruskin's *Poems,* 1850, privately printed and very rare, in the original cloth, gilt edges, $325.

FitzGerald's translation of the *Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam,* a cut-down copy, but with the original cover, in an elaborate binding by Rivière, $255.

The Vicar of Wakefield, 1766, two vols., in the original calf binding, $620.

Lamb's *Tales from Shakespeare,* 1807, in a binding by Zaehnsdorf, $300.

Jane Eyre, 1847, three vols., bound by the Belgian binder Samblanck-Weckesser, but not uncut, $150.

The Germ, the little periodical published, four numbers only, by the Pre-Raphaelites, a copy in the original parts, with Rossetti's autograph on the cover of the second number, $410. Another copy in a characteristic binding by Cobden-Sanderson brought $975.

The library contained also collections of books illustrated by Cruikshank; "sporting" books with coloured plates; publications of American book clubs (including the Grolier Club, Caxton Club and the Rowfant Club, of each of which Mr. French was a member; a complete set of the publications of the Kelmscott Press; some fine French books in elaborate bindings with water-colours; a nearly complete set of Mr. William Loring Andrews's books, and some early English poetry. The latter included a fine copy of Milton's *Poems,* 1645, levant morocco by Rivière, $555; *Paradise Regained,* 1671, levant morocco by Rivière, $100; Herrick's *Hesperides,* 1648, top of title and frontispiece restored, $320; Donne's *Poems,* 1633, with the two rare leaves, levant morocco by Rivière, $85; Suckling's *Fragmenta Aurea,* 1646, levant morocco by Rivière, $85; Brandt's *Ship of Fools,* 1570 (the Ives copy, which brought $85 in that sale), $175, etc.

Among the Kelmscott Press publications were three books printed on vellum. The Shakespeare, one of ten copies so printed, brought $675, and the Keats, one of only seven printed, $600. These were both in bindings by Zaehnsdorf, but the bindings, if anything, detracted from rather than added to the value of the books. The third volume, *The Tale of Emperor Coustans,* twenty printed, brought $100.

Several Grolier Club publications also were on vellum. The club's first book, *The Decree of the Star Chamber Concerning Printing,* in an elaborate binding by Lortic, brought $1600, and their second book, the *Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam,* $1100. The other Grolier Club publications on vellum were *Peg Woffington* ($480), De Vinne's *Lecture on Plantin* ($375), Richard de Bury's *Philobiblon,* in three volumes ($825), Matthews's *Lecture on Modern Bookbinding* ($900) and the *Catalogue of Books from the Libraries of Celebrated Bibliophiles* ($650). The last two were in especially elaborate bindings.

The Andrews books made new records, which were, however, so far as they corresponded, broken a few days later at the Arnold sale.

A framed engraving of "The Bloody Massacre perpetrated in King Street, Boston, on March 5, 1770, by a party of the Twenty-ninth Regiment, engraved, printed and sold by Paul Revière, Boston," an original impression and well authenticated, brought $800. We know of no copy having been sold at auction before, at least not recently, though one changed hands at private sale at a price of about $300 a year or two ago.

The books illustrated by the Cruikshanks were generally in unusually fine condition. The prices of the important items showed marked advance upon the sums paid originally by Mr. French. The *Humourist,* 1819-20, four vols., in the original boards, uncut, brought $460, and Grimm's *Popular Stories,* two vols., 1823-26, brought $600. In this latter set the first volume was of the genuine first edition (the second or the same date is much more often met with), and both volumes were in the original boards, uncut. The book was from the Bruton collection, dispersed in London in 1897. This copy in that sale brought £67.

Of the total of nearly $70,000, a very large proportion was bought by three or four New York booksellers. Of the fifty-four lots selling for $200 or more, if our calculation is correct, forty-four were bought by New York booksellers. Of the others, six were bought by the auctioneer on orders, probably mostly from persons outside of Boston; three were bought by Boston booksellers, and one was bought by a private buyer, said to be a Philadelphian.

In the sale of Mr. French's autographs on May 2 and 3 were included three very interesting and important broadsides. The first was an original impression of the play-bill of Ford's Theatre for the night of Friday, April 14, 1865, the night of the assassination of President Lincoln. This copy, which brought $45, formerly belonged to Peter Harr, the foreman of the printing office of H. Polkinhorn and Son, the printers of it, and was accompanied by his sworn affidavit and that of R. C. Polkinhorn, who put the matter in type. With it also was one letter of the wooden type used in printing the bill.

The second, one of the original posters issued by the War Department, dated Washington, April 20, 1865, offering $100,000 reward for the capture of James Wilkes Booth, John H. Surratt and David C. Harold, brought $80. This poster, most of the copies having been pasted on barns, fences, etc., is very rare. The third was a Dickens item of more than usual interest and, so far as we know, the first copy ever offered for sale. This was one of the broadsides containing an account of the famous walking-match. It is reproduced and described elsewhere in this number of THE BOOKMAN. It brought $90.

The sale of Part III. of the McKee library took place at Anderson's on April 29 and 30. This comprised English plays printed before 1800, and the catalogue contained a long array of very attractive titles. Early quarto plays are very difficult to find in good condition, and many of Mr. McKee's copies were poor and unsatisfactory on that account. Any rarities, however, which were in good condition brought high prices. Among the early quartos were some hardly ever met with, such as

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Beaumont and Fletcher's *Scornful Lady,* 1616, $170;

Cæsar and Pompey, an anonymous play, printed about 1607, $220;

Chapman's *Blinde Beggar of Alexandria,* 1598, $370. This copy sold in the Perkins sale in 1889 for £8 14*s.*

Chapman's *Gentleman Usher,* 1606, $180;

Fletcher's *Two Noble Kinsmen,* 1634, attributed to Shakespeare, $155;

Lilly's Woman in the Moone, 1597, $300.

Middleton's *A Mad World, My Masters,* 1608, $130;

Peele's *Battell of Alcazar,* 1594, $200;

Preston's *Life of Cambises,* 1570, $250;

Shakespeare's *Sir John Old Castle,* 1600, $290;

Shakespeare's *Whole Contention betweene the Two Famous Houses, Lancaster and Yorke,* 1619, $700.

A poor copy of the first folio, 1623, with eighteen leaves in facsimile, brought $850, and a set of Shakespeare's *Works* in eight vols., an edition published by A. Donaldson in Edinburgh, 1771, brought the high price of $888. This set formerly belonged to Robert Burns, and had his name on the title of Volume I. Without this signature the set would have brought little more than $8.88.

The second Arnold sale took place at Bangs's on May 7 and 8. It was a successful sale, though, perhaps, not such a phenomenal one as Mr. Arnold's first sale in January. The collection included several books which are very rarely offered at auction. Mrs. Browning's first book, *The Battle of Marathon,* 1820, one of fifty copies printed, with the book-plate of S. M. Barrett, the author's uncle, brought $425. The only other copy previously sold at auction was Mr. Foote's for $330 in 1895. It was expected that this second sale would show a much greater increase. Robert Browning's first book, *Pauline,* 1833, of which only eleven copies are known to exist, brought $700. This copy had been bought for Mr. Arnold at Southeby's last December for £120. These two books were both cheap, compared with prices paid for other books of no greater interest in recent sales. Among other Browning items were several presentation copies with inscriptions and a most interesting set of proof-sheets of the *Ring and the Book.* These four volumes were bound in two, and brought $680.

A copy of Homer, translated by Chapman, containing notes by Coleridge and a long letter which he sent with the book to Wordsworth's sister-in-law, Miss Hutchinson, which cost Mr. Arnold $100 and ten per cent. commission in the Frederickson sale in 1897, brought $635.

A presentation copy of the first edition of Keats's *Poems,* 1817, with very interesting inscription in Keats's autograph, brought $500. In this sale also was included a full set of the Kelmscott Press publications. One item was a single trial page of a proposed edition of Shakespeare's plays, and is one of two known copies; it brought $625. A copy of the first edition of Milton's *Paradise Lost,* 1667, with the author's name on the title-page in large type. brought $830. There are copies of the same date with the name in small type, and it is a matter of dispute which is absolutely the earlier, but the large type is certainly the rarer. The copy was in the original sheep binding and in unusually fine condition.

Shelley's *Adonais* in the original blue-paper cover, uncut, brought $510. Although a copy bound by Rivière sold in the French sale for $130, the Arnold copy must be considered much the cheaper, even at its advanced price, on account of its being in the original condition as published, with the margins all full width. The type page of *Adonais* is an octavo, though the book was printed with wide margins and issued as a quarto. As Shelley's other books were issued as octavos, most copies of *Adonais* have been cut down to range with the other volumes.

Two privately printed plays of Tennyson's, the *Falcon,* 1879, and the *Promise of May,* 1882, brought $410 and $430 respectively. These were both issued in very limited numbers, probably for the use of the actors, and not more than ten or a dozen copies are known of either of them.

The book which showed the greatest percentage of advance above the original cost was probably No. 1 of the catalogue, *A Short Historical Sketch of the Art of Bookbinding,* by William Loring Andrews, one of fifty copies printed on Japan paper. Mr. Arnold bought this in a bookseller's shop three or four years ago for $1.50; it brought $44.

Mr. Arnold has in preparation itemised "Reports" of his two sales, telling when each item was bought, whether at auction or private sale, the cost and the selling price. These two volumes will contain a large number of facsimile productions not in the catalogues, and will be printed in black and red in a very limited number at the Marion Press. Dodd, Mead and Company will publish these two "Reports."

Luther S. Livingston.

EASTERN LETTER.

NEW YORK, May 1, 1901.

Business during the month just passed showed considerable activity in a number of departments and proved to be one of the best so far in the present year. Fiction led in both sales and publications, and the additions in this field were many and attractive. *The Helmet of Navarre,* by Bertha Runkle, the publication of which in book form had been preceded by its appearance as a serial in *The Century,* was so sought for as to warrant the publishers in making a first edition of one hundred thousand copies. The continued sale of this first work by a previously unknown author is such as to indicate that it will take its place as one of the most prominent books of the year. Other novels of the month already much in demand are *The Octopus,* by Frank Norris; *Penelope's Irish Experiences,* by Kate Douglas Wiggin, and *Old Bowen's Legacy,* by E. A. Dix. In addition may be mentioned as selling readily *Lysbeth,* by H. Rider Haggard; *Every Inch a King,* by J. C. Sawyer, and *Arrows of the Almighty,* by Owen Johnson.

Included in the miscellaneous books of the month were a number on outdoor subjects, such as *Bird Portraits,* by E. Seton Thompson; *Everyday Birds,* by Bradford Torry, and

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Seed Plants, by J. M. Coulter and C. J. Chamberlain, and in this connection may also be noted an interesting little sketch entitled *Mr. Chupes and Miss Jenny: The Life Story of Two Robins,* by Effie Bingnell.

Biographies are numerous among the recent publications, and the new three-volume edition of the *Life of Phillips Brooks* is meeting with a good demand. Several works on religious subjects are also noticeable, *The Creed of Presbyterians,* by Egbert W. Smith, being among them.

Of the books published since the first of the year, *The Visits of Elizabeth, Graustark, Your Uncle Lew,* and *The Octopus* have come into the first class in point of sale, while of the older works still holding their own are *Eben Holden, Alice of Old Vincennes, To Have and to Hold,* and *Richard Yea-and-Nay.*

Among the announcements for early publication of titles likely to be in good demand *The Crisis,* by Winston Churchill, takes a leading place, and judging from advance orders bids fair to rival *Richard Carvel* in point of sale.

Library business continues to show much activity, the orders being both numerous and large. While fiction constitutes the greater part of most lists there is still a good demand for other classes of literature. Text-book business, on the other hand, is now practically over and will not again be prominent until the latter part of summer.

The trade outlook is encouraging, with much interest being manifested in the outcome of the efforts of the Publishers' Association to maintain prices.

The list of popular books for the month past is given below:

The Helmet of Navarre. By Bertha Runkle. $1.50.
Eben Holden. By Irving Bacheller. $1.50.
Alice of Old Vincennes. By M. Thompson. $1.50.
The Visits of Elizabeth. By Elinor Glyn. $1.50.
To Have and to Hold. By Mary Johnston. $1.50.
Richard Yea-and-Nay. By Maurice Hewlett. $1.50.
Graustark: The Story of a Love Behind a Throne. By G. B. McCutcheon. $1.50.
Your Uncle Lew. By C. R. Sherlock. $1.50.
The Octopus. By F. Norris. $1.50.
In the Palace of the King. By F. Marion Crawford. $1.50.
Billy Baxter's Letters. By W. J. Kountz, Jr. 75 cents.
Truth Dexter. By S. M. McCall. $1.50.
Like another Helen. By George Horton. $1.50.
The Silver Skull. By S. R. Crockett. $1.50.
Uncle Terry. By C. C. Munn. $1.50.

WESTERN LETTER.

CHICAGO, May 1, 1901.

Business last month, it must be confessed, was not especially interesting, running, as it did, pretty much along the same lines as it has followed since the present year opened. There was, of course, a falling off in volume as compared with the earlier months, but considered relatively, the month's record is not an unsatisfactory one. The demand was steady and even, and absorbed rather more in the way of staple miscellaneous stock than is usual at this time of the year. Fiction was as usual in heavy demand, last year's books especially being very prominent in sales, as compared with the books published since January.

Eben Holden and *Alice of Old Vincennes* still head the list of best selling books, although, like other popular favourites, the number sold per week decreases as the spring season wanes. With the exception of *Like Another Helen,* the spring books so far have not been strikingly successful in regard to numbers sold, although many of them are meeting with what can be termed fairly good sales. *The Helmet of Navarre,* which has just been received, promises an unusual sale, even in these days of phenomenal sales of popular books. The number of new publications received last month was unusually large, owing principally to the fact that the spring output was very late this year. In consequence of this, it is more than probable that the sales of many books will prove somewhat disappointing.

Business on the Pacific Coast, judging from the reports of travelling salesmen, who have just returned from that locality, appears to be in good condition. The trade there are showing liberality in their purchases of forthcoming books, and are also buying very freely the established popular favourites.

There appears to be every disposition on the part of the trade to give the plan adopted by the American Publishers' Association, which has just gone into operation, a fair trial. While it does not give entire satisfaction, especially in the matter of protecting fiction, yet it is recognised as a step in the right direction, and it is hoped that it will eventually place bookselling upon a common-sense basis.

The best selling books last month were:

Alice of Old Vincennes. By Maurice Thompson. $1.50.
Eben Holden. By Irving Bacheller. $1.50.
Like Another Helen. By George Horton. $1.50.
Graustark. By George B. McCutcheon. $1.50.
Richard Yea-and-Nay. By Maurice Hewlett. $1.50.
Garcilaso. By J. Breckenridge Ellis. $1.25.
In the Palace of the King. By F. Marion Crawford. $1.50.
Stringtown on the Pike. By John Uri Lloyd. $1.50.
Your Uncle Lew. By Charles R. Sherlock. $1.50.
The Chevalier de St. Denis. By Alice Ilgenfritz Jones. $1.25.
The Inn of the Silver Moon. By Herman Viele. $1.25.
The Octopus. By Frank Norris. $1.50.
The Cardinal's Snuff Box. By H. Harland. $1.50.

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Eleanor. By Mrs. Humphry Ward. $1.50.
Monsieur Beaucaire. By Booth Tarkington. $1.25.
The Master Christian. By Marie Corelli. $1.50.
Babs, the Impossible. By Sarah Grand. $1.50.

ENGLISH LETTER.

LONDON, March 20 to April 20, 1901.

Trade has been a somewhat variable quantity during the past month. Of course, the Good Friday and Easter holidays were accountable for some of the slackness during the earlier portion, and as the vacation was lengthened by many of the houses closing also upon the intervening Saturday, a considerable break in the course of business was experienced. The fluctuations have, however, been very marked during the latter portion of the time.

Fiction has been extensive, and many of our most prominent authors have been in evidence. About forty new 6s. novels have appeared, and the sales in this class have been, taking the month throughout, very satisfactory. It is somewhat difficult to specialise among such a number, but among the most successful issues may be mentioned *Babs, the Impossible,* by Sarah Grand; *The Column,* by C. Marriott; *Lysbeth,* by Rider Haggard; *Mononia,* by Justin McCarthy; *The Silver Skull,* by S. R. Crockett; and *Pro Patria,* by Max Pemberton. With the death of that popular authoress, Miss Yonge, came an increase in the demand for the more popular of her works.

Theological books have not been much in request during the month just passed. There are, however, two works of this nature which have attracted the attention of the public, and have sold freely—viz., *The Body of Christ,* by Canon Gore, and Chambers's *Our Life after Death.* The latter has been before the public some considerable time, but appears to have an increased popularity. Several books bearing upon the African and Chinese campaigns have appeared, and, judging by the extent of their sales, the interest in these troubles has no appearance of flagging. In connection with the latter, we have had *These from the Land of Sinim,* by Sir Robert Hart; *A Year in China,* by Clive Bigham; and *The Siege of the Peking Legations,* by Allen Roland; and with the former, *My Experiences of the Boer War,* by Count Sternberg; and *The Journal of the C. I. V. in South Africa,* by W. H. Mackinnon. *A Subaltern's Letters to His Wife* and *A Common-sense Army* have both been much in demand.

An Englishwoman's Love-Letters has well maintained its popularity; and *Another Englishwoman's Love-Letters,* by Barry Pain, has equally continued its success. Consequent upon the expiration of the copyright of *Adam Bede,* by George Eliot, a goodly number of new editions have been placed before the public, and an increased amount of interest in this work has resulted.

The new issues of sixpenny reprints have been numerous, and very large orders have been placed during the month. A large amount of trade has been transacted in this line, and there is every indication of a considerable increase in the near future. Among the most popular have been *The Heavenly Twins, Dodo, Pharos, the Egyptian, The Potter's Thumb, The Splendid Spur, Peg, the Rake,* and *Wild Proxy.*

The following is a list of the books which have been most in demand during the past month:

Babs, the Impossible. By Sarah Grand. 6s. (Hutchinson.)
The Column. By C. Marriott. 6s. (Lane.)
The Master Christian. By Marie Corelli. 6s. (Methuen.)
The Master Sinner. By a Well-known Author. 3s. 6d. (Long.)
Lysbeth. By H. Rider Haggard. 6s. (Longmans.)
The Silver Skull. By S. R. Crockett. 6s. (Smith, Elder.)
Mononia. By Justin McCarthy. 6s. (Chatto.)
Pro Patria. By Max Pemberton. 6s. (Ward, Lock.)
The Visits of Elizabeth. By Elinor Glyn. 6s. (Duckworth.)
Sin of Jasper Standish. By Rita. 6s. (Constable.)
Little Grey Sheep. By Mrs. Fraser. 6s. (Hutchinson.)
According to Plato. By F. F. Moore. 6s. (Hutchinson.)
Englishwoman's Love-Letters. 5s. net. (J. Murray.)
Another Englishwoman's Love-Letters. By Barry Pain. 2s.; sewed, 1s. (Unwin.)

BOOKS RECEIVED.

APRIL 10 TO MAY 10.

NEW YORK.

Abbey Press.

From Clouds to Sunshine. E. T. Kaven.
In Love and Truth. Anita Clay Muñoz.
The Little Crusaders. Isabel S. Stone.
Hallie Marshall. F. P. Williams.
Lady Vere. L. M. Elshemus.

American Book Company.

New Education Readers. A. Synthetic and Phonic Word Method. A. J. Demarest and W. M. Van Sickle.
A Text Book of Psychology. Daniel Putnam, LL.D.

Appleton and Company.

The Claim Jumpers. Stewart E. White.
The Spanish People. M. A. S. Hume.
Pleasures of the Telescope. Garrett P. Soviss.
General Meade. I. R. Pennypacker.
A Sailor's Log. Robley D. Evans.
Bird-Life. Frank M. Chapman.
War's Brighter Side. Julian Ralph.
The Mystery of the Clasped Hands. Guy Boothby.
A Text-book of Astronomy. George C. Comstock.
The Play of Man. Karl Groos Sirius. Ellen T. Fowler.

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Baker-Taylor Company.

First Years in Handicraft. W. J. Kenyon.
With Wild Flowers from Pussy Willow to Thistledown. Maud Going.
The Creed of the Presbyterians. Rev. E. W. Smith, D.D.
Mr. Chupes and Miss Jenny. Effie Bignell.
Vedanta Philosophy.

Benignus (William.)

Ayre-Touches from the Hudson. William Benignus.

Brentano's.

Nell Gwyn. Comedian. F. F. Moore.

Century Company.

The Prince of Illusion. John L. Long.
Old Bowen's Legacy. Edwin A. Dix.

Crowell and Company.

Juletly. Lucy C. McElroy.
Another Woman's Territory. Alien.
Monopolies, Past and Present. J. E. Le Rossignol.

Dodd, Mead and Company.

Etidorhpa. John Uri Lloyd.
The Pronunciation of 10,000 Proper Names. Mary S. and Maryette G. Mackery.
Empresses of France. H. A. Guerber.
The Eternal Quest. J. A. Stewart.

Doubleday, Page and Company.

The World's Work. Vol. I. November, 1900, to April, 1901.
A Journey to Nature. J. P. Mowbray.
The Personal Edition of George Eliot. Vol. 2.
The Lion's Brood. Duffield Osborne.
The Niagara Book. By Mark Twain, W. D. Howells, E. S. Martin, N. S. Shaler, etc., etc.
Masters of Men. Morgan Robertson.
The Good Red Earth. Eden Phillpotts.

Dutton and Company.

The Feeding of Infants. Joseph E. Winters, M.D.

Fenno and Company.

The Deuce of Hearts.

Funk and Wagnalls Company.

Tarry Thou Till I Come. George Croly.
In Deep Abyss. George Ohnet.
For Charlie's Sake, and other Lyrics and Ballads. J. W. Palmer.
The Transfiguration of Miss Philura. Florence M. Kingsley.

Grafton Press.

Newyorkitis. John H. Girdner, M.D.

Harper Brothers.

The Progress of the Century. By Eminent Specialists.
Under Studies. Mary E. Wilkins.
The Love Letters of Bismarck.
Labor. Émile Zola.
A Victim of Circumstances. Geraldine Anthony.
Fly—Rods and Fly—Tackle. Henry P. Wells.
Practical Golf. Walter J. Travis.
Orations and Essays of Edward John Phelps, LL.D. By J. G. McCullough.

Hinds and Noble.

A New Beginner's Latin Book. J. C. Hoch, Ph.D., and O. T. H. Bert, B.S.

Jenkins, W. R.

La Fille du Chanoine. Edmond About.
The Complete Pocket Guide to Europe. Edited by E. C. and T. L. Stedman.

Lane.

The Aristocrats.

Longmans, Green and Company.

In Tibet and Chinese Turkestan. Capt. H. H. P. Deasy.
A Subaltern's Letters to His Wife.
Bolingbroke and His Times. Walter Sichel.
The Later Life of Harriet Countess Granville. Hon. Mrs. Oldfield.
Queen Victoria, 1819-1901. Richard R. Holmes, M.V.O., F.S.A.

Lovell Book Company.

The Missing Answers to an Englishwoman's Love Letters.

Macmillan Company.

The Evolution of Immortality. S. D. McConnell, D.D., D.C.L.
The Writings of King Alfred. d 901. F. Harrison, M.A.
The Arrows of the Almighty. Owen Johnson.
Talks on Civics. Henry Holt.
A Year in China, 1899-1900. Clive Bigham, C.M.G.
Voysey. R. O. Prowse.

McClure, Phillips and Company.

The Cruise of the *Petrel*. T. J. Hains.
Every One His Own Way. Edith Wyatt.
The Lovers of the Woods. W. H. Boardman.
The Children of the Nations. P. Biglow.
Five Years of My Life. Alfred Dreyfus.

Neely Company.

Circumstantial Affection. N. I. Gillman, Ph.G.

Ogilvie Publishing Company.

Mabel Gordon. R. K. D.

Pott and Company.

The Social Problem. J. A. Hobson.
Shakespeare's Family. C. C. Stopes.
Early Days in the Maple Sand. K. A. Young.

Putnam's Sons.

The Improvement of Towns and Cities. Charles M. Robinson.
Logic. George H. Smith.
The Hall of Fame. Official Book.

Revell Company.

Sunday-School Movements in America. M. C. Brown.

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Russell.

The Illustrated American Stage. A Pictorial Review of the most Recent Theatrical Successes.
Edna May. In the Girl From Up There. A Pictorial Souvenir.
The Apocalypse. Text selected from The Revelation of Saint John, the Divine. With note by Fitzroy Carrington.

Scribner's Sons.

Bleak House. Charles Dickens.
Little Dorrit. Charles Dickens.
On Peter's Island. Arthur R. Ropes and Mary E. Ropes.
Mistress Nell. G. C. Hazleton.
The Ways of the Service. Frederick Palmer.
The Old New York Frontier. Francis W. Halsey.
The White Cottage. Zack.
The Delectable Mountains. Arthur Coltoy.
A Reading of Life. George Meredith.
The Church. (Ecclesia.) George D. Boardman, D.D., LL.D.
David Copperfield. Charles Dickens.
Barnaby Rudge. Charles Dickens.
Great Expectations. Charles Dickens.
Our Mutual Friend. Charles Dickens.
The Prose Dramas of Henrik Ibsen.
The Man in the Iron Mask. Tighe Hopkins.

Silver, Burdett and Company.

Blue Shirt and Khaki. J. F. J. Archibald.

Stokes and Company.

A Maryland Manor. Frederic Emory.
Philbrick Howell. Albert Kimross.
Prince Rupert, the Buccaneer. Cutcliffe Hyne.
The Compleat Bachelor. Oliver Onions.

Treat and Company.

The Changing View-Point in Religious Thought. Henry T. Colestock, A.M., B.D.

Whittaker.

The Son of Amram. Rev. G. M. Royce.

BOSTON.

Badger and Company.

The Son of a Tory. Clinton Scollard.

Ginn and Company.

Wigwam Stories. Mary C. Judd.
Guzman El Bueno. S. Primer, Ph.D.
The Working Principles of Rhetoric. John F. Genny.

Heath and Company.

The Crofton Boys. Part 1. H. Martineau.
The Crofton Boys. Part 2. H. Martineau.
The Story of a Donkey. C. F. Dole.
Waste Not, Want Not, and other Stories.
The Comedy of Errors. S. A. Hiestand.
The Little Lame Prince. Part 1. D. M. Mulock.
The Little Lame Prince. Part 2. D. M. Mulock.
Tales from Munchausen. E. E. Hale.
The Siege of Leyden. W. E. Griffis.
Grib and Fly. C. F. Dole.
The Fairy Stories. J. Ingelow.
The Winter's Tale. S. A. Hiestand.

Houghton, Mifflin and Company.

Miss Pritchard's Wedding Trip. Clara L. Burnham.
The Successors of Mary the First. Elizabeth S. P. Ward.
Under the Redwoods. Bret Harte.
Penelope's Irish Experiences. Kate D. Wiggin.
Titian. E. M. Hurll.
Life and Times of William Lowndes. Mrs. St. Julien Ravenel.
Everyday Birds. B. Torrey.
Poems. William V. Moody.
John Marshall. J. B. Thayer.
Ulysses S. Grant. Walter Allen.
Lewis and Clark. W. R. Lighton.

Lee and Shepard.

Under McArthur in Luzon. Edward Stratemeyer.
Faneuil Hall and Faneuil Market. A. E. Brown.

Little, Brown and Company.

The Master-Knot of Human Fate. Ellis Meredith.
Sir Christopher. Maud W. Goodwin.

Lothrop Publishing Company.

The Dreams of My Youth. E. P. Tenney.
Jack Morgan, A Boy of 1812. W. O. Stoddard.
The Trend of the Centuries. A. W. Archibald.
Mag and Margaret. Mrs. G. R. Alden. (Pansy.)
An Aerial Runaway. W. P. and C. P. Chipman.
How They Succeeded. O. S. Mardey.
Pauline. Mrs. G. R. Alden. (Pansy.)
Under the Allied Flags. E. S. Brooks.
Paul Travers' Adventures. S. S. Clover.
Camp Venture. G. C. Eggleston.
The Potter and the Clay. Maud Howard Peterson.

West Company.

The Wit and Wisdom of Jesus. George W. Buckley.

BUFFALO.

Wenborne-Sumner Company.

Women of Tennyson. Janes E. Snow.

CHICAGO.

McClurg and Company.

Birth, A New Chance. C. Bradford.
Garcilaso. J. B. Ellis.

Jamieson, Higgins and Company.

The Warners. Gertrude P. Daniels.

Stone and Company.

The Love of an Uncrowned Queen. W. H. Wilkins.

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CLEVELAND, O.

Imperial Press.
American Orators and Oratory.

JACKSON, MISS.

Baptist Orphanage Press.
From Error's Chain. L. S. Foster.

LONDON.

Bell and Sons.
Pintoricchio. E. M. Phillipps.

PELHAM, N. Y.

Gestefeld Publishing Company.
The Builder and the Plan. Ursula N. Gestefeld.

PHILADELPHIA.

Altemus Company.
The Woman Who Trusted. Will N. Harben.
Montanye, or the Slavers of Old New York. W. O. Stoddard.

Coates and Company.
The Tower of Wye. William H. Babcock.
In Search of Mademoiselle. George Gibbs.

McKay.
Age of Chivalry. Thomas Bulfinch.

Jacobs and Company.
Following Christ. Floyd W. Thomkins.
The Great Mystery. E. M. Jefferys and W. H. Jefferys.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Robertson, A. M.
The Lion at the Well. Lionel Josaphare.
For the Blue and Gold. Joy Lichtenstein.
Speeches and Addresses. D. M. Delmas.

SYDNEY, N. S. W.

Dymock.
Poems, by Agnes L. Storrie.

WASHINGTON.

Government Printing Office.
Annual Report of the Smithsonian Institution. 1897. United States National Museum. 2.
Annual Report of the Smithsonian Institution. 1899. United States National Museum. 3.

Neal and Company.
The Last Man. N. M. McLoughlin.

Lowdermilk and Company.
The Songs of Alcæus. James S. E. Smith.

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH.

New books in order of demand as sold between April 1, 1901, and May 1, 1901.

We guarantee the authenticity of the following lists as supplied to us, each by leading booksellers in the towns mentioned.

NEW YORK, UPTOWN.

1. The Story of Sarah. Forsslund. (Brentano.) $1.50.
2. Alice of Old Vincennes. Thompson. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. The Visits of Elizabeth. Glyn. (Lane.) $1.50.
4. The Octopus. Norris. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
5. Penelope's Irish Experiences. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.25.
6. Truth Dexter. McCall. (Little, Brown & Co.) $1.50.

NEW YORK, DOWNTOWN.

1. The Visits of Elizabeth. Glyn. (Lane.) $1.50.
2. Landmarks of New York City. Ullmann. (Appleton.) $1.50.
3. The Mountain Lover. Garland. (Century.) $1.50.
4. Four Estate. Valdés. (Brentano.) $1.50.
5. Alice of Old Vincennes. Thompson. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
6. Ralph Marlowe. Naylor. (Saalfield.) $1.50.

ALBANY, N. Y.

1. Rhymes from Time to Time. Doane. (Riggs Printing Co.) $1.50 net.
2. Your Uncle Lew. Sherlock. (Stokes.) $1.50.
3. Clayton Halowell. Van Praag. (Fenno.) $1.50.
4. The Visits of Elizabeth. Glyn. (Lane.) $1.50.
5. In the Name of a Woman. Marchmont. (Stokes.) $1.50.
6. Ralph Marlowe. Naylor. (Saalfield.) $1.50.

ATLANTA, GA.

1. Alice of Old Vincennes. Thompson. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
2. Richard Yea and Nay. Hewlett. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The King's Pawn. Drummond. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
4. Eben Holden. Bacheller. (Lothrop.) $1.50.
5. The Ways of the Service. Palmer. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. The Visits of Elizabeth. Glyn. (Lane.) $1.50.

BALTIMORE, MD.

1. The Visits of Elizabeth. Glyn. (Lane.) $1.50.
2. A Maryland Manor. Emory. (Stokes.) $1.50.
3. Bird Portraits. Thompson. (Ginn & Co.) $1.50.
4. Like Another Helen. Horton. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
5. Nell Gwyn. Moore. (Brentano.) $1.50.
6. Nature's Garden. Blanchen. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $3.00.

BOSTON, MASS.

1. Carolina Cavalier. Eggleston. (Lothrop.) $1.50.
2. Clayton Halowell. Van Praag. (Fenno.) $1.50.

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3. The Visits of Elizabeth. Glyn. (Lane.) $1.50.
4. Truth Dexter. McCall. (Little, Brown & Co.) $1.50.
5. Alice of Old Vincennes. Thompson. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
6. The Making of Christopher Ferringham. Dix. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

1. The Turn of the Road. Frothingham. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
2. The Visits of Elizabeth. Glyn. (Lane.) $1.50.
3. Alice of Old Vincennes. Thompson. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
4. When Blades Are Out and Love's Afield. Brady. (Lippincott.) $1.50.
5. Graustark. McCutcheon. (Stone.) $1.50.
6. Inn of the Silver Moon. Veile. (Stone.) $1.25.

CHICAGO, ILL.

1. Alice of Old Vincennes. Thompson. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
2. Eben Holden. Bacheller. (Lothrop.) $1.50.
3. Garcilaso. Ellis. (McClurg & Co.) $1.25.
4. Like Another Helen. Horton. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
5. Richard Yea and Nay. Hewlett. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. Your Uncle Lew. Sherlock. (Stokes.) $1.50.

CINCINNATI, O.

1. Eben Holden. Bacheller. (Lothrop.) $1.50.
2. The Visits of Elizabeth. Glyn. (Lane.) $1.50.
3. Uncle Terry. Munn. (Lee & Shepard.) $1.50.
4. Alice of Old Vincennes. Thompson. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
5. Babs, the Impossible. Grand. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. Story of Sarah. Forsslund. (Brentano.) $1.50.

CLEVELAND, O.

1. The Turn of the Road. Frothingham. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
2. Truth Dexter. McCall. (Little, Brown & Co.) $1.50.
3. When Blades Are Out and Love's Afield. Brady. (Lippincott.) $1.50.
4. Ralph Marlowe. Naylor. (Saalfield.) $1.50.
5. Richard Yea and Nay. Hewlett. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. Dwellers in Hills. Post. (Putnam.) $1.25.

DENVER, COL.

1. Eben Holden. Bacheller. (Lothrop.) $1.50.
2. Alice of Old Vincennes. Thompson. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. Quincy Adams Sawyer. Pidgin. (Clark Publishing Co.) $1.50.
4. The Heritage of Unrest. Overton. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. The King's Pawn. Drummond. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
6. Her Mountain Lover. Garland. (Century.) $1.50.

DETROIT, MICH.

1. That Mainwaring Affair. Barbour. (Lippincott.) $1.50.
2. The Visits of Elizabeth. Glyn. (Lane.) $1.50.
3. Babs, the Impossible. Grand. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. The Heritage of Unrest. Overton. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. The Cardinal's Snuff-Box. Harland. (Lane.) $1.50.
6. Alice of Old Vincennes. Thompson. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

1. Like Another Helen. Horton. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
2. Alice of Old Vincennes. Thompson. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. Eben Holden. Bacheller. (Lothrop.) $1.50.
4. Son of Austerity. Knight. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
5. Monsieur Beaucaire. Tarkington. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.25.
6. Stringtown on the Pike. Lloyd. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.

KANSAS CITY, MO.

1. Quincy Adams Sawyer. Pidgin. (Clark.) $1.50.
2. Sky Pilot. Connor. (Revell.) $1.25.
3. Eben Holden. Bacheller. (Lothrop.) $1.50.
4. Richard Yea and Nay. Hewlett. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. Wild Animals I Have Known. Thompson. (Scribner.) $2.00.
6. Alice of Old Vincennes. Thompson. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

1. The Heritage of Unrest. Overton. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Mexico City. Percival. (Stone.) $1.25.
3. Richard Yea and Nay. Hewlett. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. A Woman Tenderfoot. Thompson. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $2.00.
5. The Cardinal's Snuff-Box. Harland. (Lane.) $1.50.
6. Paola and Francesca. Phillips. (Lane.) $1.25.

LOUISVILLE, KY.

1. The Inlander. Robertson. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. Every Inch a King. Sawyer. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
3. The King of Honey Island. Thompson. (Dallingham.) $1.50.
4. Like Another Helen. Horton. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
5. The Octopus. Norris. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
6. A Carolina Cavalier. Eggleston. (Lothrop.) $1.50.

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NEW HAVEN, CONN.

1. The Visits of Elizabeth. Glyn. (Lane.) $1.50.
2. The Tribune Primer. Field. (Dickerman.) 50 cents net.
3. Up From Slavery. Washington. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50 net.
4. The Octopus. Norris. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
5. Babs, the Impossible. Grand. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. Alice of Old Vincennes. Thompson. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

1. Alice of Old Vincennes. Thompson. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
2. The Visits of Elizabeth. Glyn. (Lane.) $1.50.
3. Truth Dexter. McCall. (Little, Brown & Co.) $1.50.
4. Richard Yea and Nay. Hewlett. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. Love Letters of the King. Gathline. (Little, Brown & Co.) $1.50.
6. Like Another Helen. Horton. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

1. The Visits of Elizabeth. Glyn. (Lane.) $1.50.
2. Babs, the Impossible. Grand. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. In the Name of a Woman. Marchmont. (Stokes.) $1.50.
4. Observations of Henry. Jerome. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.25.
5. A Soldier of Virginia. Stevenson. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
6. Bird Portraits. Thompson. (Ginn.) $1.50.

PITTSBURG, PA.

1. The Turn of the Road. Frothingham. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
2. Alice of Old Vincennes. Thompson. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. The Visits of Elizabeth. Glyn. (Lane.) $1.50.
4. Journey to Nature. Mowbray. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
5. The Sentimentalists. Pier. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. Truth Dexter. McCall. (Little, Brown & Co.) $1.50.

PORTLAND, ME.

1. Alice of Old Vincennes. Thompson. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
2. Every Inch a King. Sawyer. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
3. In the Name of a Woman. Marchmont. (Stokes.) $1.50.
4. Truth Dexter. McCall. (Little, Brown & Co.) $1.50.
5. The Silver Skull. Crockett. (Stokes.) $1.50.
6. The Visits of Elizabeth. Glyn. (Lane.) $1.50.

PORTLAND, ORE.

1. Eben Holden. Bacheller. (Lothrop.) $1.50.
2. Alice of Old Vincennes. Thompson. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. McLoughlin and Old Oregon. Dye. (McClurg.) $1.50.
4. Stories of Oregon. Dye. (Whitaker & Ray.) 50 cents.
5. Richard Yea and Nay. Hewlett. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. The Heritage of Unrest. Overton. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

1. Alice of Old Vincennes. Thompson. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
2. The Mountain Lover. Garland. (Century.) $1.50.
3. The Visits of Elizabeth. Glyn. (Lane.) $1.50.
4. Sir Christopher. Goodwin. (Little, Brown & Co.) $1.50.
5. Quincy Adams Sawyer. Pidgin. (Clark.) $1.50.
6. Eben Holden. Bacheller. (Lothrop.) $1.50.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

1. Eben Holden. Bacheller. (Lothrop.) $1.50.
2. Your Uncle Lew. Sherlock. (Stokes.) $1.50.
3. The Visits of Elizabeth. Glyn. (Lane.) $1.50.
4. Graustark. McCutcheon. (Stone.) $1.50.
5. The Turn of the Road. Frothingham. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
6. Alice of Old Vincennes. Thompson. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

1. For the Blue and Gold. Lichtenstein. (Robertson.) $1.50.
2. Speeches and Addresses. Delmas. (Robertson.) $2.50.
3. Heritage of Unrest. Overton. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. Richard Yea and Nay. Hewlett. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. The Octopus. Norris. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
6. The Visits of Elizabeth. Glyn. (Lane.) $1.50.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

1. The Visits of Elizabeth. Glyn. (Lane.) $1.50.
2. Alice of Old Vincennes. Thompson. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. In the Name of a Woman. Marchmont. (Stokes.) $1.50.
4. Eben Holden. Bacheller. (Lothrop.) $1.50.
5. The King of Honey Island. Thompson. (Dillingham.) $1.25.
6. Richard Yea and Nay. Hewlett. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

ST. PAUL, MINN.

1. The Octopus. Norris. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
2. Quincy Adams Sawyer. Pidgin. (Clark.) $1.50.
3. Lords of the North. Lant. (Taylor.) $1.50.

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4. Babs, the Impossible. Grand. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. Alice of Old Vincennes. Thompson. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
6. John Henry. McHugh. (Dillingham.) 75 cents.

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

1. Alice of Old Vincennes. Thompson. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
2. Eben Holden. Bacheller. (Lothrop.) $1.50.
3. Richard Yea and Nay. Hewlett. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. Eleanor. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. Monsieur Beaucaire. Tarkington. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.25.
6. The Cardinal's Snuff-Box. Harland. (Lane.) $1.50.

TOLEDO, O.

1. Eben Holden. Bacheller. (Lothrop.) $1.50.
2. Alice of Old Vincennes. Thompson. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. Sweetheart Mariette. Thompson. (Lippincott.) $1.50.
4. Janice Meredith. Ford. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
5. Babs, the Impossible. Grand. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. Like Another Helen. Horton. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.

TORONTO, CANADA.

1. In the Name of a Woman. Marchmont. (Longmans.) 75 cents and $1.25.
2. Babs, the Impossible. Grand. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. The Visits of Elizabeth. Glyn. (Lane.) $1.50.
4. Her Mountain Lover. Garland. (Copp-Clark Co.) 75 cents and $1.50.
5. Lest We Forget. Hocking. (Briggs.) 75 cents and $1.25.
6. Alice of Old Vincennes. Thompson. (Briggs.) 75 cents and $1.25.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

1. The Visits of Elizabeth. Glyn. (Lane.) $1.50.
2. Eben Holden. Bacheller. (Lothrop.) $1.50.
3. Alice of Old Vincennes. Thompson. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
4. Mistress Nell. Hazleton. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. The Sky Pilot. Connor. (Revell Co.) $1.25.
6. Wanted; A Matchmaker. Ford. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $2.00.

WORCESTER, MASS.

1. Up From Slavery. Washington. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
2. Your Uncle Lew. Sherlock. (Stokes.) $1.50.
3. The Visits of Elizabeth. Glyn. (Lane.) $1.50.
4. Without a Warrant. Brooks. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. Penelope's Irish Experiences. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.25.
6. Alice of Old Vincennes. Thompson. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.

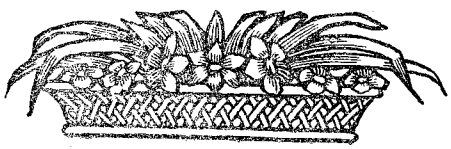
From the above lists the six best selling books are selected according to the following system:

					POINTS
A book standing	1st	on any list	receives		10
" "	2d	" "	"		8
" "	3d	" "	"		7
" "	4th	" "	"		6
" "	5th	" "	"		5
" "	6th	" "	"		4

BEST SELLING BOOKS.

According to the foregoing lists, the six books which have sold best in the order of demand during the month are:

		POINTS
1.	Alice of Old Vincennes. Thompson. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.....	181
2.	The Visits of Elizabeth. Glyn. (Lane.) $1.50.....	164
3.	Eben Holden. Bacheller. (Lothrop & Co.) $1.50.....	104
4.	Richard Yea-and-Nay. Hewlett. (Macmillan.) $1.50.....	59
5.	Like Another Helen. Horton. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.....	36
6.	The Turn of the Road. Frothingham. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.....	35
	Truth Dexter. McCall. (Little, Brown & Co.) $1.50.....	35



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